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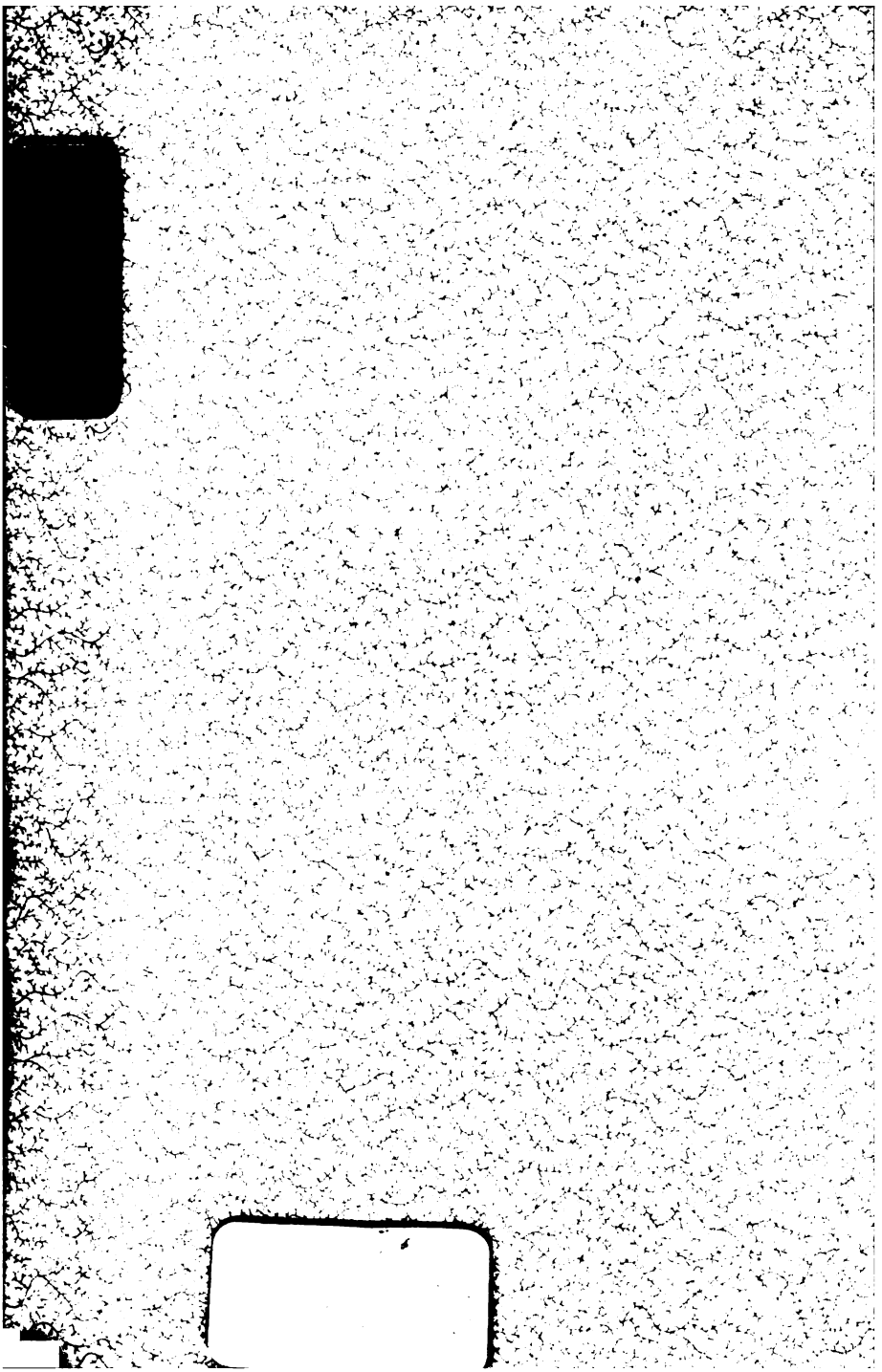

TESTIMONIUM ANIMÆ

OR

GREEK AND ROMAN BEFORE JESUS CHRIST

A SERIES OF ESSAYS AND SKETCHES DEALING WITH THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENTS IN CLASSICAL CIVILIZATION

BY

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ALL LOVERS OF HISTORICAL TRUTH

ESPECIALLY TO CLASSICISTS AND CLERGYMEN

WITH THE EARNEST HOPE THAT THE LARGE EXTENT

OF THEIR COMMON DOMAIN MAY BE

MORE CLEARLY SEEN

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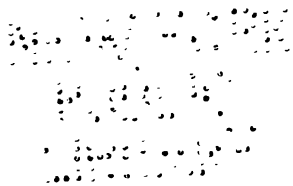

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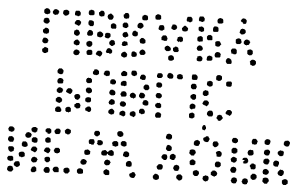

PREFACE

— that I might leave
Some monument behind me which pure hearts
Should reverence.

WORDSWORTH.

THE autumnal frosts of life are apt to bare many a bough which in our own springtime had delighted our souls with the beauty and the promise of vernal blossoms. And so too in the case of classical scholarship, so long and so strongly attached to the culture and educational traditions of modern times, the writer cannot but feel that it has come to be in evil case. Well nigh there has passed from the minds of men the conviction that the Greeks (an abstraction glibly made) were exemplars and exponents of fair and perfect humanity: that, being without the shackles of a religion or creed brought to them from abroad, they had achieved the ideals of our human kind.

Of late indeed and particularly in the zoölogical philosophy of modern times, they have not figured so highly, but have been reduced to furnish convenient social data for Herbert Spencer, as do the Ashantee negroes of Africa or the Papuas. Of all the didactic and doctrinal fictions moulded into a dogma, not one is so apt to take the very heart out of history as, *e.g.*, Spencer's thesis that individual man is but a cell in the social organism — whereas he is really a small universe in himself and passes through this world of sense and seeming absolutely alone, guided and determined by himself alone. The noisy diversion of gregarious joys, the prattle of quasi-common concerns may for a while deceive the soul of man as to his essential solitude and as to his personal responsibility, but not for always.

This book is written in the full conviction that man is endowed with an immortal soul and with a transcendent responsibility of conscience and conduct, a responsibility rising infinitely above social convenience or convention, —and that man's personality is the highest thing in nature known to us, and that all efforts to bestialize man by any form of physical or zoölogical hypothesis must prove futile in the end.

I have spent some thirty-six years in reading and rereading with earnest and loving concern most of the writers which have survived of classical antiquity, so-called; I have also, as very many scholars have, examined and attempted to determine many of the minor problems possible in this aftermath of our own time, have followed with maturer powers, much of the life and learning of famous classicists from Petrarch, from Erasmus to Bentley, Ritschl and Mommsen — but at the end of it all there has come over my soul a profound melancholy. So much of the infinite industry I see about me seems to be spent in the fond belief (hallowed by long academic tradition) that Classic Literature was something absolute, something precious and transcendent in itself, that the addition of a monograph no matter on how infinitesimal a detail of classic tradition (though destined to be read by two or three specialists alone, perhaps) was an adequate object of life and labor. All technical scholarship as all work of man has a moral side as well; let us hear Pascal: "and finally others devote their lives to recording all these things, not to become wiser thereby, but merely to display the fact that they know them."

But, as a matter of fact, there is also a fashionable depreciation and decrying of classical scholarship in the zoölogical philosophy and in the meek and vicarious utterance of the same in many mouths, as of a mere department of anthropology.

To return: Wilamowitz of Germany and many others, eminent and brilliant in these studies, have in some measure abandoned for the Greeks (glib and erroneous abstraction) the claim of perfect humanity. This too is

to be laid away then in the herbaria of human fancy and academic nomenclature. What then, we say, remains?

Much indeed for all those souls who desire to recover the feeling of freshness and youth and to bathe their spirit in the simple directness and original power ever dormant in those letters: but greater I believe is their *historical* import. They show, nay they *are*, in great measure, the course and range of man's powers and aspirations: and they abundantly reveal this to us in our concern for the higher and highest things.

I propose to set forth, then, for younger or older scholars and for all those readers who with the author hold to the absolute and divine worth of revealed religion, to set forth, I say, what was the course and character of the religion and worship, of the morality and conduct, of the Greeks and Romans among whom the church of Christ came up: to present, *very largely in the exact words of their most eminent writers, in versions made for this work*, their views or aspirations concerning the soul, life and death, God and the world — in short, whatever we may designate as the spiritual elements in classic civilization. And I hope to accomplish this with greater exactness perhaps and with greater fairness too than has hitherto been the case.

The two first chapters are written by way of prelude: *Culture and the Human Soul, — Humanism and the Humanists.* Why are these themes presented first? Because in both of them Classicism attempted or attempts to reduce Christianity to a position of inferiority or even of hostility; further, because Classicism, quite justly, has demeaned and still does demean itself as one of the purest forms of human culture; and because it is of lasting importance to see whether, when Classicism had attained an absolute and dominant position in European culture, the fruits of that tree may not fairly be inspected for evidence of its practical and palpable relation to spiritual things.

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TESTIMONIUM ANIMÆ

GREEK AND ROMAN BEFORE JESUS CHRIST

CHAPTER I

CULTURE AND THE HUMAN SOUL

CULTURE is a much quoted term: it is one of the current coins in human exchange and human valuation, standard and absolute: it is considered meritorious to enhance culture even in the slightest degree: to be called uncultured is a severe and humiliating designation. Certain lands claim more culture as a whole than others. Athens claimed a vast preëminence over Bœotia and Thebes, where physical excellence and good eating flourished in the days of Aristophanes: Florence in the Renaissance and in a measure beyond excelled Rome in this respect, and even more outranked Naples: mere physical loveliness and large generosity of soil and charm of sky and sea always seem to deaden and dull the higher mental and spiritual powers of the dwellers in such regions. Who would compare Naples with Scotland in this respect?

The German cultured class is having a severe struggle at the present time to withstand the imperious call to material success, to wealth and worldly power, in fact. A recent writer, Oskar Weissenfels, would find a panacea in a return to the study of the great German classics. But apart from this, his book deals with many incidental questions warmly and searchingly. Many, he justly observes, are so shallow as to take social etiquette and the amenities of that life as culture. One cannot deny that if we form an exact conception of culture the practical view of the

matter will prove exacting in turn. Culture is a condition of certain powers in man, a condition of reasonable perfection of certain powers within us. Clearly not of all powers. The professional boxer possesses physical powers cultivated to an uncommon degree. The overvaluation of physical culture in our day is a notorious fact: it is a matter, however, that must not divert us much at this point.

The Greeks themselves, with their unmatched faculty of symbolism, have in their sculpture created a type of Hercules which is essentially coarse and vulgar, and without even the slightest intimation that that *heros* too was a saviour of primitive society, and an enemy of the enemies of mankind. And so the witty Athenians with their unfailing instinct for the absurd and inconsistent were rather fond of producing him as a gigantic eater in some of their comedies.

To return: the loudest cry of the present time is that of material culture: man indeed has appropriated force after force of nature: some leaders of public opinion are fairly intoxicated in the sense of that power, and bless human kind with a great blessing for having witnessed these things: none of which, however, has essentially affected, enhanced, or deepened the specific powers of man, through which alone true culture exerts itself — for I do not believe that trip-hammers, telescopes, or Röntgen rays have added one hair's-breadth to the essential stature of the purely human powers.

Futile, too, and ecstatic is the idea of the indefinite perfectibility of man held by poor weak Rousseau and iterated by many of the modern zoölogical philosophers.

But let us proceed in a somewhat orderly fashion to see how in modern times earnest students of man have conceived of culture in the larger movements of mankind and particularly of the classical world.

And first we must decline to see in "humanity" so called more than an academic or literary fiction: the grasp of, and sympathy with, the best thought of all ages is given but to a few souls among the millions. Extraor-

dinary penetration and survey of some one great student is often in a vague and awkward fashion credited to a whole generation, or epoch of history and national life. Thus Aristotle was himself a veritable cyclopedia of Greek achievement, and from him proceeded the movement of pure erudition, soon to be continued under circumstances of dynastic favor and generosity at Alexandria. And still the world of central Greece was then rapidly passing into decay: the debilitation of political life, the withdrawal from action, the contempt for labor, the decline of the family, the veneer of mere rhetoric and sophistry, all these and more were salient features in that world, in which the most cultured of Greeks lived his life.

Herder ("Ideas on the History of Mankind"), a pupil of Spinoza and Shaftesbury, was a Pantheist. He was an enthusiastic believer in the fiction of a Humanity imperishable while the souls perish. Humanity is the great and multiform organ of God. Man rose above the other beasts but gradually: his upward course was mainly the blessed sequence of his perpendicular gait which favored the development of his brain. He acquired his reason gradually. The Greeks were possessors of a perfect humanity. Human nature is capable of indefinite perfectibility. Athens was the mother of all good taste. Her climate and marbles were advantageous for the attainment of the Beautiful. You must not apply Christian standards to the practical morality of the Greeks, an ideal foreign to them. They were as far advanced as we are: in a certain point of view, they were further advanced. Their political fabrics grew and perished like a flower in nature. Like Buckle and the modern zoölogical philosophers, Herder believed that political history followed ever recurrent natural laws, in cycles.

The Gods of Greece were the fairest idols of human fancy. They have perished. Will the less beautiful ones also perish?

Of the Romans on the whole, Herder speaks with aversion. Rome was the tomb of Italy. Rome's conquests are an object of his abhorrence. Rome gave noth-

ing to the East which it conquered. The Romans brought no light into the world. Her culture consisted of blossoms already faded. The genius of Rome was not that of national freedom and philanthropy. He hates Rome as the destroyer of nationalities, being radically different in his estimate and sympathies from Gibbon or the later Mommsen. Throughout he declines to recognize any element of design in human history. Nations are simply huge plants and when blossom and fruit have had their unfolding, the process of decay sets in with intrinsic necessity. To conceive the Roman world as preparatory of Christianity would be unworthy of "God," which figment differs in Herder not essentially from the cosmic movement of Herbert Spencer. The movement of history of any given nation belongs to the general category of physical phenomena, which follow each other in endless cycles of growth and decay. There is no moral freedom and there are no decisive personalities.

One readily recognizes the intellectual sympathy of this curious philosophy with his friend Goethe, who helped him to the post of chief clergyman of Weimar. Curious post, was it not? A religion without a God, a world without design, without objective or divine laws of life and conduct. Herder, like Goethe, is your typical pantheist in this too, that there is not in him a trace of moral judgment as something primal and absolute. Even when he refers to things essentially immoral, as when a sculptor made a model of his boy-concubine, he refers to it with a light and graceful touch.

Herder had, much to the displeasure of his erstwhile academic teacher, Kant, passed decisively from Deism, the fashionable philosophy of the eighteenth century, to Pantheism. Among the Deists proper, the greatest critic in the domain of letters was Lessing, whose virility and veracity greatly excelled that of Goethe.

We will here briefly turn to Lessing's famous essay, "Über die Erziehung des Menschengeschlechts," the last important work of his life, published in 1780. Education, he holds (§ 4), gives nothing to man, which he could not

possess himself of, by himself alone, too; only more quickly and more easily. Hence — and this is the very essence of Deism — revelation gives nothing to the human race, which human reason, *left to itself*, would not reach, but it is only more early that revelation gave and gives to man the most important of these things. To Lessing the movement of history is replete with design. Lessing, a keen and eminent classicist, held that polytheism came out of monotheism. God gradually trained the Jews to the idea of The One.

The reflecting scholar, here as always, was in great temptation to project his own cogitation into things and events, and Christianity in its turn for him was mainly a cogitative process. Indeed! — God, his being and plan (§ 22), may very well be conceived as consistent with the mortality and annihilation of human souls. Common understanding was bound to arrive at the immortality of the Soul. Lessing conceives God as a being of which reason, by intrinsical necessity, must have a true conception, a necessity utterly declined by the modern zoölogical and mechanical philosophy, and by its occasional corollary of agnosticism. All religious progress, as all progress, is a refinement of reason and of its processes. Christ inferred truths. Christianity brought nobler motives of right conduct, whereas the nobler ones among the Greeks and Romans had been moved largely by the desire of posthumous fame.

The New Testament (§ 65) is a book which has occupied human understanding more than all other books.

Lessing, like all one-sided intellectualists, is naïve enough to believe that a very high degree of clear reasoning will produce purity of heart, goodness of will and conduct, and (in § 85) he utters a dithyrambic prophecy of a rationalistic millennium when motives for right conduct will cease to be necessary. All this is the philosophy of his "Nathan," the Cantica Canticorum of Deism. The incisive and earnest words of Lessing impress one vastly more, to-day, than the flighty and somewhat sophomoric enthusiasm of Herder's naturalism and pantheism, — but it ap-

pears to me also utterly dogmatical to assume that Reason *of itself* points to great intellectual and moral truths or even goals, and furnishes, so to speak, not only chart and magnet for the soul's navigation, but also port and end of voyage, or even Isles of the Blessed.

The great metaphysician of Königsberg, Immanuel Kant, in 1784 published his "Idee zu einer allgemeinen Geschichte in weltbürgerlicher Absicht," a cosmopolitan philosophy of History. He is impressed with the observation, that but a *poor* idea of wisdom and design is noticeable in the history of man. But perhaps a Kepler or Newton for History may arise. It is to him intensely antipathetic to conceive that bleak and sombre thing, accident, as taking the place of the standard of Reason. Reason does *not* operate instinctively: perhaps infinite series of generations are required for the perfection of the race, one generation transmitting its enlightenment to the other. He is not friendly to Rousseau's state of nature — an Arcadian shepherd's life of mankind would permit all talents to remain dormant: men would not be much more than sheep themselves. From a fibre as twisted and gnarled as the wood from which man is builded, nothing straight can be builded. Kant believes in a theory of human progress from beast condition or savagery upward.

History is generally conceived by Kant as a design of nature (*Naturanstalt*).

A more decided turn towards classical antiquity was taken by Wolfgang Goethe, the master of German expression, wizard of letters, and himself a notable exemplar of a kind of universal culture. Before I enter this theme, I desire to say that I am entirely emancipated from the charm and thraldom of my youth, which period of life is apt to lend itself to the witchery of that great writer's pen. Here it is well to hold in reserve the moral judgment which must remain sovereign above æsthetics and the genius of literary perfection. Thackeray's critique of Madame Sand may here be fitly cited: "We may, at least, demand in all persons assuming the character of moralist or philosopher, order, soberness, and regularity of life;

for we are apt to distrust the intellect that we fancy can be swayed by circumstances or passion; and we know how circumstances or passion *will* sway the intellect; how mortified vanity will form excuses for itself, and how temper turns angrily upon conscience that reproves it."

When Goethe in the latter part of summer, 1786, somewhat suddenly and abruptly decided to leave Karlsbad for Italy, he was thirty-seven years of age, a pupil of Rousseau in his belief in the autonomy of human sentiment, passion, or appetite, and a pantheist of strong conviction: strongly attached, also, to the wife of another man, Charlotte von Stein, mother of seven children, and forty-four years old: *still*, I say, in this attachment, though the sojourn in the South in great measure forced his mobile and susceptible soul from these bonds. For Goethe had been from his youth up the particular object of women's admiring worship, and as regards them, he was truly weak as water.

To Frau von Stein he wrote, Aug. 23, 1786, "and then I shall live in the free world with thee (*mit dir*) and in happy solitude, without name or station, come nearer to the earth from which we are taken." On concubinage in Germany he writes (Oct. 25, 1786): "Our priests are clever people who pay no attention to *such trifles*. Of course, if we were to request their approval, they would not permit it." Goethe's interest in classical antiquity was mainly if not exclusively directed to art: he drew and designed with indefatigable industry and it took nearly a year and a half to have him realize that all these aspirations were futile — apart from this he was convinced in advance that the freer and continual contemplation of works of art, in sculpture and painting, as well as of southern landscape, would powerfully and fruitfully quicken his faculty of style and expression, for with his wonderful sense of literary form, there was coupled amid all the rapt habits of swift production a practice of acute self-observation and psychological analysis of his own mental processes and states of being, and much practical shrewdness in converting the world and circumstances to his own advantage, interest, and comfort. Of classical

history, Goethe never had any accurate or first-hand knowledge; the stern lessons of history were a strange thing to this æsthetical and literary voluptuary, and Greek philosophy as all metaphysics he in the main abhorred. We may therefore fairly define him as an archæological enthusiast, indifferent to the mere erudition of that department, keenly attentive to the elements of the beautiful in it everywhere.

He desires "to learn and cultivate himself before he reaches forty." He gains an "unalloyed sense of the value of an object." He purchases a plaster cast of the large head of Zeus: "it stands opposite my bed, in good light, that I may at once direct my morning prayers to it."

On Jan. 19, 1787, of the recent death of Frederic the Great: "that he may converse with the heroes of his own kind in the lower world." In Naples he met Lady Hamilton, whom he calls "the masterpiece of the great artist." In Sicily he utters strong disinclination for historical reminiscence: no Punic wars for him: he prefers the present: beautiful nature and the gratification of his æsthetical faculties. Sicily kindles in him a design to reconstruct with these forms the court of Alkinoos and the island of the Phæacians, and his Nausikaa is to commit suicide because she cannot possess Ulysses: a classic Werther in petticoats indeed! — conceiving himself by the bye as the wandering Ulysses with whom all fair women fall in love. He feels ecstasy in contemplating the image of a young goddess on a cameo. Regrets the absence of sculptured forms in his youthful training. He uses Winckelmann everywhere for a guide. He does not share Herder's dream of a millennium of pure humanity. He removes remorse and pain from his soul as merely disagreeable states of being.

"These high works of art (of classical antiquity) have at the same time been produced as the highest works of nature by men in accordance with true and natural laws: whatever is arbitrary and fanciful collapses: there is necessity, there is God," *i.e.* the God of pantheism.

"Thus I live happily because I live in that which is my Father's." This insolent and contemptuous use of scriptural forms is quite characteristic of Goethe, who was utterly emancipated from Christianity. Coupled with his ecstatic pursuit of classic art is the incessant interest in concrete science from which he was swift to gather over and over again substructure for his pantheism. He was absurdly naïve in his belief that it was a necessary and intrinsically simple act to go forward from any exact study of any branch of natural science to his own view of things, to pantheism: and his allusions to Lavater, Claudius, Jacobi, who believed in a personal God, are full of bitterness and scorn.

He enjoys Herder's "Ideas": "As I am not looking for any Messiah, this is my dearest Gospel."

In a few significant words (of Oct. 27, 1788) he lays down his own axiom of living: "So to bear oneself, that one's life, as far as it is dependent on oneself, may contain the greatest possible amount of rational happy moments." Early in 1788 he penned the following, also of the same Epicurean vein: "The importance of each and every momentary enjoyment of life, often appearing insignificant. . . . Now I see, now only do I enjoy the highest that has remained for us from antiquity, the statues." March 15, 1788: "In Raphael's villa, where in the company of his mistress he preferred the enjoyment of life to all art and to all fame. It is a sacred monument." As not believing in a personal God, he adopted at this time the phrase of "higher demons" when he desired to express something like "providential," a phrase which recurs much in the conversations of his old age.

How poor and puny after all was this aspect and this culture of Greek statues and cameos, this determination of ignoring everything that did not touch the æsthetic chords in his own being: as if great and gifted nations had lived their life on earth, had struggled, sinned, established notable institutions, laid the foundations of culture, taste, political order, kept at bay the despotism of Asia, had essayed all the problems of thought and being,

had lost their pagan and natural mode of being in a great religious revolution that gave a new moral order to the western world, merely to the end that the human form modelled in great perfection should delight a few choice spirits of the same western world! Absurd. And when Goethe at last from this new birth of his culture had returned to Weimar, he did two things: he began to study anatomy and he installed a young woman of the humbler class as a concubine (Egmont and Klärchen, over again), and wrote his Roman Elegies: in his culture there was no place for any divine law.

Goethe has written a novel, "Wilhelm Meister," in which we may fully believe we have his delineation of much of himself and particularly of the stages of growth in the development of his own culture.

Few books so strikingly as this one reveal the demoralization which France had produced in Germany: "to France," Goethe himself says, "we owe the greatest part of our culture." Strolling actors and actresses and loose living: highborn men and women — almost every one is morally corrupt, all, however, presented in graceful colors as of one who was at one with this society: to have only one paramour constitutes a young woman "a good girl." There are few other elements of romance in this novel (if that is romance) than illicit love: passages which are interpolated with pretty essays on all kinds of themes: on Shakespeare's "Hamlet"; on Corneille and Racine; on art collections; on stagecraft and the drama in general; essays on society and social classes.

All the women, from the mere child Mignon to the Countess, fall in love with Wilhelm, who is morbidly susceptible towards them all: his literary powers raise him to easy familiarity with the wellborn and the highborn.

In these tangles of loose living, of incessant intrigue and adultery, one fails to find any trace of absolute or objective moral law. It is really a pathological mirror of the corruption which in great measure was swept out of Germany by the stern actualities and the misery which the iron broom of Napoleon's legions and eagles caused to

the people and to the courts and courtlets of the Holy Roman Empire of the German nation.

The only person who turns towards Christianity is the Count, a superstitious fool and dotard, and the fear of death is his main motive. The morality or theory of ethics which pervades this congeries of clever essays, of social putrescence and a few noble lyrics, is Rousseauism: we need heed nothing but the unalloyed motive which comes from our human impulse, which is called heart, or nature, or some other fine name; it is sentimentalism running rampant and uncontrolled. There is no sin but only folly or unwisdom. Moral remorse is absurd: why not, when there is no objective law of righteousness and no personal God who is going to judge the quick and the dead? Principles are a mere supplement to mode of living, morality a mere human creation. "O how unnecessary is the severity of morals, since nature in her beautiful manner moulds us into that which we are to be!"

The apotheosis of culture and the implied apotheosis of self cannot be carried much further. What utter perversion have we here of the transcendent value of the human soul! What of the millions of plain people who cannot attain to such culture? Are they mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, to till the lands and pay tithes and taxes that the few heroes of culture may strut as peacocks among the highborn and wellborn? Or is the belief in a righteousness willed by the God of Eternity a mere Hebraism as Matthew Arnold, a later high-priest of culture, would have us believe? — We pass on to another noted pantheist.

Hegel was a thinker who at first blush — in his philosophy of history — had much to say of spirit and of culture. His fanciful theme was that, *e.g.* in the sequence of Greek political history, there was a logical necessity in the unfolding of things, really the revelation of his pantheistic "God." Of course, the individual soul counts for nothing, the millions only live and die in order to "produce" (whatever that may be) the occasional great men of gen-

erations and of nations. It is the world through academic eyes and rearranged in academic reflection. The "world spirit" manifests itself in the extraordinary men, and when Napoleon in the autumnal days of 1806 hurled the Prussian monarchy to the ground, Hegel saw in the great Corsican the incarnation of the world spirit. The abstractions which the reflecting professor of metaphysics gained out of his cogitations he projects into the practical measures of governmental procedure and into the policy of states: ideas govern, so with the Spartans the "idea" of civic virtue: as a matter of fact, there prevailed in their commonwealth the hard practical necessity of maintaining an armed camp to the end that the helots, the ancient owners of the soil, might be kept in serfdom and subjection. Why did Alexander die so early? Not because he had weakened his health by many forms of excesses, nor because malaria had been superadded, oh no: "it was rather a necessity; in order that he might stand as the youthful hero for later generations, an immature death had to carry him off." These intrinsic necessities abound in that weird and fanciful so-called philosophy of history — the *reductio ad absurdum* is easy enough now, but time was when this wisdom was reverently treasured and fed to academic youth from the professorial chairs. But this Hegelian creed — for it was like most metaphysical systems, but vicariously held — has in the main receded into that herbarium or museum of intellectual anatomy called history of philosophy. — Mommsen, the vigorous worshipper of Cæsar, still remains a widely read author. I have noticed in his popular book, "History of Rome," a curious revelation of the Hegelian spirit in dealing with the problem of spirit, of culture, of the human soul. "It is more than an error," Mommsen says (Book V, Chap. 2); "it is a wanton crime against the Holy Ghost potent in history, if one considers Gaul solely as the training or drill space in which Cæsar trained himself and his legions for the impending civil war." As to the semi-blasphemous phrase of the Hegelian, we wash our hands in transcribing it. Why then did the myriads of

free Kelts perish? In order that Germany and other commonwealths should base their culture on Classicism. Indeed! And is it not rather the truth that but a handful of the cultured ever read a Greek play with devotion and vivid sympathy: and what an infinite blessing has it proved that to a limited class of professional teachers, the "Antigone" of Sophocles is not as remote and faint as the literature of Sanscrit, or Persian?

But for Mommsen there is nothing positive or absolutely true or precious in the history of humanity. All indeed is in a flux: "Even the loftiest revelations of mankind" ("Roman History," Book V, Chap. 10) "are transitory; the religion once true may become a lie; the political system once beneficent may become a curse." What then, one may say with Pilate, what is truth?

Culture is not even the greatest boon of human kind, if the soul were perishable and mortal, because it is an economic and political necessity that the overwhelming majority of the race must spend life and strength in the support of life and social order; and it is as absolutely true as an axiom of mathematics that for this body practical justice and peace are of incomparably greater value than culture.

But we will admit that when the immortality of the soul be abandoned, when even the belief in God is given up and Atheism is dignified as the finality in the forward and upward movement of the human mind and absolute truth — then both the soul and culture assume a different position, are subject to new and quite different valuations.

Thus Auguste Comte, who carried forward the materialism of the French Encyclopedists and spiced his theory of Atheism with a sociological codification, gives a new appreciation of all these things and of the great concerns of mankind. He holds the biological theory of man, who reaches his proper perfection when he puts all belief and concern about God away, and with an equally radical elimination of metaphysics, limits all his higher concerns to assuming a practical relation to natural laws, the irrefragable and final truth — positivism. History is dis-

solved into an analysis of former "society" and its economics and its anthropological phenomena. Comte, with his pretentious dogmatism of the three stages and the artificial creation of an absolutely successive routine in the movement of the human mind, treats history, of which he had but a general, cyclopedic knowledge, with a naive brutality and dogmatic conceit rarely observable elsewhere in the history of speculation. His glib generalizations fit but ill many parts of history, for every phase of which he had the moulds of his categories ready. Why one should reason or argue in this system, at all, is not clear: when the brain functions are physical phenomena given like any other and operate with mechanical definiteness. His vision of history was clearly modified by his direct environment and by the Parisian atmosphere in which he was reared, *e.g.* as when he says (ed. Martineau, Vol. II, p. 185): "The political influence of religious doctrine has never been great," — whereas the spread of Christianity in the Roman Empire, the dual monarchy of pope and Roman Empire in the Middle Ages, the Crusades, the spread of the Islam from Delhi to Granada, the split of Europe in the Reformation, utterly turn to absurdity that shallow apothegm.

As all the concerns of the soul in the positivist creed are with this world of sense and seeming alone, interest in material well-being and political and economic things displace the spiritual interests: — "As theological hopes of a future life lose their power, and till the positive philosophy establishes itself forever by exhibiting the connection of the individual with the whole human race, past, present, and future" (*ib.*, p. 195), really Spencer's "cell" in the social organism. He speaks of the Greeks: "Their cerebral energy, finding no adequate political occupation." He calls Christianity (p. 211), "This revolution, the greatest the world has ever seen, *except the one in progress*," *i.e.* the adoption of Comte's philosophy as the finality of human attainment. Quite Hegelian (although utterly mistaken) is his note on the rise of Christianity, — "A necessary (*sic*) result of that combination of Greek and Roman influence, at the period of their interpenetration. . . ."

In the course of his life, Comte was more and more filled with a missionary fervor, which is revealed in his "Positivist Catechism": he is the founder of a new "religion," in which humanity takes the place of God: prayer to the dead heroes of humanity is inculcated as a daily duty of the new cult: the new Trinity consists of Space, Earth, Humanity; scientific men are to be priests. There is then a Faith of Positivism (*Foi Positive*) limited to the interest in the mechanism of phenomena, utterly banishing concern as to the causes and ends of things. Draper and Buckle were his disciples in their attempt to bring the new insight to bear in the domain of human history,— "for," he claims, "the phenomena of intelligence and sociability are also subject to invariable laws which permit a systematic prevision of recurrent phenomena, the only characteristic aim of true science." The submission to fundamental law is the positive dogma. Of the new religion of Humanity, Love is the principle, Order the basis, and Progress the aim. He charges Christianity with a fundamental egoism because it holds that we are guests and strangers in this world. The *altruism* of Comte is stolen from the universal charity in the divine obligation of Christian ethics — this altruism is a spook and an intruder which endeavors with much academic prattle and fuzziness of technical nomenclature to occupy the throne on which Christ has placed the Love of Mankind. There is in this final society the moral providence of women, the intellectual providence of the priest of the new religion, *i.e.* the man of science, and the material providence of the patricians as a body: the new religion is *sociocratic*, not theocratic, whereas theological religion is essentially egoistical and individualistic. The two things which this sociological atheist most detests are "theologism" and "war." One thinks of the Horatian phrase that some things are so ingrained in man that they will ever return: even here, reasoning without reason and establishing a religion with saints, with a calendar, with a service and a Supreme Being, though without God and without an immortal soul — one of the undulations that came out of Paris —

not alone the Paris of Diderot and Helvetius, but also the Paris of Robespierre and of St. Simon.

Rarely has human thought attained a greater abasement of the human soul and a more brutal divestment of that spirituality which constitutes at once its dignity and its essence, to rob it of hope and reduce it to a sum of cerebral irritations. Though all this lore is at bottom not so very novel: let us hear Berkeley, who wrote of some foes of Christianity in his day, in the England of 1732 (Alciphron, Dialogue 2): "with an air that would make one think atheism established by law, and religion only tolerated. . . ." Indeed in the Comtian order the soul of man really disappears, and we have (to use again an expression of Berkeley's) "a beast, without reflection or remorse, without foresight or appetite of immortality, without notion of vice or virtue, or order, or reason, or knowledge." No, true culture can hardly stand with materialism and mechanism, the dignity of the soul as well of all human personality is closely bound up with its immortality and with its specific and separate dignity in each human being.

This dignity of the immortal soul, then, is the central point of our own contention, and this also, that no matter how profoundly it is connected with this transient body in marvellous interdependence, still it in itself is immaterial. "For," to use the words of Blaise Pascal, "it is impossible that that part of our being which thinks within us should be other than spiritual, and if one were to affirm that we are but corporeal, this probably would even more exclude us from the comprehension of things, inasmuch as there is nothing as incomprehensible as to say that matter understood itself." And it is in this important and grave relation of things, I believe, that Pascal elsewhere in the earlier part of his "Pensées" utters the remark that man has really no relation at all to (that mystery of material recurrent phenomena which we call) nature. "We shall never," says Lotze ("Metaphysics," III, 239), "succeed in analytically deducing the feeling from the nature of its physical excitant"; and (*ib.*, § 248):

"We shall never see the last atom of the nerve impinging upon the soul, or the soul upon it . . ." and (*ib.*, § 249) "We do not look for man's personality in body and soul alike, but in the soul alone."

Rarely, I believe, in the academic controversies of the nineteenth century have these matters been discussed with more vigor than by the noted historian, Johann Gustav Droysen, in his critique of Buckle's injection of physicalism into history and historiography. This was essentially making a mechanism of even operation out of human consciousness, and decrying the moral principle and the freedom of the will. Droysen finds himself called upon to define *civilization* and to give the delimitation of *culture* from it. "That, which in history, Times and Nations have elaborated or achieved for mankind, — to have worked through it in spirit, with thinking, as a continuity and lived through it — this we call culture (*Bildung*). Civilization is contented with the results of culture; civilization is poor in the abundance of wealth, blasée in the opulence of enjoyment. And what 'progress' is that where perhaps there is some advancement of intellectual truths coupled with a weakening of moral truths! In the history of nations, there are at work moral forces and ideas. Duty, virtue, choice of action, are there at work. Mind, conscience, will, are the great elements in history: or are men merely mental automata? Nature study indeed is never concerned about individuals but about types alone. History is the *γνῶθι σαὐτόν* of mankind, the conscience of mankind."

I have said so much of the problems of culture and the human soul because I now wish briefly to add the Christian position, which for the writer is absolute, because it is that of Christ.

The soul of man is the precious thing in that valuation: it is that which is the object of this concern: the turning

of it back to God. The little children, the poor, the uncultured, are no less precious in His sight, because they are endowed no less with immortal souls. How profound, how incisive his spiritual righteousness, the inner attitude of the soul, not the satisfaction of outward statutes (Matthew 5, 20; 15, 2; Mark 2, 27; 7, 2–15). The *Summum bonum* is not indeed this life, but the life beyond this life (Matthew 5, 25 *sq.*; 6, 20; 7, 23; 8, 12, etc.). Christ and Christians must dispense with the approval of the Neopagan Nietzsche, who has called the Gospel a system of Ethics for slaves. As if a little eloquence or some lyrical faculty or keener analytical power, or perhaps a symmetrical countenance, or some other possession or acquisition raised the possessor above these soul-needs or soul-truths, or as if such exceptional particular qualities or possessions really satisfied the soul, where genuine honesty and veracity prevails, — or as if a novel or clever rearrangement of the *lapilli* that constitute the assets of human consciousness and human history — as if this could do more than make a new pattern in the mosaic of the ages.

Christianity is not the sum of an evolution of human speculation, it is not the goal of any purely human movement, although it has suffered sorely at the hands of those who wished to justify it academically, for ever it has been, and is, and will be, "unto the Greeks, foolishness." It seems utterly wrong, to me, to separate the progress of understanding and of art, letters, and material civilization from the moral decadence and decay of the Classical World as summarily delineated by Paul (Romans 1). Even where no higher standard of ethics prevails than a utilitarian, it would seem wrong to dissever the one from the other.

Paulsen, a voluble and voluminous writer, has said some apt and not at all shallow things about Christianity coming into the world not by any means as a product of evolution, but as the hard fact of the greatest revolution the history of mankind has known ("*Gesch. der Ethik*"). He writes felicitously of the essential difference between

Christianity and Greek humanity, but his first-hand knowledge of classical antiquity is by no means in conformity with the sweeping abstractions and universal theses so dear to the pen and voice of academic men: his vision of the classic world is not close and clear enough, though of distant landscapes mere sketches are often most useful to those who have no access of their own nor closer vision. I propose, later on, to furnish data that will warrant a fair induction in the formation of judgment.

As to culture and the human soul, it remains for me to pen a few pertinent matters before closing this chapter.

I radically dissent from much of the loose generalization of current unbelief, which, while removing a personal God and his design from this world (of which we really know but a very little), talk glibly of a systematic progress in which culture is accumulated for future generations. Thus then we are to believe that man, and the souls of individual men, are as nothing in themselves but gain value merely as elements in a totality comprehended and enjoyed by what happens to be at the given moment, the last or most modern generation. What legislation then establishes this new kind of design? Who brings this purpose into human history? A full generation have I striven to gain a closer vision of the classical world, and I have seen there a movement, which, taken as a whole, was one of decline and decay, even in a cultural aspect.

It is entirely possible for academic arbitrariness or any other whim to make out a fictitious unit of successive humanity when the actuality are individual persons, and souls. "Humanity," says Lotze ("Outlines of the Philosophy of Religion," 1882, Leipzig, §81), "for certain requirements of morality may be fictitiously assumed as something actual in this universality. But specific, living reality it does, in fact, possess only as the plurality of generations that succeed each other; and an 'education' is incomprehensible which constantly changes its material, throws away those who are incompletely

educated, and accumulates the fruits of education upon later generations without the deserts of the latter, and without having the previous generations, which have shared in the production, receive any share in the enjoyment of these fruits."

There is little space in this chapter and little inclination in the writer to turn aside to Matthew Arnold's "Culture and Anarchy," essentially a polemic of the passing hour and permeated by a flippant spirit and pretty shallow wit, — controversial papers which have given to Swift's phrase of "Sweetness and Light" a new currency. His main thesis is that the British Philistine (a phrase borrowed from the German) was too much devoted to "Hebraism," the righteousness of the Old Testament, and that he, the Philistine, should turn more to "Hellenism," *i.e.* "the habit of fixing our minds upon the intelligible law of things," or "the letting of our consciousness play freely and simply upon the facts before us."

Arnold has evidently pondered much on *culture*, and he has coined terms which he jingles much and with the air of a very confident trader. "Culture and Totality" are man's one thing needful. Culture he also defines as the harmonious perfection of our whole being: whereas Goethe, for whom Matthew Arnold has some affinity, certainly excluded, or subordinated, morality to culture. And righteousness is greater than taste, is it not? "Culture," then, for Arnold is the court of last appeal, which, *e.g.*, determines what is essential in any given religion — culture, personified in what man or men? In that loose and light fencing, this modern pupil of the Deists, with infinite ease, couples and really identifies reason and the will of God: one thinks of Lessing or Shaftesbury. Elsewhere he calls culture "a harmonious expansion of *all* the powers which make the beauty and worth of human nature. . . ." Again he presents culture as a study of perfection. He credits the Greeks (the old glib and convenient generalization) with "the immense spiritual significance . . . due to their having been inspired with this central and happy idea of the essential character of

human perfection" — a quality largely injected into "the Greeks" by Matthew Arnold himself. Also, Arnold speaks with enthusiastic reverence of Herder and Lessing.

We get at the root of the matter when Arnold, at last, reaches the greatest and gravest theme of the experience of mankind, *Sin* (p. 117), and here we cannot consider him otherwise than as a man with little historical sense, and very shallow moral sense, when he marvels that there is so little of sin in Plato and so much in St. Paul; the mere ease in itself with which Arnold chooses to make such crude juxtaposition at all is odd. He is one who looks out upon the world across a library table, and who, of himself, believes that all recorded utterance is merely letters and equally food for the critic. The present writer utterly declines to assent to the following definition of Christianity (p. 120): "Those beneficent forces which have so borne forward humanity in its appointed work of coming to the knowledge and possession of itself. . . ." As if Christianity fairly considered were not something for which humanity owes absolutely no thanks whatever to itself, and which in its very foundations contradicts, denies, antagonizes the pride and strength of mere humanity.

The concerns of the Human Soul, we hold, are universal and (unless we descend to the conception of mere myriads of zoölogical units, perishable as to body and soul) are indissolubly wrapt up with the hope of immortal life and of a divine law of conduct for this being, here, and now. Compared with this vast periphery of interest and transcendent concern, the interests of culture must of necessity deal with a small number who actually have in the main, very many of them, overvalued themselves and their exceptional endowments, and have contributed little, very little, to the real, that is the universal, postulates of the human soul. Does the professional study of the classical world at all affect or determine the spiritual interests of the student? I am not prepared to

speak for others. It cannot be denied, however, that the attitude of the given man to Christianity or the absence of a definite attitude will certainly color the vision of men. How different the conception of a Luther and of an Erasmus, of a Milton and of a Shaftesbury, of a Thirlwall and of a Byron, of a Gladstone and of a Swinburne.

We close this chapter with a few citations: two from Goethe, whom the Germans are wont to revere as the incarnation of culture, the other from John Ruskin, who, in the English-speaking world, has furthered interest in the Beautiful more than any other man of letters. Goethe, at the age of sixty-four, wrote to Jacobi (Jan. 6, 1813) as follows: "I for myself, considering the multiform tendencies of my own nature, cannot satisfy myself with a *single* way of thinking. As poet and artist, I am a polytheist, as a student of nature, I am a pantheist, and the one as decidedly as the other. If I need a God for my personality as that of a moral human being, that is provided for. The affairs of heaven and earth are so extensive a realm, that the organs of all beings alone, united, can comprehend it."

His culture-pride is also well expressed in these lines:

"Wer Wissenschaft und Kunst besitzt
Der hat Religion;
Wer jene beiden nicht besitzt,
Der habe Religion."
—"Zahme Xenien," VI, publ. in 1836.

On the other hand, Ruskin, in his old age ("Præterita": The Campo Santo), wrote thus: "One must first say a firm word concerning Christianity itself. I find numbers, even of the most intelligent and amiable people, not knowing what the word means; because they are always asking how much is true, and how much they like, and never ask, first, what *was* the total meaning of it, whether they like it or not.

"The total meaning was, and is, that the God, who made earth and its creatures, took at a certain time upon the earth, the flesh and form of man; in that flesh sus-

tained the pain and died the creature he had made; rose again after death unto glorious human life, and when the date of human race is ended, will return in visible human form, and render to every man according to his work. Christianity is the belief in, and the love of, God thus manifested. Anything less than this, the mere acceptance of the sayings of Christ, or assertion of any less than divine power in His Being, may be, for aught I know, enough for virtue, peace, and safety; but they do not make people Christians, or enable them to understand the heart of the simplest believer in the old doctrine."

CHAPTER II

HUMANISM AND THE HUMANISTS

It is almost six hundred years since Petrarch gave himself up to the joy and study of his own classicism. The movement which he led was away from the dictation and control of the mediæval church and from its literary forms and from its culture. This movement is often called *Humanism:* the German writers *Voigt* and *Burckhardt*, the English æsthetician *Symonds*, and others have unfolded this powerful movement in the higher pursuits of men quite fully. The sanest of the three scholars I have named is *Voigt*. The base and hope of each of the three is the force that determines and guides the limner's hand, that furnishes shade and color in their painting. *Symonds* is often curiously ecstatic — as when he speaks of the "new-found, Holy Land of Culture," of the "indestructible religion of science and the reason," this "search after the faith of culture," and other phrases morbidly exaggerated, wide of the truth. And the same writer says very justly: "Yet we, no less weary of erudition than Faust was" — or again: "Disenchanted and disillusioned as we are by those four centuries of learning, the musical lament of Dido and the stately periods of Latin prose are little better, considered as spiritual sustenance, to us, than the husks that the swine did eat." We hear the same soul, uttering itself — accordingly as the intellect and æsthetic sense, or the immortal spirit, predominates.

My own study aims at this: I desire to show, fairly, how conduct and spiritual interests kept company, and what company, with the new movement of culture domi-

nating and precious for its own sake. In this quest I have striven to gain a closer vision of things and minds: I am not content to merely transcribe from the pages of Symonds or of the two Germans. Symonds indeed has fully seen and felt the moral and spiritual *reverse* side of this bright coin: he has seen there "the conflict of mediæval tradition with revived paganism;" — "it led to recklessness and worldly vices, rather than to reformed religion." He speaks of "ascetic piety and pagan sensuality;" — "it was the universal object of the humanists to gain a consciousness of self, distinguished from the vulgar herd;" — "the standard whereby the Italians judged this 'virtue' was æsthetical rather than moral;" — "only at rare intervals, and in rare natures of the type of Michel Angelo, did the Christian ideal resume its sway."

As for the great exile of Florence, Dante Alighieri, he is indeed not so permeated with the spirit of the Middle Ages as many would have it: he clearly stands on the threshold of new things. His high valuation of what he knew of classics and the classical world, pointed the way: it must have been in the air: for the human soul will not be permanently a mere funnel and conduit pipe for the tenets and paragraphs of bygone ages and generations. Aristotle, who furnished to Scholasticism logic and categories, was revered by Dante. As he idealized everything written in classic Latin, so did all the further spirits of Humanism to Erasmus, to Montaigne and far beyond. And this attitude of idealization is both the strength and the weakness of the entire movement. And so it is even now. But why should the Tiber be more "classical" or associated with loftier or finer ideas and reminiscences, than the Thames? Or why should Helicon, Kastalia, or the Ilissos be more precious than the Charles River at Boston, Lucian more classic than Voltaire, Horace more than Addison or Chesterfield, Philopoimen or Aratos more so than George Washington, Lysander more so than Nelson or Blake? And even the very guide of Dante's Inferno, Vergil, has been, by common consent, reduced to

a much lower position as an Epic poet than Dante himself.

As a matter of fact, the canonicity of Vergil as "the poet" came to Dante through an unbroken tradition of the Roman *grammatici* from Quintilian onward. And as Vergil was idealized by the genius so vastly superior, thus too did the Ghibelline Exile idealize Julius Cæsar, one of the most consummate self-seekers among the practical politicians of all time, because the victor of Pharsalos and Thapsus was, to Dante, the incarnation and type of Monarchy and the Emperor. Dante knew not that he himself was, or was to prove to be, the very Homer and more of the Tuscan tongue, the "vulgar" tongue, in comparison with Latin, of which in the "Convito," I, 5, he says: "in nobility, because the Latin is perpetual and incorruptible; the language of the vulgar is unstable and corruptible. Hence we see in the ancient writings of the Latin Comedies and Tragedies that they cannot change, being the same Latin that we now have; this happens not with our native tongue, which being home-made, changes at pleasure."

Dante's Greek lore is a faint and distant thing, through reflection from Latin letters; suspended in Limbo though these Greeks were, still were they possessors "of great names," "souls of mighty worth."

Dante, too, cherished it as a dear and noble conception that the Italians were, after all, heirs and descendants of the race that once held universal sway, were in fact *Latin* (*De Vulgari Eloquentia*).

Pain and disgust with the present had much to do with the new movement. *Villani* (who died at Florence of the great plague, 1348) visited Rome in 1300 under the special indulgence proclaimed by Boniface VIII. Among the thoughts there suggested and set free was this one: "and, seeing the great and ancient objects of it (viz., of Rome)

and reading the stories and great deeds of the Romans, written by Vergil and by Sallust and Lucan, and Titus Livius and Valerius and Paulus Orosius and other masters of history, who described both the little things and the great things, also of the uttermost parts of the whole world; to give record and *examples to those who are to come close to their style and form*, but, considering our city of Florence, daughter and *product* (fattura) *of the Romans*," etc. In *Petrarch, bel esprit* of Europe's fourteenth century, the newly discovered elements of beauty and strength of Classic Latinism found a soil curiously fitted and predisposed through aims and ideals. Not only did he "study" the *literæ humaniores*—whether he himself coined the phrase or not, I have not been able to determine — but he led the way in the dash of immersion, appropriation, imitation. For the aim was now to think the thoughts, to be concerned in the concerns, to write the style, of Vergil, of Cicero, of Seneca; to endow them, in a word, with a practical and absolute authority, at which their own contemporaries would have marvelled, at which they themselves perhaps would have smiled. His time became enamoured of him: his letters were eagerly copied for their Latin style: it became the most notable achievement of power and taste to write in this fashion. "Virtue and Glory" are a prominent feature in these letters, particularly glory: it was his delight to dub his friends Lælius, Simonides, and the like. It is tedious to us to wade through his pages dripping with classic allusion and ornament. The reminiscence of the Ciceronian phrase fails to flash upon us as a superhuman achievement: his treasures have largely turned to ashes. His pages curiously reveal the struggle between Christian morality and pagan worship of glory and of the things of this world. His poems to the eyes of Madonna Laura were based on what Symonds calls a respectable friendship: though they have given to the world of letters the sonnet. Knight or Prelate was still the choice of gifted men in that age: Petrarch had to live and mainly lived from the favors and prebends of great prelates. His two illegitimate children, Giovanni (1337) and Francesca (1348),

were subsequently legitimized by papal bulls. The greatest labor of his life was devoted to an epic in heroic verse in the Vergilian manner, devoted not indeed to the glorification of Pope or Emperor, but to the memory of achievements of the elder Scipio. He called it *Africa* and he was duly crowned on the Capitoline Hill at Rome, in April, 1341, receiving the Laurel from the hand of a Roman Senator. In our own day, Oxford and Cambridge are well-nigh the only places left in all the Renaissance movement, where high academic prizes are awarded to this form of culture — the elevation of the *Exotic* — once dominating the intellectual ambition of Europe. Like Aristippos of Kyrene, he knew how to use without much being used, to hold and not be held, to receive ample donations and still maintain a high degree of personal independence and freedom of movement. The ancient man belonged to his state, the mediæval man belonged to church and feudal overlord — this graceful stylist, often called the first of modern minds, belonged, in the main, to himself alone.

His letters are often very charming: the purity and psychological truth with which he reveals and delineates sentiment, reflection, emotion, would still entertain us, if the heavy parallels of ancient history and classic citation in general did not weary and repel us. But it was this very thing which encircled his brow with the laurel eagerly offered by his contemporaries. And if he had written all this in his own superb Tuscan, we would read and reread with permanent delight. But as for Cicero, Vergil, and Seneca, we enjoy them more, if we enjoy them at all, at first hand and in their virginal utterance.

When, at thirty-two, he had accomplished the ascent of Mt. Ventoux, in the Provence, not far from his favorite abode of Vauclause, this brought to his mind the Hæmus in Thrace and Philip of Macedon, Hannibal, and the Livian story of his passage of the Alps, as well as Athos and Olympus. It was just ten years that he had brought to conclusion, at Bologna, his academic career. His soul was flushed and strongly moved by the thought of much sin and folly of the past, the feeble and imperfect steps

towards betterment and Christian virtue. With him he had a copy of St. Augustine's Confessions: he opened and accidentally lighted upon 10, 8, 6, which made so strong an impression upon him because it was so near and so much in harmony with his own favorite train of thought, with his very philosophy of life. The words were there: "And men go to admire the peaks of mountains, and the huge tides of the sea, and the vast moving volumes of streams, the vast extent of the ocean, and the orbit of the stars, *and they neglect themselves.*" Indeed, he goes on to say, there is nothing wonderful besides the soul of man: to the soul nothing is great. Here we have, as Voigt well urges, the central point of Petrarch's concern: and all his further life long there was in him some struggle between the cultural and the spiritual concerns of the soul. And still his active actual life was one long chasing after the phantom of glory, immediate, direct contemporary glory. And so it remains to him a moral axiom ("Rerum Senilium," V, 6) that to richly endowed minds glory is a mighty spur — *generosis ingeniis ingens calcar est gloria.* It was the glory attainable through human speech and its literary forms: and so he says (in the same letter) of his secretary who had left him: "and he himself, through *reading, writing, reflection, imitation,* seemed *destined to grow better day by day and destined to reach the summit of a lofty name:*" in a few and simple words we have here that which was the life and labor and the goal of the Humanists who revered in Petrarch their founder and great exemplar.

Few mortal men are able to bear so heavy a burden as is high praise of one's own entire generation; a more than human humility would be required for any man, soberly to realize, that his whole century was following in his footsteps and bidding all hail to the pathfinder. It was Petrarch's fortune, if fortune it be. Many were the searching visits into his own heart: earnestly he often represented to his soul the passing of this little life; he lay down on his couch as corpses were wont to be laid out for burial; representing to himself the moment of disso-

lution, first, and all the awe that men are wont to associate with the great crisis, — but actually he remained insatiable of that contemporary glory in which he had so long lived among his own generation, and which had come to be the very atmosphere of his being.

The church fed and nurtured this pathfinder of the Humanists. And still soon it was clear that the New Learning at bottom tended to emancipate its devotees from the church, nay, from the very basis of living and being on which it was at first grounded and reared. The shocking swiftness with which was revealed the interdependence of the new movement with the emancipation of morals and morality was strikingly revealed in an admirer and disciple of Petrarch, viz., Giovanni *Boccaccio* of Certaldo near Florence (1313–1375), nine years younger than Petrarch. The Black Plague of 1348, which so cruelly ravaged Italy, found Boccaccio thirty-five, and the chain of novels which is reared upon this catastrophe constitutes the most powerful plea of mere animality known to human letters. I am too fond of truth and too profoundly convinced of the eternal obligation of divine law to pour any further tepid dish-water into the well-established puddle of literary admiration — *obligato* — which wearily iterates itself in the books of the literary historians and æstheticians. And this, while Boccaccio after 1361 would have gladly cancelled and recalled his "Novelle," when it was too late. "Triumphant Adultery" one might inscribe the greater portion of these narratives. From Burckhardt's delineation of the Renaissance we do indeed receive the impression that little exaggeration, if any, of social disruption and decadence is here met with. We do seem indeed to be face to face with a society which knew no romance beyond the snapping asunder of matrimonial law, and shrank from no detail which added to the delineation of impurity. Contemptible as Boccaccio made purity and marital fidelity, he trampled upon a sacrament of the church as well. But the church itself and its official

representatives, the clerics from the Pope down to hermits appear in these "Novelle" as utterly corrupt and contemptible. Boccaccio hated the monks even in his character as classicist and restorer of the Old Learning. In the great library of Monte Cassino (where he often stopped in passing and repassing between Florence and Naples) he noticed with disgust how, frequently, the indolent clerics instead of studying precious parchments of old, abraded the ancient characters and inscribed missals and legendaries to sell them to the people. Other classics lay in dusty oblivion on the shelves. — The Jew Abraham of Paris (I, 2), willing to become a convert to Christianity, goes to Rome, and there sees the "court of Rome." There, without revealing either himself or his mission, he studies carefully the life of all. He finds them all abandoned to dissoluteness both natural and contrary to nature, fond of gluttony and the bottle, given up to grasping avarice also, the buying and selling of church benefices in full vogue, with current euphemism for all this, as though God, says Boccaccio, could not pierce this thin veil. Returning to Paris then, the Jew Abraham replies to his Christian friend: "As I judge of it, with all anxious device, and with all his native power and with every art, your shepherd, methinks, — and consequently all the others, — are rushing forward to reduce to nothing and to drive out of the world the Christian religion." And that in spite of shocking corruption of the pastors and leaders, the Christian religion does *not* vanish from the earth, this — so the Jew Abraham reasons — must be a proof of that religion's divine character. And so, in Paris, is the Jew Abraham baptized.

Still more incisive is Boccaccio's attitude towards the Christian church in his novel (I, 3) of the three rings, which has furnished the central theme to that classic Song of Songs of Deism, Lessing's "Nathan." This famous didactic parable leaves it quite undetermined and undeterminable whether Mosaism or Christianity or Mohammedanism has the better or more divine authority: each earnest in asseveration and conviction, none really

stronger than the other. Swift's "Tale of the Tub" will occur to many of my readers.

The "evil hypocrisy of the *Religiosi*" is, as I have above suggested, one of the favorite themes of these stories, — hypocrisy largely in two forms, viz., those of Greed and of Lust. The corollary that they were not any better than the secular people who went about their quest without any pretence or cloak, is quite obvious. We are fairly entitled to believe that here as elsewhere this clever Florentine, with his curious mixture of moral indifference and searching moral satire, merely mirrored the current conviction of his own time. Calm and deliberate are these words (I, 7): "The vicious and foul life of the clerics, a sure sign (*fermo segno*) in many matters of wickedness, without undue difficulty, presents itself as an object of conversation," etc.

And still Boccaccio made his peace with the dominant corporation of human life of his day: he became serious, he turned state lecturer on the life and works of Dante. Earnest monition had reached him from a Carthusian of Siena to change his life and his works. As for selling his library also, Petrarch dissuaded him. His own last years were full of disease and other misery: he desired death and still he greatly feared it. Suffice to say that he willed his library to Brother Martino da Segna, his confessor, providing that ultimately the books were to go to the convent of Santo Spirito of Florence for the use of students. One may fairly ask: if that freedom and that emancipation which the early manhood of Boccaccio did so much to spread abroad — if this freedom was good and wholesome for the human soul, why did not its erstwhile devotee proclaim it to the end?

The popes indeed had returned from Avignon and from their French vassalage to the Seven Hills of Rome. But after a few years, in 1378, followed the election of a counterpope, who again established his court at Avignon, Clement VII, who thus became a much more pronounced

vassal of the French court than his predecessors had been. Thus began the great Schism, which not only rent Christendom in twain, but dealt an irreparable blow to the Papacy itself, whose Vicarage of God was now in the balance. Whose excommunication was divine? At the same time, each court with its full measure of needs, and with the reduction of the taxable area for each, was constrained and driven by sore need to increase the financial burdens which it imposed, for its sustenance, upon its own subjects.

We thus reach the beginning of that fifteenth century of European History which was destined to be the space of time made memorable by the Renaissance of Letters and Art, a Golden Age indeed, if we are to believe some of the ecstatic eulogists thereof.

But it is utterly unhistorical to ignore the profound and very essential interdependence which prevailed actually between the Renaissance and the decadence and convulsions marking the Annals of the Church itself. Who were the leaders of Humanism then? What sort of men were they? What attitude did they take in the agony of the Church and in those tremendous struggles which were made, in the first half of the century, at Pisa, Constance, and Basle, for a Reformation of Head and Members?

Poggio Bracciolini of Florence (1380–1459), who had studied Greek under Manuel Chrysoloras, became Apostolic Secretary at the Papal Curia at Rome, in 1402 or 1403. It is not necessary here to enumerate the Latin Classics which he conveyed to Italy out of Swiss or German monasteries, openly or by filching them. Our task here is to gain a closer view of his moral personality. If he had any moral ideals, the very court of which he was so conspicuous a part was impregnated with practices and principles essentially vicious and vile. It was an age "when the psaltery chimed ill with the secular lyre," when Balthasar Cossa, the infamous Neapolitan, a member of the Sacred College, as John XXII (charged later with having procured the removal of his predecessor

through poison), became an expert in finding new prices for the entire range of ecclesiastic preferment.

Of all the works of Poggio, his collection of anecdotes alone remains in the hands of men: nor can they be read at all unless we agree to consider them a pathological symptom of the culture and concerns of the foremost men of that generation. For all the graces and turns of highly polished Latinity are here debased to the service of jestful impurity, compared with which Boccaccio is elevated and refined. And so even the very form of phrase or speech in which Cicero had presented the most serious thoughts of the Greek sects on Religion and the concerns of the soul, the tongue in which the incomparable moralist Seneca had lashed the foibles of the human heart, the tongue in which venerable forms of liturgy and worship had been handed down fairly from the primitive church itself — this noble and grave speech, I say, was debased to the company of Satyrs and Pan, as though the court-robe of a great and noble lady were used to deck a smirking and berouged courtesan. Nor is the *sang-froid* with which the papal secretary refers to the corruption of his own class as a matter of course and of no further concern, to be neglected in these *Facetiæ*.

The scorn with which the clerics proper do duty in the Satire of this Humanist is even more strongly revealed in his Latin dialogue to be presently named. The faintest sympathy or trace of concern in the great councils of Constance or Basle is sought and searched for in vain in the lines of Poggio. His "Dialogus contra Hypocrisim" was written in his advanced age under the great Humanist pope, Nicholas V himself (1447 *sqq.*). Poggio, in that famous diatribe, intimates that Eugene IV (1431–1447) had been surrounded with such clerical hypocrites, eagerly pursuing the interests of their several orders. The preachers before the pope had furnished Poggio much quiet amusement with their empty prattle. One faint and fleeting citation of St. Matthew, the rest Cicero, Terence, Sallust, Seneca: the further discourse, a *Chronique Scandaleuse*, in which there is infinitely more joy in the vileness itself

than moral concern whatever: and while spreading out this putrescence, Poggio, entirely in the manner of his great rival and contemporary, Laurentius *Valla*, slips into a defence of incontinence as being obedience to an overmastering impulse of our common nature: utterances consummately cynical and coming from a mind emancipated from any divine law and subject to a "humanity" of its own fabrication. All this dramatically, with an *abbot* as one of the participants in the dialogue. And when this protagonist of the new learning and confidential secretary and adviser of many popes concluded his sweeping charges against the friars, viz., that their pursuit in the end was "the setting of bird-catchers' traps for women or money"—then we must remember that Poggio retired to Florence rich and honored and was buried at last with pomp in Santa Croce.

His fellow-student, Lionardo *Bruni* of Arezzo, was a more serious soul and a somewhat nobler character. Poggio survived him to deliver his funeral eulogy before the magistrate of Florence.

Early he too served in Rome as Apostolic Secretary, where the new taste for purer Latinity determined preferment. His scholarship and interest in the newly acquired Greek seems much more pure and genuine than in Poggio's case. He refers to Plato with awe: "The majesty of that great man." Contemporary history and politics are wrapped to his gaze in classic names and moulds; the ancient Romans are: *Nostri*, our own men, our own ancestors. He calls the schism of popes: "This pestiferous division." Bruni himself, while he saw the curia full of men looking for preferment, declined the bishopric offered him by Innocent VII.

The modern Romans are a poor lot, "to whom from their ancient glory nothing but empty boasting has remained."

He too visited Constance in connection with the great Council, January, 1414. His correspondent at Florence, *Niccoli*, indeed, is not at all interested in ecclesiastic matters: his soul is wrapped up in the renaissance of the old letters; to him church affairs are "wearisome

concerns and objects of craze of men" (*tædia et deliramenta hominum*). Non-Italians are, of course, barbarians. He calls Nature "that mother and maker of the Universe." A year later Bruni was settled at Florence while Poggio, in the retinue of John XXII, was at the Council. But Bruni's concerns were centred as before, not on that matter of mighty moment, the reformation of the church, the pacification of the souls of Europe; but the recovery of the classical world remained the essential point of his concern. "This" (under date of Sept. 13, 1416) "assuredly will be thy glory" (to Poggio), "that thou art restoring to us, through thy toil and care, the writings now lost and perished, of eminent men." And when he hears that Quintilian *entire* is at last regained, he wishes only to see the work before he dies: a *Nunc dimittis* of the ecstatic classicist. Poggio had written with enthusiasm of the noble defence and noble death of Jerome of Prague, at the stake: "You might have called him another Cato,"—his eloquence the papal secretary had compared "with that of the ancients whom we admire so much"—"none of the Stoics ever had a soul so unswerving and so brave." Bruni warns him to be more cautious in praising a heretic. Angrily he calls a detractor at Rome a wretched Sodomite. His study of Aristotle's "Ethics" was not merely historical and critical: the Stagirite furnished to his soul a very pabulum and dogma: a veritable substance and authority, while Cicero is to furnish the literary manner. He confesses that in literary matters he has become a voluptuary, an Epicurean. He commends a certain Englishman who has come to Italy for culture: "A most enthusiastic devotee (*ardentissimus affectator*) of our own studies, as far as the endowment of that nationality permits." Referring to the open flouting of moral law and decency of life by one of the foremost classicists of Florence, *Niccoli* (Bruni, "*Epistolæ*," Florence, 1741, Vol. II, 20), he goes on to say: "and do we wonder, if this is the opinion of the common people, that the men devoted to the study of letters do not believe in God, do not fear him!"

This same Niccoli is called by a modern student of these times, Gregorovius, "beautiful personality." O words, words, words! And still this same ecstatic delineator of the Renaissance knows his ground too well to be quite blinded to the truth ("History of the City of Rome," Engl. Tr., VII, 2, 531): "But in spite of Dante, Cola di Rienzi, Petrarch, and Boccaccio (*sic*), the Renascence in the fifteenth century appears as a *sudden resurrection of paganism* . . ." (p. 533), "while at the same time the laxity of morals reached a depth of depravity equal to that of the time of Juvenal." The interdependence of the classic cult with that demoralization is admitted. Why then, in Gregorovius, the tedious iteration of "noble culture"? How so *noble*, if it so utterly, so signally failed to ennoble its most prominent devotees and professors: or shall we also become ecstatic and call them *confessors?*

A protagonist among them was Antonio Beccadelli of Palermo (1394–1471), student at Siena, court poet, and secretary and historiographer at the court of Alfonso the Magnificent of Naples. While pursuing academic life of the baser kind, at Siena and Bologna, he infiltrated himself with the matter and manner both of the debauched verse of Catullus, Ovid, and Martial: he published these elegies of pornography in 1425–1426, and dedicated them — not to the world of libertines — but to the first citizen of Florence, Cosmo dei Medici. Even Poggio shook his head, but Beccadelli defended himself by naming "Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, Juvenal, Martial, splendid poets and Latin poets" — exemplars in the literary Olympus of that generation and a court of last appeal. And Guarino of Verona, the classical professor so highly esteemed as sane and industrious and of reputable conduct, is so ravished with the literary cleverness of this verse as to greet Beccadelli as a rising bard, and with transcendent absurdity to compare the Sicilian's muse with that of Theocritus! Both were Sicilians. And as to the grossness, Guarino finds a curious justification therefore: "Or will you on that account bestow less praise upon Apelles,

Fabius, and the other painters because they painted bare and undraped details in the human body . . . ?" "Of greater weight with me is the authority of a poet *of the same earth with myself*" (*conterranei:* he alludes to Catullus), "a poet of considerable grace, than the clamor of the uncultured, whom nothing but tears, fasting, psalmodies can delight, forgetting that one there must be placed before our gaze in life, another in literary expression."

Such were the dominant voices and the leading sentiments almost throughout this entire fifteenth century, hailed as voices of the light.

A far stronger mind was that of Beccadelli's rival at the court of Naples, *Laurentius Valla* (1406–1457). He translated Herodotus and Thucydides and with keen study of Quintilian more than of Cicero became a practical model and laid down theories of pure Latin writing. He served his master Alfonso of Naples efficiently and thus further undermined the authority of the papal see, if that were possible then, by proving the Constantine donation a forgery, but shrinking not even from an attack upon the Apostles' Creed. More frankly than his fellow-humanists, he cast aside the checks and norms of divine obligation in conduct. His essay, "*De Voluptate et vero Bono*," gives voice, in order, to Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Christianity. The second voice pleads for the justification of lust and against the immortality of the soul and against a judgment to come. He was opposed to the Scholastics of his time who held that the Christian Faith can be reasoned out in the Aristotelian manner and procedure. He profoundly detested the claims of the Clerics — claims of spiritual superiority, claims of being something apart from the laymen. In his essay, "*De Professione Religiosorum*," he attacks these spiritual claims of that most powerful class and corporation of the Middle Ages, whose autocratic rule even then was being enfeebled, and in this controversy exhibits a good knowledge of St. Paul. He deals vigorous blows too against the normal monastic vows, and quotes St. Paul against enforced celibacy, I Timothy 4, 3, and goes on to say: "O would that bishops,

priests, deacons, were husbands of a single wife, rather than lovers of *one* courtesan ! " The Clerics were powerless to destroy the bold critic who reposed under the powerful shield of King Alfonso. Under the Humanist pope, *Nicholas V*, Valla even triumphantly entered Rome itself and reaped there high honors and rich emoluments. " Thus, for the sake of his erudition and stylistic talents, the supreme pontiff rewarded a man whose chief titles to fame are the stringent criticism with which he assailed the temporalities of the church and the frank candor with which he defended a pagan theory of human conduct" ("Encycl. Britannica"). This same Pope Nicholas was much more moved by the desire to save Greek manuscripts when Constantinople fell than to save the Greek Empire itself from the Ottoman deluge.

More clear-headed on these grave issues of the Christian world was the second one of these Humanist popes, Enea Silvio Piccolomini, who took the title of *Pius II.* Neither he nor the church at large were able to rouse distrustful Europe to a new crusade; the laity and the feudal aristocracy merely suspected a new pretext for an impost of money. As for this Pius II himself, how could he who was the very incarnation of secular scheming and a man of the world in his character and career — how could such a one rouse the spirit of Peter the Hermit or of St. Bernard of Clairvaux? The world and the flesh, money and pleasure, had then well-nigh smothered what spirituality there was in the church.

In his youth, he had written an erotic novel in which he had dissected all the phenomena and all the sensuality of sexual passion with a detail and a love for these things in which he fairly outdid Boccaccio. A diplomatic agent and negotiator of great prelates of the Council of Basle, he ultimately became the secretary and adviser of Frederic III of Austria. His restless and active mind was bent upon grasping the actualities of things, of seizing the vital point of human affairs. He loves learning, he loves fully as much money and power. With bright and exact eyes he outlined eminent contemporaries in his "*De Viris*

illustribus." Of the military leader, Braccio de Montone, he says: "He says he was bitterly hostile to the clergy, thinking there was nothing after death." He notes the honors and the rich stipends which Guarino won at Ferrara, where he taught the prince's son to compose a Latin poem, to write a Latin letter. With an admiration (as genuine as that of our contemporary journalists when they commend the millions derived from some accumulation of industry) he expatiates on the splendid success of Cosmo dei Medici, richest man of Florence, nay, of Italy, whose vast financial transactions were not even checked by exile, who is now ruling in Florence without seeming to rule: who furnishes money for the government by having the revenues hypothecated to himself. His mansion is fine enough for an emperor. He has built the monastery of San Marco for the Dominicans. There he has installed "a wonderful library packed with Latin and Greek books."

The present successor of Bruni in the chancellery of Florence is Carlo of Arezzo, "soaked in Greek and Latin letters. His Latin verse is written with good taste and his prose is not inferior to the former." In his own youth Enea Silvio heard the glowing ascetic, the Franciscan Bernardino of Siena and was *almost* swayed to follow him.

Barthold of Cremona, apostolic secretary and later archbishop of Milan, who crowned the emperor Sigismund at St. Ambrose's, was impregnated with Vergil and wrote very good Latin verse. Enea's characterization of Sigismund (who had actually brought to a conclusion the great schism) shows how church politics or world politics were equally manipulated by men who were without a spark of inward religiosity. "Sigismund," says Enea, "was of manifold impulse, but lacking in consistency, witty in speech, fond of wine, passionately inclined to sexual indulgences, charged with numberless adulteries, prone to wrath, easily moved to forgiveness, guardian of no treasure, a lavish spender, more generous in the promise than in keeping his word, a great story-teller. When he was at Rome with Pope Eugene, he said: 'There are three

things, most holy father, in which we differ, and again there are three in which we agree. You sleep in the morning, I rise before daybreak. You drink water, I drink wine. You flee from women, I pursue them. But we are at one in these things: you generously spend the treasures of the church, I keep nothing for myself. You have gouty hands, I have gouty feet. You are ruining the church, I, the empire.'"

We pass on to one who among all the Humanists of the fifteenth century was himself a conspicuous exemplar, a veritable microcosm of the entire Classic Renaissance.

This was *Francesco Filelfo* (1398–1481). Trained at Padua, and a budding professor of the Classics at Venice, he spent eight important years at Constantinople as secretary of the Venetian embassy. His aim was to become a master of Greek. Returning to Venice in 1427, with a Greek wife and a collection of Greek *codices* noteworthy in that day, he was engaged by some of the richest and most prosperous states of Italy to teach the language and the culture of the Classics: he thus became, in a way, for longer or shorter periods, the intellectual centre, the autocrat of the most cherished forms of learning at Florence, Siena, Bologna, and, for the longest stay, at Milan, both under Visconti and Sforza. His reading was wide, his interest in Greek and Latin letters, antiquities, and above all, in the reproduction of prose and verse, was genuine and profound. It is hard for one who has carefully perused some one of the folios containing letters of his, to determine, whether his craving for gold or his desire to acquire *codices* or his insatiable appetite for notice and renown was stronger or strongest.

His letters often were composed as official epistles from state to state by direct mandate of his princely patrons at Milan. Among the noble or distinguished recipients we notice the Emperor of Byzantium, several popes, cardinals and archbishops a plenty, the republic of Florence, King Charles VII of France. But the most besetting of all his sins, the typical failing of the Humanists, was his vanity. At thirty (1428) he writes to his fellow-human-

ist, Victorius da Feltre: "that thou rejoicest that my name is dwelling in the mouth of all, far and wide, throughout Italy. . . ." "I am fully aware who I am!" . . . Aristotle's ethics, rather than that of the New Testament, had taken possession of his soul. He addresses the cardinal of Bologna (in 1432) as "*pater humanissime.*" At Florence (Oct. 1, 1432) "the eyes of all, the conversation of all, are directed towards myself. All rate me highly, all extol me to the sky with praises." He reminds Cosmo dei Medici (May 1, 1433) that Cosmo had first called on Filelfo when the latter came to Florence as professor. He deplored the jealousy of two scholars of Florence: "but are they really superior to me in native ability, in learning, in power of literary expression, in taste of demeanor, in spotless conduct?"

He has a lively consciousness of his power (dated Siena, Sept. 13, 1438) not only to teach classic diction to youth, but impart to them the most refined theory of ethics. With all this vanity which was powerfully nurtured by the drift of the times, and by the universal itch for a quick and wide reputation — with all this there was in Filelfo a keen and trenchant intelligence which forsook him only when he dealt with himself. When Filelfo had entered Milan in 1440, his report of the event was rendered in these words: "My arrival was received with great delight both by this distinguished prince as well as by the whole commonwealth, so that Filelfo is highly regarded by all." His theory of morals gradually takes on a distinctly Stoical coloring in terms and categories. This was the effect of his academic expounding of practical Stoicism, and that noble striving for the boons inherent in the soul, a soul withdrawn entirely from craving of wealth or fame — of this there is not the slightest trace in this representative Humanist. The Envy of the Gods is fused in his moralizing with a frequent admixture of ill-related Christian phrase.

It is clear that Filelfo's desire to publish ultimately all his letters proved a check on him (which check he utterly threw aside in his "*Satyræ*"). As many others

of the Humanists, so Filelfo too when (rarely) he seems to speak with genuine sentiment of his religious feelings, betrays that vague deism of God and Virtue which went hand in hand with peaceful or even friendly relations to church and to Clerics (in the miseries brought on by the siege of Milan, Feb. 26, 1450): "whether one should call that Fate or Necessity or by any other name whatsoever — that which is above us. . . ." But the chastening influences of this time of need and stress seem actually to have quickened his earlier Christian sentiments: he writes in October, 1450: "For thou knowest well that we are sojourners only in a strange land, and are unfree as long as we live here." And, soon after this time, he was deeply immersed in the writing of his frivolous "*Satyræ*." In short, while the Humanists charged the Clerics with hypocrisy, they were very far from consistent sincerity themselves, much as they vaunted that they spoke and lived in complete harmony with their convictions. Of these indeed the proud belief, that, by their Latin verse, they could bestow immortality, comparable to that once bestowed by Vergil or Horace, — this conceit was exceedingly strong, and we must add it produced them many purses of gold from those who were thus immortalized (cf. letter of January, 1451: *ex hominibus deos facere* to make gods out of men). We will close this brief delineation of Filelfo with a citation from an epistolary admonition directed to *Poggio* and *Valla:* Why (March 7, 1453) do you hate me so bitterly? And why are you so foul towards one another? "As far as I hear, there is no form of abuse, which while you are flashing your blades at one another through every insult of vituperation, you have left unhandled. And that too in the Roman curia, that is, in the most famous and the most brilliant theatre of the whole world."

The tutor of the children of Lorenzo dei Medici, *Politiano*, in his mastery of Greek and Latin, stood quite alone in Italy after the death of Filelfo (1454–1494). A *Wun-*

derkind in the exceptional precocity of his early resplendent powers, translating at sixteen several books of Homer into Latin hexameter, he soon lectured at Florence, and from this academic source the first English teachers of Greek as well as the German Reuchlin derived impulse and instruction.

The wonderful ease and grace of his Latin verse almost makes one pause to ask whether the cunning of Horace, of Catullus or Ovid, had actually had a literary palingenesis on the Arno.

But we must turn to his themes and look beyond this formal facility. We see, indeed, the paganism of glorifying lust; both Latin and Greek verses are there so foul in their enthusiasm of unnatural lust that we marvel not that Madonna Clarice, the wife of Lorenzo, in the end caused Politian's removal from the household, as being a plague to her sons. This man was teacher of the future Pope Leo X.

The greatest skill and an almost incredible control of word and phrase does Politian display in this verse, in which the phenomena of mere sexualism are enumerated in a manner that fairly outdoes the Pans and Satyrs of Catullus and Ovid. We notice that the most repulsive of these themes both in Greek and Latin is so turned that the more recondite tongue, Greek, is to him an even more unrestrained sphere of animal abandon and truly pagan art. Weirdly incongruous there appear in this company of Aphrodite Pandemos some lines of a quasi-religious nature in Greek hexameters, filled of course with solid patches of Homeric phrase, grotesque application of Zeus-epithets to the Almighty to whom in the end the creature of clay confesses his sins. But the studies in the portfolio of this protagonist among the later Humanists are mainly pagan and unreservedly so, and in the laudation of a ravishing maiden, masked under the classic name of Lalagê, we are told that she is worthy of the couch of Jove. Two hymns in honor of the Virgin Mary were penned by the same hand (*v.* "*Prose Volgari inedite e Poesie Latine e Greche*," Florence, Barbera, 1867).

Meanwhile the notorious decline of the church and its government had kept pace with this much vaunted Renaissance of Classic imitation. Church politics, church government, the financial exploitation of Christendom with ever new forms of Sacerdotal Commerce, the unblushing secularization of the central see of Rome and all its works, the conversion of the Roman pontiff into a prince and politician among the princes and politicians of Italy, the splendid nuptials of papal daughters, the establishment of short-lived dynasties and principalities for papal sons — these and many more things mark the last generation of the Italian *quattro cento*. The paganism of the Humanists found itself in calm concord with the general drift. This church and this world indeed were as one, nay, they were merely different phases of the same world. In 1478 Pope Sixtus IV supported the murderous plot of the Pazzi at Florence, in which a brother of Lorenzo dei Medici was actually stabbed to death in a church during divine worship, and Lorenzo himself, the central saint in the wearisome cult of the Renaissance, barely escaped. The pope made his case worse by issuing an edict of excommunication against all Florence, all, it seems, on account of the political interests of the Count of Imola, his nephew.

In 1484 Innocent VII succeeded. He had seven bastard children. He had pledged himself to the cardinal politicians of the conclave to promote but a single one of his kin. He broke this pledge, and also enraged the municipal Romans by bestowing the fat places on non-Romans. He chose his son-in-law of Genoa, a financier, to supervise the city taxes; in fact, with the commercial spirit of his native Genoa well expressed, he was cleverly attentive to the papal ledger. One of his sons married a daughter of Lorenzo, the so-called magnificent. As a practical consequence of this family alliance, three years later Lorenzo's son John was made a cardinal, though a mere stripling of fourteen, destined to become pope further on, and last of the Humanist popes, a species which, after the revolt of Luther, became somehow quite

impossible, a cessation which the Herr Geheimrath von Goethe greatly deplored in his time. In 1492 Alexander VI (Roderigo Borgia) at sixty-two purchased the papacy from his fellow-cardinals. What he did for his children and what they were and what they did, is it not recorded in the diary of the papal master of ceremonies, Burchard? Recorded, I say, in a very cold-blooded manner, although the Latin is not at all up to the Humanistic standard. And so we will leave the genial Cesare and the romantic Lucrezia to those who wish to rave about the great moral emancipation wrought in beautiful Italy by the Renaissance; or when they have become a little exhausted by the ecstasies of the comely Walter Pater, ecstasies about Mona Lisa or some other item in the latter's calendar of Renaissance saints both male and female, to which I suppose Rafael's Fornarina also belongs. For the æsthetic Pater is indeed a great guide in the worship of the beautiful, and if the senses could replace the conscience, and if the emancipation of the flesh could make the spiritual needs of the soul dispensable, then the ecstatic worshipper of the comely would indeed not be what he is, a blind leader of the blind.

An arch-saint also in the traditional cult of the Renaissance was Lorenzo dei Medici, very magnificent indeed in spending the wealth of his grandfather and barely successful in concealing his own insolvency with money that belonged to the commonwealth: a commonwealth that he had with cunning planning gradually deprived of self-government, and which under his wretched son Peter became an easy prey to France. We must content ourselves here with transcribing from the pages of Villari, one of the most patriotic and learned Italians of these latter times: "Among all his inventions, the most celebrated were those called the *Canti Carnascialeschi*, gay ballads, composed for the first time by him, and intended to be sung at masquerades during the carnival. . . ." "We cannot have a better picture of the corruption of those days than by reading those songs. In the present day, not only the young nobles, but the lowest rabble would

be disgusted by them, and were they to be sung in the streets, it would be such an outrage to public decency as to call for punishment. But their composition was the favorite occupation of a prince praised by all the world, and held up as a model to other sovereigns as a prodigy of talent, as a political and literary genius. And such as he was then reckoned, many now hold him to have been. He is pardoned by them for the blood he shed in maintaining a power which had been unjustly acquired by his family and himself; for the disorders he caused in the republic; for plundering the public treasury to defray his extravagant expenditure; for the indecent profligacy to which he was given up, although infirm of body; and for the rapid and infernal system of corruption of the people — an object to which he never ceased to apply the whole force of his mind: *and all this is overlooked because he was a patron of letters and the fine arts.*"

But Erasmus remains, and without some view and vision of this protagonist among the Humanists this chapter would be wretchedly truncated and inadequate. Of him even in our own day may be said what Schiller said of Wallenstein. For here too preëminently do we see the variation and vacillation, the mutations and oscillation in the delineations of his character, which are due to the favor and to the hatred of party and faction.

I must be somewhat precise myself. Fair indeed I cannot be to those critics who with the literary and æsthetical voluptuary Goethe and all his school and kin deplore the reformation as a jarring in the current of the Renaissance, and as a displacement of a movement dear to them by one alien to them.

For a century or more had the more earnest spirits whose spirituality had not been smothered by the inferior things cried out for a radical betterment. The Humanists had contributed somewhat less than nothing to this cry and craving. Their satire could not amount to anything because they themselves were the most pronounced advocates of that emancipation of the flesh which they fully and unrestrainedly exemplified in their own lives. Erasmus

then, born and reared in the time of great, if not the greatest, humiliation of the papacy, was, in the production of Latin letters, the greatest of all the Humanists. A keen and penetrating soul was his, and the lifelong occupations of critical scholarship were ever whetting that edge. Is there anywhere in literature a more radical satire than his Praise of Folly ("*Encomium Moriæ*," 1509)? Lye and vitriol, vitriol and lye, do drip from this pen, scorn and sweeping condemnation alone is here uttered, in the cosmopolitan scholar's learned tongue. We may ignore the classicist embroideries so dear to the Renaissance and their humanists: to-day indeed no one would tolerate such in the letters that people cherish. And so we ignore what his time so eagerly cherished: his allusions to Midas, Pan, Hercules, Solon, Jupiter, Plutus, Homer, Hesiod, Gardens of Adonis, of which, in spite of the ever increasing erudition of little coteries, the souls of men have become somewhat weary. There is much affinity with Lucian, some of whose things Erasmus edited. But he also edited the New Testament and spared not there the arid futilities of scholasticism nor the actual corruption in the actual church. It was in the air: in England noble souls, men like Colet and Thomas More, became his friends. Again and again he visited England, and the young Prince Henry assured him that he wrote a style which all the world praised. After he had gained European celebrity through Aldus of Venice, and during a sojourn at Rome, after this he was again invited to England, where he notes that Thomas More "has his hours of prayer, but he uses no forms and prays out of his heart." Even then, in 1509, the corruption of things clerical and ecclesiastical was so universally, so perpetually felt, that the young king, Henry VIII, uttered these words (whether the ideas had oozed into his soul from men like Colet, I do not know): "It has been and is my earnest wish to restore Christ's religion to its pristine purity."

To proceed: the revival of the Scriptures followed upon the revival of the Classics. Which was more potent? Which was more important? As for Erasmus, he loved

truth in a certain intellectual and scholarly way, and he loved to utter his satire: and still he understood with marvellous adroitness to maintain pleasant and profitable relations with the very powers whose substance and foundations he had so brilliantly attacked. Thus in his New Testament, on Matthew 19, 12, he had published sharp comments, widely condemnatory of the practices of the clergy in his day. On Matthew 24, 23, he had compared the military pope Julius II to Pompey and Cæsar; elsewhere he had proclaimed against the use of Latin as the language of public worship; on I Timothy 1, 6, he had condemned the problems of scholastic theological learning; on I Timothy 3, 2, he had fairly approved clerical marriage (as had Valla before him): and still, curiously enough, his New Testament, of which 100,000 copies were sold in France alone, was published with the approbation of Giovanni dei Medici, better known as Leo X, last of the Humanist popes, quondam pupil of Poliziano, and long canonized in the Renaissance cult.

There was probably no single soul in the church more profoundly indifferent to the New Testament than Leo himself. Leo is he of whom a distinguished English critic and expert in Italian letters (Richard Garnett) wrote ("Encycl. Britannica"): "The essential paganism of the Renaissance was not then perceived." "His æsthetic pantheism, though inspired by a real religious sentiment" (whatever that may be, Dr. Garnett), "fixed the reproach of paganism upon her" (the church) "at the precise moment when an evangelical reaction was springing up." He and his Italian generation were greatly interested in Beauty and Pleasure, but in no wise were they concerned in spiritual things. To our ears it is mere timbrel noise when his beneficiary and biographer, Paul Giovio, Bishop (save the mark) of Nocera, raves about that "Golden Age" and calls his patron the "delight of the Human race." It is this man then of whom Erasmus made a kind of patron for himself. For some one wrote to Erasmus in 1514 or thereabouts: "The Holy Father was charmed with your style." So great was Erasmus become that he could

afford to decline a bishopric offered him by young Charles of Spain. In dedicating his Jerome to Leo X he indulged in flattery so fulsome that Leo recommended him to Henry VIII for an English bishopric. We must credit his biographer and eulogist, Anthony Froude, with very considerable candor, when he says ("Life and Letters of Erasmus," 1894, p. 205): "He (Erasmus) had none of the passionate horror of falsehood in sacred things which inspired the new movement." The reader must be reminded here also that in these grave matters, Froude indeed took sides, and emphatically (on p. 206) utters his denial of any divine revelation, and also sets forth, that on questions of absolute religious truth the temperament of Erasmus was essentially negative. The great crisis of 1517 forced men into avowals and into definite positions. But Erasmus chose to abide with and within the church which he had so bitterly satirized and censured. And even after the reformation had actually begun, he wrote: "Time was, when learning was only found in the religious orders. The religious orders nowadays care only for money and sensuality, while learning has passed to secular princes and peers and courtiers." And still he says of himself: "I have written nothing which can be laid hold of against established order." "I would rather see things left as they are than to see a revolution which may lead to one knows not what. Others may be martyrs if they like. I aspire to no such honor." "Luther's movement was not connected with learning" (p. 288, Froude). Abundantly the arch-humanist testifies that the great revolt and the rehabilitation of the New Testament was essentially not kin to Humanism. "You remember Reuchlin," he wrote on Oct. 10, 1525, "the conflict was raging between the Muses and their enemies" (the "*Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum*") "when up sprang Luther and the object thenceforward was to entangle the friends of literature in the Lutheran business so as to destroy both them and him together."

Nor do we hear of any martyr for spiritual truth in the fatherland of Humanism, Italy. They were generally quite willing to accept some preferment in the church it-

self: when they were sometimes eager to suppress some of their Latin verse. The reformation was to them, to use a phrase of Giovio's, "the crazy mouthing" of the Saxon monk, and they continued to measure everything by the "majesty of Cicero's style." For such a one Savonarola was an object of taunts and reproach. The exotic repristination of letters of long ago in the naïve conviction that these forms were a finality of perfection — with but slight immersion in Greek — this remained the type of the Italian Humanist.

But their immorality and generally contemptible character rather made a byword of the name *Umanista*, as we may see in the Seventh Satire of Ariosto, when the great poet of Ferrara on the one hand speaks of the humanistic culture as of the "arts which exalt man," but also adds that few Humanists are really free from the practice of unnatural lust. Much of the current coin had proven spurious: the world wearied of it.

Uncritical admiration and mechanical reproduction had seemed to the leading minds of Europe for some two hundred years a finality of culture: thus they had committed the grave and stupendous error of ignoring the broad basis of sin and corruption, the worship of nature and the apotheosis of our common clay, which lie at the base of the history of the classic world, together with that rigid limitation of concern in narrow bounds of petty republics or the glorification of force, as in Rome.

The Humanists, in a word, knew the ancient world but ill, but as the bluebottles gather around the carcass of an animal, or clouds of gnats hover over the effluvia of the barnyard, so many of them circled around what was debased and putrescent in the letters and art of the classic past of the Mediterranean world.

NOTE. — Much of the available leisure during two years of my life was devoted to the task of gaining a closer and fairer vision of this important subject. For I have a constitutional dislike of using aught but first-hand material. *Burckhardt*, it may be well to note for younger readers, with all his mastery of infinite detail, is wholly under the

thrall of Hegelianism. *Pater* is a morbid worshipper of the Beautiful. *Geiger's* "Petrarka" is not very searching and decidedly inferior to *Voigt*. In *Symonds's* fine books there is a note of sadness. I will now briefly enumerate some of my more original material. But I must content myself now with mere enumeration: J. A. *Froude*, "Life and Letters of Erasmus," 1894; *Erasmus*, "Encomium Moriæ": Petrarch's Latin works, fol. Basle, 1581; *Boccaccio*, "Decamerone"; Leonardo *Bruni*, "Epistolæ," ed. Mehus, Florence, 1741; *Macchiavelli*, "The Prince"; *Burchardi* "Diarium"; *Traversari*, "Epistulæ," in Muratori; *Enea Sylvio*, "De Viris illustribus"; *Poggio*, "Dialogus contra Hypocrisim"; the same author, "Facetiæ"; *von der Hardt*, "Documents, etc., of the Council of Constance"; *Gieseler*, "Church History," Vol. 4; *Paulus Jovius* (Giovio), "Vita Leonis Decimi"; the same author, "Elogia vivorum in literis illustrium"; *Filelfo*, "Epistolæ," Venice, 1489; *L. Valla*, various essays; *L. dei Medici* autobiographical sketch.

Of the painters of the Renaissance I will say little; but compare their treatment of the traditional biblical and religious subjects with that of the outright mythological ones, which they owed really to the craze of the Humanists. You will then see as in a flash how the worship of beauty *per se* had come into power and how spirituality had departed. Compare, *e.g.*, Lionardo da Vinci's head of John Baptist with the same painter's head of Leda. It is incredible how much there is of the same mould and design, pose of head, and that gentle smile or faint suggestion of a smile over which the *conoscenti* rave. His Christ bearing the cross is by no means St. Bernard's Salve caput cruentatum — but is of incredible physical beauty. Merely cancel cross and crown of thorns, and fairly nothing remains of the Man of Sorrows and the Redeemer of the World.

CHAPTER III

GODS AND MEN IN HOMER AND HESIOD

In settled Greek education, Homer simply was *The Poet*. Merely to trace, to-day, the erudition bestowed by Greek scholars upon these Epics, would be a task of many years (Sengebusch). One has spoken of the Greek Bible. The Greeks as a nationality certainly never dropped or disavowed those poems of their Gods and mighty men of war. I am uttering a commonplace of academic tradition. Even as I write, Greek, as an element of general or liberal education, is receding like an ebb-tide: and while learned men will certainly maintain Greek erudition, culture derived or derivable from Greek will be ever more circumscribed. The more need of a book like mine. Gladstone's "Juventus Mundi" is a term fairly commonplace. But these Epics are by no means primeval, let alone primitive, things. Centuries may have passed until they assumed the form in which not Solon only, but before him, Archilochos or Hesiod even, heard or chanted them. The best units of metrical phrase and, particularly, of hexametrical cadence, early passed into usage and currency. I must decline here to drag in any tags or tatters of erudition, or tell — for who cares — what the various critics have uttered, critics from Plato or Aristotle, from Aristarchos of Alexandria, from Krates of Pergamos, down to Porphyry, down to Wolf, Lehrs, Grote, Jebb, or Seymour. I must disavow any concern as to *how* these things, the Gods of Greece, were "evolved": concern, *e.g.*, for Herbert Spencer's "Animism" or any other figment misbegotten out of present scientific conceits.

It is the singer who creates and transmits fame and repute, chanting in baronial halls — he an essential concomitant of an aristocratic order of society. So *Phemios* in the Odyssey (8, 479) is the son of "Terpios" (who produces delight.) This singing of Gods and men had long been going on when these Epics were making. The legends themselves were as the warp: and as for the woof (of phrase), the shuttle of centuries had been active. Each community had its local heroes and legends: at Corinth it was Sisyphos and Bellerophontes; in southern Thessaly, Peleus, Thetis and Achilles, Jason and Medea; in Thebes and Argos, Heracles; in Crete, Europa and Zeus, Minos and Pasiphae, Minotaur and Daidalos; in Thebes again, the dark fate, the woes and curses of Œdipus; at Argos, in particular, the golden gleam of Pelops and the curse upon his house, and many more. Almost any of these *might* have been wrought into an epic of the bulk and worth of the Iliad. The vale he happened to traverse, the hall where he was entertained, determined the theme of the travelling singer. But whether the minstrel was matched in direct contest (*agôn*) or whether he had to chant, where many a harper had chanted before ("Hymnus on Delian Apollo," 169 *sqq.*) — he was compelled to strive to excel. Thus were produced the hexametrical formulæ in a practice where the ear was trained wonderfully, even long before the general use of letters: formulæ, I say, satisfying and iterated without causing critical offence. The charm of exceptionally perfect elocution, rather than the creation of anything really new, was that which gave pleasure, a pleasure which approved of "immortal gods, who hold the wide heaven," "the child of the Aigis-holding Zeus," "shepherd of the people," "Hear me, O Lord," "ambrosial night," "rose-fingered Dawn," and a hundred more formulary units of hexametric phrase. But even more did the singers thus fix and canonize the Gods and their attributes.

But, while of epic art and kindred matters I could not well say less, I must not say more: Bacon, on the whole, has well said on this subject: "for you may imagine what

kind of faith theirs was, when *the chief doctors and fathers of their church were the poets.*" Poets and poetical minds will always feel, as Schiller did, much affinity for these bright images, for these significant symbols of nature. I must now ask the reader to consider well the much quoted words of Herodotus, II, 53 (after stating that the Hellenes took over the names of the Gods from the Pelasgians, Herodotus goes on to say): "but whence each of the Gods arose, whether even they always were, all of them, what kind of beings they were as to their shapes, they (the Greeks) did not know, so to speak, until the day before yesterday and yesterday" (compared with Egypt). "For I think that Hesiod and Homer as to age were four hundred years before my time (*i.e.* before, about, 430 B.C.) and not any more: these are the ones who *made* (we should say *fixed* or *canonized*) a theogony for the Greeks, both bestowing upon the Gods their appellations and discriminating their (various) honors and functions, and indicating their forms." A great number of later poets and prose writers dealt with these things, Pindar, Æschylus, the beginners of Greek historiography — but the consciousness of the Greeks, broadly speaking, remained unaffected, unimpressed, unswayed, by these epigones, many of whom nobly strove to elevate or to refine the religious ideas of their countrymen. The descriptions of local usages as they are given by Pausanias in the sunset of Greek paganism, abundantly testify how naïvely, and how stubbornly, these things were actually conserved.

What we seek here is this: not to carry owls to Athens, nor to add any new theory to those sleeping in the herbaria of libraries, but to set forth, with the utmost fairness, the actual attitude of the Greeks towards their God and his under-gods. Zeus indeed, the god of light and of the bright firmament vaulted over us, is also (with that smoothly gliding symbolism so innate in the Greek *ingenium*) the power over all. It is he who plans to honor

Achilles and bring discomfiture upon Agamemnon (Il., 1, 523 *sqq.*). Though Poseidon and Hades (Il.,15, 185) are called co-regents, with distinct and independent spheres of power, still Zeus is above all. When or how this physical dome celestial has passed into personality, we are entirely unconcerned. Storms, indeed, rain showers, winds retarding or speeding seafaring men, sudden gales: these are not so much the work of Zeus—in a way they *are* Zeus; they are, what men perceive of him. "Zeus rains" (Il., 12, 25), he "started a gale of wind from the Ida range" (v. 252), he starts the snowflakes on a winter's day, nay, "he starts to snow," the rain shower is his (v. 286), his thunderbolt uproots the sturdy oak (14, 414). A congeries, then, of physical forces is he, and, as supplanting his father Kronos (Time breeds and devours its own begetting, obviously), Zeus is simply the cosmic order in which men actually live. Rarely is Zeus, in Homer, conceived as a moral force: "On a day of autumn when Zeus pours down water profusely, when he has an angry grudge against men who violently on the market give crooked decisions at law and drive out justice, having no concern for the vengeance of the Gods" (Il., 16, 385 *sqq.*). Further, Zeus does indeed protect strangers (Zeus Xenios) and their plaint is his concern (13, 625; Od., 6, 207; 7, 180, 269; 13, 25, 213; 14, 283, 389). He too ordains the order of time: hence are "sacred day," "sacred darkness," "ambrosial night," "seasons of Zeus." The rivers are "Zeus-fallen," *i.e.* (14, 434) the water that replenishes them ultimately comes from the sky. A physical power then, order, ordainer, in the main: his will is ascertainable through *tĕ'răs* (wonder) and *sêma* (sign) (see the Homeric Lexica).

The *fatherhood* of Zeus is of practical import mainly to the aristocracy. The historical retrospect of the Greeks of these earlier records was narrow. Clearly their legends were in the making, when the southward movement down to Malea, when the displacing and dislodgment of Achæans by the sterner and stronger Dorians, when the forcing of the Ionians across the Ægean had not yet been con-

summated. It was a time when the cone of Olympus was of a truth a central "high place," the "highest place" the Hellenes all knew or knew of. Of Zeus-derived ancestry then I was speaking: an undisputed preëminence of heroic leaders was best maintained with such claims of ancestry. The Greeks, I say, came into their own peninsula from the north, and still in every vale were potent living legends — potent to the time of Hadrian and into the very eventide of the Greek pagan world. In these legends almost uniformly the local founder is presented as an "*autochthon*" (springing from the soil), not as an immigrant. This, particularly, was the proud belief of the leaders of Greek intelligence, the people of Attica (although they were really of immigrant stock no less than their compatriots) — a form of particularist vanity which perpetually interfered with real political consolidation of this exceptionally gifted nationality. It was not any more miraculous then to cite Zeus as an ancestor, Zeus, under whose specific grace and inspiration lay kingship and all talent to rule and direct: from him particularly are derived fame and honor (Il., 17, 251).

But is Zeus himself fully and absolutely sovereign? He indeed moderates, directs, dispenses, retards, accelerates, in one word, *manages:* thus only is the plot and plan of the Wrath of Achilles conceived and conceivable. But "Moira" (Fate, *i.e.* allotment, portion, share) (more rarely "Aisa") is the coördinate power, gloomy and oppressive.

Vainly thus does Zeus bewail the impending doom of his own son Sarpedon (Il., 16, 433). Whereat his spouse Hera reminds him of the folly of this concern: does not Sarpedon belong to that order of beings to whom death is fated long ago? "But (v. 445) if thou sendest Sarpedon alive to his home, ponder thou lest thereafter many a nobler one of the Gods may wish to send his own beloved son away from mighty battle: for many sons of the Immortals are warring about Priam's great city whom you will inspire with direful anger." We must content ourself with citing the eminent student of these and kindred things, Carl Friedr. *Naegelsbach* ("Homerische Theologie,"

2d ed., 1861, p. 145): "Homer's conception utterly failed to keep apart the spheres of both activities, inasmuch as it sways to and fro between distinguishing and amalgamating the will of the deity and the will of fate." Zeus indeed is presented as holding the golden scales in which repose the fates of death — as he listeth, apparently, causing one to descend (cf. Il., 8, 69 *sqq.*; 11, 336; 12, 402; 19, 223; 22, 209, etc.).

And so, too, the Overgod rules over and overrules his Olympian household, enjoining (though not really with success) neutrality upon them all: he alone is conceived as being a match and more for them all (8, 210 *sqq.*).

On the whole, earthly power and prosperity is merely another name for the favor and blessing of Zeus; and there is not, in the entire range of Epic poetry, as there is not in the noblest strains of Æschylus, any inkling whatever of the inscrutable profundity of the chief verities reposing in the Book of Job.

The Odyssey has been aptly compared (by an ancient critic) to the sun in his lower slanting rays, after the noon: in the Odyssey then in the Book of the Dead (book 11) there is a general view of the woe of Agamemnon (v. 436): "Oh, verily, greatly, and with uncommon force did Zeus hate the race of Atreus, on account of woman's wiles from the beginning; for many of us, for Helen's sake, did perish," etc.

I wrote above this chapter "Gods and Men." In the higher sense Zeus towers alone. As for the *undergods* they are, in their essence, repositories in perfection of certain powers and gifts which men hold and have from them. From Hera are matrimony and matrimonial blessings, and these ever repose with her. Thus she favored Jason (Od. 12, 72). Again: the daughters of Pandareos had been left orphans (Od., 20, 685 *sqq.*). Aphrodite reared them with cheese and sweet honey and pleasant wine (they became fair to see). Hera endowed them above all women with form and with wisdom: tall stature chaste Artemis provided them: Athena brought them to work famous works. Apollo, in the Iliad, has nothing to do whatsoever

with the sun. Helios is not of the Olympians at all. When the crews of Odysseus have slain the steers of Helios (Od., 12, 382) the latter threatens to descend into the realm of Hades and shine among the dead. Upon which the sovereign of Olympus promises prompt satisfaction. Apollo, then, is as yet purely the archer and the destroyer of pests (Il., 1, 39): prophet at Delos and Delphi; giver of music, personal minister of Zeus. Antiquarian speculation, *e.g.* as to how the symbolism of swift death (*e.g.* by paralytic stroke) and of archery blended and united in this personified force, concern us not here. We seek merely to gain a closer vision of the actual religious ideas of the Greeks, the working ideas.

Where a mortal is distinguished by extraordinary skill with bow and arrow, such a one palpably enjoys exceptional grace and good will from the archer god; and he, who conspicuously fails of the mark, has been hampered by the same Apollo (8, 311): great archers, like Eurytos of Oichalia, challenge even him, with dire results (Od., 8, 226).

These forces, then, humanized though they be, have but rarely the whole range of human joys, sorrows, and sympathies. They are — all the undergods of Zeus — limited forces, living on from generation to generation of men, but, to say it at once and once for all, *they are not good, not essentially good.* They may be beneficent or they may not. Who will determine their mood or favor? Their foibles and their passions are merely those of man, actual, average man. During the Wrath of Achilles, Hera plans to withdraw her sovereign spouse from his concern for mortals by connubial blandishments. These are furnished her by Aphrodite, the goddess of sensual beauty and sensual love at the petition of the Olympian queen (Il., 14, 198): "give me now love and desire, wherewith thou overcomest all Immortals and mortal men." (Aphrodite) "spoke it and from her bosom she loosened the zone worked with the needle, splendidly composite, where all her blandishments were wrought: therein resided love, therein desire, there whispering persuasion which beguiles the minds even of those who think shrewdly." We are presenting the

permanent and enduring book of the Grecian world. On this book the literary culture, we may boldly say the universal culture of Greek youth, was grounded for roughly one thousand years or more. What a sovereign God, or sovereign of gods is this one of whom the singers chanted further (v. 294): "As he beheld her, so desire *darkened* his shrewd mind," etc. No effort whatever was here made to etherize or to symbolize. The affinity which this unvarnished naturalness always had for all those who deceived their souls of "pure," *i.e. unalloyed*, humanity in Homer, grist on their particular mill (as Rousseau, Goethe, Byron) is quite obvious. Neither Purity nor Humility nor Mercy have a seat at the Olympian board. Zeus himself — a grotesque lapse of psychological concinnity — to his lawful spouse recounts the rare and radiant beings, mortal or immortal, through whom mortal heroes traced paternity to him (the Alexandrine critics desired, in *their* higher criticism, to set these verses aside, but the lines were there long — long before Aristarchus, Zenodotus, and the rest were born): the spouse of Ixion, mother of the valiant Pirithoos, Danaë of Argos, the Phœnician princess Europa and the rest, staple of much of Greek art and Greek verse, later on. And so, too, the warriors before Troy have captive women for concubines, — Briseis, Chryseïs, Tekmessa. Agamemnon himself returns to royal Mykenai as an ox enters the shambles, with the ill-fated prophetess Kassandra, his unwilling concubine. The unveiled though ever euphemistically phrased sensuality of Odysseus and Kirke or Kalypso, of the suitors in Ithaca with the maids in that baronial hall, is familiar to readers of Homer.

Gladstone ("Juventus Mundi") has made some clever conjectures explanatory of the contemptuous treatment dealt to Aphrodite in the martial Epic. Did this particular Personification not, in time, become refined or ennobled or was not this grossness purged away? I cannot see it. Thus in the "Homeric" "Hymn to Aphrodite," Zeus indeed had been her victim: easily (v. 35 *sqq.*) she had filled him with passion for mortal women. But now Zeus turns about in retribution, filling Aphrodite with love

for a comely mortal youth — Anchises, who tends the sheep on the slopes of Ida. The sovereign and overpowering impulse is delineated (149 *sqq.*): This impulse will I follow, no man or God will hold me, — now, this moment: "not even if the far-shooting Apollo himself shall send forth his groanful missiles from his silver bow," etc. And so, too, in the morality of the earlier Epic, the avowal of concupiscence is made with absolute frankness, as, *e.g.*, of the Suitors of Penelope (Od., 18, 212 *sqq.*).

But, one may say, is not Intelligence highly extolled? Is not Athena the second figure in the entire Olympus? Is *she* not, indeed, rather than Hera, really the foremost one among the undergods of Zeus? It is so. And so too it is Odysseus, rather than the valiant and choleric Ajax, who is the veritable microcosm of Greek nationality and the embodiment of Hellenic consciousness.

If one examines with patient care, as I have done, every passage concerned with Athena in the two Epics, one realizes, in a very impressive manner, that this much-vaunted deity of Intelligence is purely a force of shrewdness and prudence and discretion: utterly alien to goodness or mercy, inextricably bound up with profit and loss, with success and with the avoidance of failure: success is everything. The delicate symbolism of early Greece made her leap forward, panoplied, from the head of Zeus, who hears her more willingly than his own spouse. So bitter is she in her hatred of Troy, that she even seconds Achilles: ignoble to the most elementary sense of chivalry is her being in at the death (Il., 22, 276) of by far the noblest figure in the entire Epic, and draining deep the cup of revenge. In the roaming adventures of the wily Ithacan she is, so to speak, the divine correlative of her favorite, his source of strength, his unfathomable resource. When at last he awakes on the soil of his native isle, there enters to him his tutelary deity in the garb of a young shepherd, whom the wily wanderer asks what the name of the land might be. And to hide his identity he proceeds to tell a glib but mendacious story about himself and how he came there (Od., 13, 220 *sqq.*). But it is

this very trait of resourceful lying which Athena loves and admires in him; she is fairly carried away by delight: she changes her form of epiphany (v. 282) to "a woman fair and large and knowing shining works": having stroked him with her hand "and giving voice she addressed to him winged word: Lucre-loving must he be and crafty who would get ahead of you in every wile, even if a god should meet you. Intolerable one! Tortuous-minded, insatiable of wiles: thou then wast bound not to cease from thy deceptions, not even when thou wast in thine own, and from crafty tales which are dear to thee from the ground up. But come, let us no more discourse on these things, we both knowing the gainful things, since thou art by far the best of all mortals in counsel and tales and I among all gods in design am I famed and gainful conceits." And as he still perseveres in pretending ignorance, she bursts forth (v. 330): "Always have you such a conceit in your heart: therefore also I cannot forsake you when you are in distress because you are glib of speech and close-minded and prudent."

In a word, then, these "gods" are merely narrow powers and impulses of man, — "laws," as some say, in his range of growth and being.

Clearly, then, in this circumscribed substance and range of their being they not only lack all moral elevation, nay, they are, to specify closely, alien to all moral category in themselves. Their motives in action are precisely as good or as bad as the motives of the natural man are apt to be. Curious *Godhead* in which the *good* has no share, is no element; puzzling congeries of forces, this Olympus.

To turn to the darker side, then: they are lustful, and adulterous even, as in the ballad of Demodokos concerning Ares and Aphrodite. The seducer "gave much and shamed bed and couch of the lord Hephaistos" (Od., 8, 269). Helios told the wronged husband who later trapped the guilty pair. But why go farther?

Here is revealed the current morality of the aristocracy of the Ægean Sea, to whom such adventure and intrigue were, in the main, amusing: "unquenchable laughter arose among the blissful gods, as they looked upon the devices of the shrewd Hephaistos" (v. 326 *sq.*): amusing, this scandal in "high life," how the slow one caught the swift one.

There were critics, higher or otherwise, in antiquity, who would consider this an "interpolation." This is no longer believed: the modern absurdity (*Ameis, e.g.*) is to differentiate "the gods of the cult from the gods of comedy." No, this ballad fits the essence of both figments with perfect aptness. "Evolution," that divine maid of all work of the zoölogical philosophy, did not at all somehow operate here with academic propriety. But why be so squeamish about a "divinity" worshipped by Greek prostitutes and courtesans everywhere, *e.g.* at Corinth? If she be a divinity, then the legend sung by Demodokos is divine enough.

But I say, and must say for them, many Greek teachers and scholars (*v.* Dindorf's "Scholia," Oxford, 1855) were annoyed or distressed. Some said that Homer inserted this story to make his hearers sober and sane: it was really a deterrent example. Allegorical interpretations also were resorted to — Beauty associated with fire and with iron to produce works of art; others dragged in, absurdly enough, the tenets of Empedocles of Agrigentum (fl. 444 B.C.). For as Homer more and more became the canonic book of Greek education, the teaching profession strained its ingenuity in such futilities. But even if such refining and purging exegesis (for which there is no scintilla of evidence) had dominated the Greek world, still we must remember that the local legends (as they appear to us in Pausanias, in the eventide of Greek paganism) had a vitality as tenacious as the recurrent seasons, exceeding all eruditional crusts settled on the national Epic. In these legends the forcing of beautiful mortal women by some of the "gods" is not rare. The following may be cited (Apollodorus's "Bibliotheca"): Apollo enamoured of Hyacinth; Thamyris and

his unspeakable wager with the Muses; Poseidon, from anger, causes the bestial love of Queen Pasiphaë; Hephaistos tries to force Athena even. Aphrodite caused Smyrna, who had not honored her, to couch with her own father. But why go on?

The academic lie of drawing "culture" from *everything Greek* ought to cease, the sooner the better: the historical perspective of classical antiquity being the only true and wholesome one, and tenable one too, which is to be well considered by all concerned.

Graver still is the legend of Ganymede, of the Trojan aristocracy (Il., 202, 32), "who was the fairest of mortal men, whom too the gods snatched away on high to be cupbearer on account of his beauty, that he might dwell with the immortals." To call the fair divine, Winckelmann and the other æsthetical hierophants would say: it is very well said, very fine. Unfortunately soberer thinkers than these and better judges of Greekdom speak differently; mask and justification was Ganymede for the most unspeakable form of lust; thus the legend was particularly elaborated in Crete and Eubœa, where this vice was particularly endemic. The greatest disciple of Socrates, Plato, wrote in the work of his old age, the "Laws," I, 636, C: "We, all of us" (all Greece), "charge upon the Cretans the legend concerning Ganymede, (alleging) that they invented the story, since it was the settled belief with them that their laws had come from Zeus, and that they superimposed this legend directed at Zeus, in order that, following the god, they may reap this pleasure also." If then we say the Iliad passage is merely (very convenient adverb) the apotheosis of beauty, it certainly did not long remain so. For, after Plato's clear condemnation the ogling article in Roscher's Lexicon, with its moral obtuseness, is doubly vapid. Again we ask: where is thy *Altiora Peto*, thou Evolutionist believer? For history here records but decadence and decay. But leaving this to the coming herbaria of Time, we proceed. Man deifies that which he would justify in himself. Justify the law in the members, I take it. Thus

too the youth in a Menandrian play of that decadent Attic society (Menander flourished ab. 300 B.C.) latinized in the "Eunuchus" of Terence: "there was this painting, *i.e.* the fashion in which they say Jove sent a golden rain into the lap of Danaë. I also began to view it, and because he (Jove) had played quite a similar game even of yore, my spirit rejoiced more greatly that a god changed himself into a man and came upon another man's tiles through rain for the purpose of fooling a woman. But what a god! who shakes the tops of temples with the crash of the heavens. I, little human being that I am, should *not* do it? Indeed I should, and freely, too."

Thus the gods are mirrors of human lust. But they are also jealous and revengeful. Artemis sent the Kalydonian boar, because King Oineus in Ætolia had not included her in the sacrifices of the harvest (Il., 9, 534). The following are in the collection of Apollodorus: Apollo flayed Marsyas for challenging him in Music; Hera flung Sidê into Hades for vying with her as to beauty of form. Phineus was blinded by the gods because he foretold the future to mankind. Zeus blinds the healer Asklepios because he fears men may make too much headway against death and disease. Such were the gods made by the Hellenes for themselves. What then was the worship of sacrifice and prayer?

The Homeric men "raise up their hands" when they pray (Il., 5, 174; 6, 257 *sqq.*), to Zeus in the main: generally when they desire some specific advantage or success: before speeding an arrow, to stay flight, to grant retribution: often they pray for a sign whether they shall venture upon an enterprise or not: he hears them by sending his eagle (Il., 24, 301), cf. Od., 3, 173; or Od., 20, 98 (thunder follows). The reader may find abundant data in the books of antiquarians such as *Schoemann*. Two things may be noted: one is the symbolism of cleansing before prayer. Deep is the feeling, I am sure, that sin makes the praying person unworthy. So Il., 9,

172: "*bring water* for our hands and bid all hush, that we may pray to Zeus, if he will have pity," etc. So also Telemachos on the beach (Od., 2, 262), "having washed his hands in the gray sea water, prayed to Athena," etc. Or Achilles, in a famous passage (Il., 16, 225 *sqq.*) having made libation from the cup which he used for Zeus alone: "he washed his hands, and dipped from sparkling wine: and then he prayed, having taken his stand in the middle of the enclosure and poured out wine, looking up into the sky: O lord Zeus of Dodona, dwelling far away ruling over frosty Dodona. . . ." "You heard me in the past, now crown with success my plan of sending out Patroklos," etc. Often the praying one reminds Zeus (and this is another point) of the sacrifices which he has made to him in the past (Il., 15, 272). And indeed the function of priests largely resolves itself into an interpretation of a *tèras* or a suggestion as to the proper mode of removing obstacles, *e.g.* the adverse winds at Aulis: how to placate, soothe, or propitiate. The symbolism of "clean hands" was not utterly unmeaning. For while Odysseus thanks Athena (Il., 10, 280) for accomplishing the massacre at night of many sleeping victims, in their tent — on the other hand the murder of a guest is heinous: the murderer cannot pray to Zeus: cf. Od., 14, 406. (Eumaios the swineherd to Odysseus disguised as a beggar.) In the main, however, the gods are convenient forces who may help or mar, bless or destroy: *Fear* seems to be at the base of it all.

As for *oaths*, that by *Styx* (trickling Shudder-brook) has often been discussed. This, the symbol of cold death, is awful to the gods themselves: for the Olympians are the very personifications of life, pleasure, vigor: their immortality is curiously vague and often quasi-contingent (Il., 14, 271 *sqq.*; 15, 36), for they are abiding, but sinful and morally weak themselves, and cannot dispense with periodical consumption of ambrosia, the very stuff of immortality. *One* appeal, too, I observe in the war-epic to those powers that inflict retribution (*τίνυμαι*) in an existence consequent upon this life (Il.,

3, 276 *sqq.*): "Father Zeus,—and Sun who seest upon all things and overhearest all things, and Rivers and Earth and Ye two who even below inflict retribution upon those who have toiled" (above): "he teaches," says an ancient Scholiast, "that even after death those who do wrong are not relieved."

While the *sacrifice* may seem to be a more substantial form of propitiation than prayer, the finest portions serve as a banquet for the worshippers, and the gods must be content with the savor of suet and thigh bones. Everywhere the soul of the Greeks sought satisfaction in symbols or symbolic fitness of certain specific forms, as a heifer to Virgin Athena, a black ewe lamb for Earth, a white one for the Sun: *matrons* to bring a peplon (or a draping garment) to Athena. Sacrifices are, outright, called the proper way of desiring to accomplish a worldly aim—as in Il., 8, 238. Here Agamemnon declares that on his way to Troy he never passed by any altar of Zeus "but at all burned fat of oxen and thigh bones, *desiring to destroy* the well-walled city of Troy." And an answer came, too: an *eagle* came and dropped a fawn at the altar of Zeus *Pan-omphaios* (of every omen). This is striking: not righteous living, but a multitude of sacrifices invests the worshipper with a merit, which the gods cannot fairly fail to recompense: so when Hector perishes, Apollo calls his fellow-Olympians cruel and destructive (Il., 24, 33) for not requiting the many gifts of honor, *i.e.* ascending savor and libation. The sinner, too, fully aware of the moral wrong of his conduct, actually rewards the gods for the successful accomplishing of his designs. Thus Aigisthos, the paramour of the queen Klytaimnestra (Od., 3, 273): "many sacrifices he made to the gods, and many precious gifts (textile fabrics and gold) he hung up" (*i.e.* when at last he had accomplished the seduction of Klytaimnestra) "having accomplished the great feat, which he had never dared to hope in his mind."

Sometimes indeed more than those slender symbols of suet and thigh bones are given up: as when the swineherd Eumaios (Od., 14, 419) acts as priest (*Aparchê* is

the beginning, *initial* portion: also called *argma:* clearly the gods are conceived as the honored *guests* to share the cheer of men, to share the best they have). But Eumaios goes farther: when the roast was on the table he made seven portions: one for the nymphs and Hermes, the other six for those present.

Autolykos, the maternal grandfather of Odysseus, was distinguished among men "by cunning and oath" (*i.e.* he was "smart" as the New England farmer says). Why? God Hermes bestowed this upon him, for he was wont to burn for him pleasing thigh bones of lambs and kids.

The essential sameness of gods and men (apart from immortality and an irrevocable title to happiness) is the result of this partial interpretation of salient and recurrent data. But the advancing of mere men to that divinity of the *heros*, sharing with the older Olympians and often receiving greater worship than they, — this striking feature of Greek religion, the apotheosis of our own kind, has not yet been established at the time when the great epics were consummated. In the Iliad at least Kastor and Polydeukes (Pollux), the brothers of Helen, are merely underground, are merely dead and gone, like other mortals, valiant though they be (Il., 3, 243). But even Heracles (*Hera-klês*, renowned through Hera's rancor against him) is merely mortal and has died in the common way. Indeed he is described as "awful, worker of enormous feats, *who has no remorse in doing wicked things*, who with his archery inflicted hurt on the gods who inhabited Olympos" (*i.e.* on Hera), often miraculously succored by Zeus (Il., 8, 362), cause of violent quarrels in the Olympian household (15, 18): but he too had to die. "For not even the mighty brawn of Hercules escaped Fate (*Kêr*), Hercules who was dearest to Zeus the lord, son of Kronos; but him the Moira subdued and the heavy anger of Hera" (18, 118). No trace then as yet in the older Epic of the worship of mighty men. As for the Odyssey (8, 223), Hercules is rated with the mightiest archers of old who

dared to vie with the Gods themselves: nay, he wickedly slew his own guest (21, 25 *sqq.*).

In the Book of the Dead (Od., 11, 601 *sqq.*) his *image* only (*eídôlŏn*) dwells among the shades, "but he himself among the immortal gods rejoices in the feasts and has for wife the fair-ankled Hebe." Critics agree that this is a later insertion into the younger Epic. Life, strength, stout valor, feasting, satisfying to the full every appetite or impulse,—these are the ideals that gleam over the surface of the Homeric world. Death, however, reigns in the Odyssey, book 11. In the gloomy farthest westland is that abode, on the current of Okeanos: the sun never shines on it. A momentary reanimation is granted to such only who are permitted to lap of the elements of mortals' sustenance, sheeps' blood, with wine, honey, and flour. They are called, but the real prayers are directed to Hades and Persephone. To weep for the dead and to bury them is divinely enjoined upon the living. It is a "joyless abode" (v. 94). The fire has destroyed flesh and blood, but the soul like a dream flew away and is flitting. Significant are the names of the infernal rivers: Acheron (Lamentation), Kokytos (piercing wailing), Pyriphlegethon (burning with fire), and the trickling water of the Styx (Shuddering) (Od., 10, 513 *sqq.*). Of all the *idola* in that nether abode, that of Teiresias alone remains wise, the others flit as shadows. There is not even the bliss of Lethe—"the other souls of the dead stood grieving, and each told her several woes" (v. 541).

Passing by the familiar figures of Tityos, Tantalos, Sisyphos, we take leave of this world of grief, gloom, and shades with the significant utterance of the mighty Achilles (487): "dón't recommend death to me; I should prefer in the fields to be a day laborer for another, with a man who has no land-lot of his own, who has not much of a living, *rather than rule over all the dead.*"

Apart from some regard for the stranger who is within the gates, I would be greatly puzzled to name some one

specific point where this "religion" furnishes—or constitutes—a rule of conduct. On the whole it is a futile religion. For that other category, an "æsthetical religion" of Walter Pater *et id omne genus*, that too is a futility, albeit an academic one. For the wrath of Achilles, the pride and anger of Agamemnon certainly *were* to blame. When, however, at last there is accomplished a reconciliation between these two, the guilty king very solemnly declines to shoulder the responsibility for the evil he has caused (Il., 19, 86): "but I am not to blame; Zeus and Moira and Erinys who strides in darkness, who in the assembly put in my mind fierce Atê." The Odyssey indeed ends with the reunion of the heroic and cunning wanderer with his spouse, rare Penelope, honor of women. Still all is accomplished amid unspeakable carnage, far beyond just retribution. Sombre are the words of that lady when at last she receives the wanderer (Od., 23, 209): "Be not angry with me, Odysseus, since in other respects thou art wise among men: it was the Gods, who bestowed misery upon us, who begrudged it to us to remain together and so enjoy our youth and come to the threshold of age." As for Helen, she would not have broken her marriage vows, if she had known the consequences. "Her a god stirred to do the unseemly deed, and the Atê she did not in advance place in her soul, grievous Atê, from which first sorrow came to us too."

Truly, then, men, even the foremost in station and most gifted in powers, are "*wretched*" (*deiloi*): this is their essential nature as over against the *blissful* gods (Naegelsbach, p. 375). Men thus are nothing. Nowhere are they (in these Epics) rated typically, by noble will, by conscientious conduct, least of all by immortal soul. Thus the archer-god to the sea-god (Il., 21, 464): "Earthshaker, you could not call me sane, if indeed I were to wage war on you for the sake of mortal men, wretched ones, who, *resembling leaves*—sometimes are very fiery, while eating the fruit of the field: at another time they waste away without heart." Or, as Glaukos the Trojan says to Diomede (Il., 6, 146): "just as is the generation of *leaves*,

such also is that of man. The leaves, in part, the wind tosses upon the ground, but others does the forest produce when it quickens the blossoms and the season of Spring comes along — *thus* the generation of men both grows and terminates." When men are done living they are done *toiling* also, done laboring, suffering; hence the dead are named "they who toiled once" (*kamóntĕs*, Il., 23, 72). Where then is the much vaunted vernal gleam of Homeric humanity? Fear on the part of man; jealousy, indifference, or arbitrary whim on the part of the gods: this, in essence, is the Homeric conception. As Achilles, the slayer of Hector, speaks to suppliant Priam (Il., 24, 525): "For thus the gods have allotted the thread to wretched mortals: to live with lamentation; but they themselves are without troublous concern." (We will think of these grave words later on, again, when we have come to Æschylus and to Herodotus.)

The soul of man with the experience of the billions of his kind before him, ever before him, *will*, somehow, look upon death as a gloomy mystery. Why not cheerfully subside into this ocean of periodic coming and going? Why should men, in the face of this uniform and overwhelming experience, call themselves *Brotós*, *Brotoí?* This word really means, as the best etymologists (*e.g.* Vanicek) explain it: *obsessed by fate*, by death, in fact *mortal;* whereas *ambrosia*, conversely, is the food of immortal life. But the voice of the Latin world strongly enough confirms this wail; for *homo* is from *humus;* man is of *clay* veritably; but he alone in the wide domain of organic life is conscious of his limitation, it is from this gloom of vision that he designates his own kind.

Many pages could be filled with transcriptions from Greek thinkers, bitterly rejecting or censuring the Homeric Olympus. A few must suffice. Of Pythagoras: "They say that he (P.) having descended to Hades saw the soul of Hesiod bound to a brazen pillar and screeching, and that of Homer suspended from a tree and serpents

about him—in return for what they said about the gods" (Suidas). Xenophanes of Kolophon, poet, thinker, rhapsode of his own verse (fl. ab. 540 B.C.): "But mortals think that gods are born, and have their own faculty of perception (*i.e.* men's) and voice and shape." "All those things did Homer and Hesiod assign to the gods, whatever among men is opprobrious and censurable; to steal, to commit adultery, and to deceive one another." "But, indeed, if cattle or lions had hands, either to paint with hands or to accomplish the precise works which men do, steeds would design images resembling steeds, and the cattle like unto cattle, and they would make bodies resembling precisely the form which they themselves had" (Mullach, "Fragmenta Philosophorum Græcorum," 1883, Vol. 1, pp. 101–102). Plato repeatedly reverts to Homeric religion and its intrinsic conflict with pure morality or with any refined conception of the gods (*e.g.* in his "Republic," 2, p. 379, c).

Clearly he charges Homer with the current religion of actual Greece in his own day. Of this we may append an illustration or specific example: "The wandering beggar-priests ("Republic," 2, 364, b) going to the doors of the rich persuade them that there is in their own possession a power provided by the gods, by means of sacrifices and incantations, whether a sin has come from himself or his ancestors, to heal it with pleasures or feasts and, if he wishes to inflict any injury upon an enemy, with small expenditure, to injure the just or the unjust." The cleavage here observable grew deeper in time. In vain did the Stoics endeavor to make Stoics out of Homer and Hesiod, viz., by allegorical interpretation (Cicero, "De Natura Deorum," I, 41). But the people at large clearly were unconcerned as to the assent or dissent of these *illuminati*, and went on in these conceptions and in this religion.

Hesiod, the son of a Greek immigrant from Æolic Asia Minor, is a very distinct personality, moving about among the farmer folk and shepherds of Bœotia. It is

day there, but a humdrum day and a hard-working world of peace and small things.

The Homeric epics are essentially made and consummated before his day. Hesiod deliberately strove to systematize the religion of Homer and that world. Likewise he strove for some refinement of the morality of Zeus and his court. Not very effectively. For as he told the tale also of the rare and radiant local heroines, he could not do aught but iterate the amatory passions of the god of light.

Hesiod was indefatigable as a nomenclator. But I deem it wasted labor to tread after scholars like Schoemann and turn over his muse-names, his names of the fifty daughters of Nereus the Seagod; the luxuriant faculty of the Greek tongue is charmingly revealed (*Theogony*, 240 *sqq.*); or again, in the enumeration of the daughters of Okeanos, 346 *sqq.*, beating very thin the poetical gold of popular tradition.

Thus the vapory mists were fixed as on a drop curtain, fixed, I say, but as unsubstantial as such a painting: the recurrent life and order of this nature teeming with figures. But Hesiod dovetails into this fabric a whole world also of human concerns and human woes and human experience. How readily and smoothly does he append to his primeval *Night* the kindred abstractions of Fate and of Death, of Sleep and Dreams, and of Discord, of Toil, of Hunger, of Griefs ("Theog.," 211 *sqq.*).

Clearly the farmer and the shepherd has been badly treated by his brother Perses, who has bribed the "Kings," the local aristocracy who had jurisdiction. The poorly rewarded toil of his lot, and a bitter and pessimistic view of women, particularly, are salient features in his "*Works and Days*."

He transmits to us the popular legend of Prometheus, and of the steady decadence in the successive generations of men. The familiar descent from the Golden Age to the present, the wretched Iron Age, is related ("Works and Days," 109 *sqq.*). (That "Golden Age" differs not much from Homer's description of the Phæacians, their life

and their land.) It was under Kronos, in a cosmic order preceding that which we know. "Like gods they lived, having a spirit void of grief, without toils and lamentations; nor was wretched old age associated with them, but always like as to feet and hands they lived a life of enjoyment in banquets, beyond the reach of all evils; and they would die as overcome by sleep; all fine things had they; fruit bore the wheat-giving land of itself plenteous and abundant . . ." and so forth, in a gloomier and gloomier *decrescendo*. We notice further, how Hesiod furnishes forth and provides a world of spirits and of intermediate beings, from the spirits of these more blessed earth dwellers of old: spirits "on earth, guardians of mortal men, givers of wealth." This crude first philosophy of history is, however, inconsistent in one point: a race of mighty men of war (temporarily) checked (as they lived and fought) this otherwise irresistible decline.

"The divine race of heroes who are called half-gods, a former race on the unlimited earth;" those who fought against Thebes, those who made war on Troy. And these have their particular reward: they dwell, without any care or sorrow, on the *Isles of the Blessed* (W. and D., v. 171), along the deep-whirling Okeanos, "rich heroes, to whom pleasant fruit blossoming three times in the year bears the grain-giving field." Let us observe all this a little more closely. Simple and childlike is this belief: that the mighty men of war have assigned them a paradise. Why? Because all Greeks are proud of them. And the gods are essentially national; they are all-powerful, but they reward Greek heroes for being heroes, primarily for being Greek heroes. This is the beginning of Greek hero-worship. The moral puzzle remains how gods were held as gods whose favor and sway was after all so circumscribed, whose concerns were so limited. And this admission of men-made gods and nation-made deities did not at all lead them to doubt or distrust.

Religion was essentially national or ethnical, and the notion of a revelation or of a deeper authority or guarantee troubled them not. The fact that they, the Greeks,

lived and flourished was to them intrinsically a living guarantee, stronger than any academic demonstration or philosophical proof. And when they saw, later on, the religion of other nations, as when Herodotus, *e.g.*, travelled in Egypt, they had no doubt of a national correlation of the divinities of the Nile, a correlation to the Egyptian nation in no wise less genuine, actual, and effective, than the Hellenic Olympus held for the Hellenic nation.

There is not the faintest trace of a desire to win proselytes; nay, the prevailing sentiment is one of utter contentedness and even exclusiveness. This is *our* way, this is ancestral, this is bound up with glorious traditions. The Persians, the Phœnicians, the Egyptians, have *their* own ways, which concern us no more than their food or dress, or their mode of giving in marriage, or burying their dead.

But to return to the Heliconian farmer and shepherd. *These* times, *our* times are evil: where might is right, where the hawk despoils the nightingale at will (202 *sqq.*). This is the *Iron Age* (v. 176 *sqq.*): neither in the daytime do men cease from toil and woe, nor at night do they pause in their experience of perishing. Infidelity is common in marriage and children dishonor their own parents as they grow old. Violence and perjury prevail. Envy is everywhere. *Aidôs* (the delicate shunning of evil) and Nemesis (the *suum cuique* in the dealings of men) have left the abodes of men and sought refuge among the Olympians. How gray and gloomy is this life, then. Twice did the knowing husbandman of Askra work into his verse the national legend of Prometheus, so close was his affinity for it. That men have some fair measure of civilization, the very possession of *Fire*, that mighty and universal instrument to better this poor life of man on the earth: it has come to man, not at all through the mercy or bounty of Zeus, but against his will. Prometheus (fore-counsel, fore-thinker) secretly filched it from the abode of the Gods and brought it to men. The

gods then begrudge to men the prime agency for bettering their life and lot: their own exclusive privileges are trespassed upon by Titan's son: men assimilate themselves unduly to those beings who are essentially their betters, but who cherish and desire to maintain their own superiority and men's inferiority. Such gods are feared: they cannot be loved.

As to the bitter and gloomy delineation by Hesiod of the estate of marriage, of celibacy and fatherhood we have reason to surmise, that the Heliconian had personal experiences that colored unfavorably his general abstractions and led him to the cheerless views which he takes of women and children, the former being for him, in the main, drones in the hive ("Theog.," v. 595). It is a narrow horizon.

In the latter part of the "Works and Days" we have the odd blending of wisdom and folly, of hard sense and superstition, of experience and folklore beliefs. We learn when work must be done, and how it must be done in order to be profitable and productive — a farmer's almanac — and also the earliest exposition of the homely cycle of semi-religious fancies growing into the souls of men out of his worship of Nature. Marriage and offspring are treated ("Works," 695 *sqq.*) in the main as a matter of husbandry and domestic economy: the moral aspect of all these things is not at all conspicuous.

The essence of these earlier records of Greek superstition is an obvious symbolism, *e.g.* do not beget children when you have returned from a funeral, but when you have come from a sacrificial banquet. Do not cross rivers on foot before you have prayed, looking into the current, and washed your hands with clear water. Similarly is the Sun honored. As to the variety of *days*, good and bad, we must limit ourselves here to a small number of illustrations: the sixteenth day of the month (v. 782) is very profitable for plants: it is not a good day for birth or marriage. The seventh day of the month is a sacred day: on this day Apollo was born by Leto. It is bad for a girl baby to be born on the sixth of the

month; but a good day for the gelding of kids and young rams.

The ninth is a favorable day for the birth of girl or boy. Few know that the twenty-ninth of the month is the best day for launching a ship. The fourth is the best day to bring the new bride into your own home. On the whole there was much dependent on personal and on individual experience: "One praises one kind of day and the other another, *but few know.*" "Sometimes a day is a stepmother and sometimes a mother." The "discrimination of birds" (v. 801) is a subject upon which I cannot enter here in detail. Suffice it to say that *Bird* and *Omen*, both in Homer and in Hesiod, are veritably interchangeable terms. These particular birds, however (*Οἰωνός*), are the great ones, — eagles, vultures, kites, hawks, who soar and float in the ether, and are thus "co-dwellers with the gods." On the whole we feel that these tenets and tendencies mark the religion of the Greek people, a congeries of usages bound up with worship and observation of this nature in which men live and have their being, the *motives* being in the main comprehensible as residing within the categories of profit and loss.

NOTE. — This book is intended neither to be a further antiquarian book nor a bibliographical index. Such accumulation has come to be quite an academic fad, and utterly fictitious as to serious value. Particularly is this so when dished out (from the card catalogues of modern well-stocked libraries, like that of Columbia University, in New York, *e.g.*) upon the unsuspecting and somewhat remote reader; particularly by some youth who in a year or two desires to attain distinction as a "scholar." I shall, then, append (for those who wish to pursue the subject further) the names of only a few books or of their authors.

In America, Professor Seymour of Yale, taken from us since I first wrote this, has pursued Homeric studies with more consistent devotion than any other classicist. Of Hesiod the hundred years or more of American classicism have not, if I am not mistaken, produced a single edition. The most eminent student of Hesiod in Europe during the nineteenth century, in my opinion, was Georg Friedrich Schoemann of Greifswald (1793–1879). His discussion of Greek Religion (in Vol. 2 of his "Griechische Alterthümer," Berlin, 3d ed., 1873) remains the sanest and soundest treatise known to me. Schoe-

mann had a profound aversion to inject into remote data any current academic notions or categories of speculation. The "Scholia" on Homer's Iliad, precious remnants of the best learning of the Greek world itself, are available now especially in the Oxford edition by Wilhelm Dindorf, 1875–1877. From these relics of the past, infinitely better than from any modern edition, can we realize the tremendous import of Homer for the Grecian world. Unchanged by any later book is the value of C. Fr. Naegelsbach, *Homerische Theologie*, Nürnberg, first edition 1840, and later editions. This great and noble scholar had at bottom the vision of St. Paul, of antiquity groping after truth. Of English scholars, I mention Gladstone's "*Juventus Mundi*," "*the Gods and Men of the Heroic Age*," published by him at fifty-eight or so, 1868.

For mere knowledge of data and spirit of ancient myths, *Preller* remains notable. The Mythological Cyclopedia of W. H. Roscher, "*Ausführliches Lexikon der Griechischen und Römischen Mythologie*," 1884 *sqq.*, is well known. It is a sweeping together of every shred or grain without any regard as to intrinsic value or weight. Antiquarian and æsthetical interests dominate here: many of the collaborators are morally obtuse and suffer from a certain strabismus. If it had not been for the wonderful dexterity and noble perfection of Greek sculpture, most of that detail would be, to the last degree, vapid and without importance. There is an unctuous and devout tone in many of these writers, which tone, considering the essential futility of their lucubrations, is quite amusing. I conclude this note with a passage of Quintilian, who lived so much nearer to, nay, *in* the bliss of both legends and art works (I, 8, 18): "For to pursue in detail (*persequi*) what every individual person, at any time, of those absolutely unworthy of any consideration, has said, is the mark either of excessive wretchedness or of empty boastfulness, and retards or smothers the native abilities (of young students) which were better devoted to other things." My second chapter has, I flatter myself, put the Golden Age of the Humanists into soberer illumination. It is simply absurd to claim that you cannot get too much of this culture. How much insincere pretence is still bound up with this academic attitude!

CHAPTER IV

THE SEVEN WISE MEN. ÆSOP

In the century or more preceding the Persian wars a popular philosophy gained wide currency among the Greeks, which they attached to definite men of their own speech, mainly men of practical life and public service. The currency of any form of wisdom demands our respectful attention. Let us see what the Seven Wise Men really were.

A Canonic number is more quickly established than are the canonic qualifications for intellectual and moral leadership. Of course and obviously the Seven never met. But the Greek people loved to conceive all human goodness and wisdom in some concrete and palpable human relation, of descent or discipleship: here they had tales of banquets or conferences, or of a splendid prize, a golden tripod, which was sent from one to the other. That the names of these Sages became dear to the Hellenes is honorable to them. How did they become national figures? After all, the bright world of the Ægean was in a state not of lethargy but of incessant contact of its elements through trade, through tale and gossip, but much more through the local or regional or universal assemblies, a form of non-political concourse which the Greeks called Panegyris (All-gathering), where things Greek were born and whence, I believe, they passed into common possession. In the main, as I have already intimated, these were men honored at home for public service or guidance. It was this tried and tested character in the main that endowed pithy sayings of theirs with so wide acceptation. No efforts were here made to solve the great problems of life and thought: any Greek could appropriate and absorb the homely wisdom ascribed. It would be quite futile to

waste effort on attempts to decipher and delineate individual or racial character here. Greek national feeling cherished these sayings and some were, in time, rendered doubly famous by especial commemoration in what we may call the Westminster Abbey of the Greek world, the temple of Apollo at Delphi. Thus Pausanias, the travelling antiquarian of Hadrian's time and of the Antonines, reports (book 10, 24, 1): "In the pronaos (fore-temple) at Delphi there are written beneficial sayings bearing on human life: they were written by (*i.e.* the authors are) men who the Greeks say were wise. These were, of Ionia, *Thales* of Miletus and *Bias* of Priene, of the Æolians in Lesbos, *Pittakos* of Mitylene, of the Dorians in Asia, *Kleobulos* of Lindos (Rhodes), and *Solon* of Athens and *Chilon* of Sparta. As for the Seventh, Plato the son of Ariston has enumerated" (in his "Protagoras," 343, a): "instead of *Periander* son of Kypselos, *Myson* of Chenai. . . ." "These men then came to Delphi and dedicated to Apollo the ever quoted sayings: '*Know Thyself*' and '*Overdo Nothing.*'" Periander, the autocrat of Corinth and patron of the poet Arion, Periander, I say, was by the current judgment of Greece enrolled with the Seven, and so too by Plutarch in his dramatized essay. The Seven were, in short, honored for their wit and wisdom: no standard of moral or political perfection was exacted of them by the consciousness of that earlier Greece. The main thing then for us is to observe that the Greeks laid aside the extreme clannishness and the petty and mortal jealousy which ordinarily vitiated their political life and made their peculiar failure of political neighborliness.

Nearest to exact habits of scientific observation and of physical speculation was Thales, whom Greek tradition made journey in the famous Kingdom of the Pharaohs in quest of science and wisdom.

What then were the sayings which the Greek spirit prized so much? "Money, money makes the man: no poor man can attain eminence." As a mere convenience of tradition, I shall ascribe names as they are transmitted

in the compilation of Diogenes Laertius, I. (It is purely an antiquarian matter and of exceptional futility to try to do more.)

Of Thales: "Not many words display sensible opinion. Some one wise thing search for, some one precious thing choose thou; for (thus) you will stop the unlimited talking tongues of babbling men." "The most ancient of existing beings is God, for he is unborn. The fairest is the Universe, for it is the work of God. Greatest thing is Space, for it holds all things. Swiftest thing is the Mind, for it runs through all. Strongest thing is Necessity, for it has power over all. Wisest thing is Time, for it finds out everything. . . ." To Thales is ascribed the saying that "everything was full of gods" (Aristotle, "De Anima," I, 5): an abstract axiom of the basis of the popular polytheism of the Greeks, *i.e. life* is curiously and mysteriously all-prevailing, a brief point only away from the Pantheism which seems so obvious to the soul that loses sight of the soul. Practical wisdom, however, will rarely concern itself with problems so profound, with concerns so grave. Of Bias were cited the following: "Be pleasing to all the citizens, in whatever commonwealth thou tarriest; for it has very great gratefulness; but Self-pleasing manner often flares out into harmful woe." "Unfortunate is he on whose shoulders misfortune is not laid." "It is difficult nobly to bear the change for the worse." "It is a disease of the soul to be in love with things impossible." "One should measure life as though anticipating a long and a short span of living." "One should love with the conviction that sometime in the future the loved ones will hate you; for most men are evil." Being asked in what pursuit man takes pleasure he answered: "In making a profit." "Do not speak fast, for it betokens insanity." "Of the gods say, that they are." "Whatever welfare thou hast, ascribe it to the gods." "Do not praise an unworthy man on account of his riches." "As thy travelling money from youth to old age take with thyself wisdom; for this is more enduring than the other possessions."

Even Heraclitus, the bitter-souled philosopher of Ephesus, spoke appreciatively of Bias, and the people of Priene, the city of Bias, consecrated an enclosure (*τέμενος*, *témenos*) to his memory (Diogenes Laertius, I, c. 5). Of Kleobulos of Lindos in Rhodes, there were quoted: "When thou bestowest thy daughters in marriage, they should be virgins as to their growth, but women as to their sense." "Bestow benefactions on thy friend that he be more thy friend: as to thy enemy make him thy friend." "Do not be tenderly attentive to your wife nor have a contention with her in the presence of strangers." "Do not chastise a slave in the course of cups, for you will seem to be drunk." "Measure is best." "Ignorance prevails in the major part of mankind, and so goes prolixity of speech." "Be a master of pleasure." "Love to hear rather than to talk." "Educate your children." "Dissolve enmity," or as it was presented in a later iambic form: "Educate thy children, understanding that by so much is the wise man stronger than the untaught, as a god is judged to differ from a mortal man." "When prosperous be not haughty, do not grovel when you are in trouble." "Marry from among your equals, for if you take from your betters you will get yourself masters instead of kinsmen." "Know how to bear bravely the changes of fortune."

One of the greater personalities among the Seven was Pittakos of Lesbos. About 608 (a little before the prime of Solon) his fellow-citizens made him a kind of dictator or arbitrator among the bitterly contending parties or factions of his native isle. The aristocracy had succumbed to the vindictive fury of the suffering demos: a tyrant or autocrat thus arose: him, it seems, Pittakos drove away. To Aristotle's retrospect ("*Analytica Priora*," II, c. 27) this patriotic statesman was the embodiment of the strenuous and energetic character: further, he was on the one hand ambitious but no less liberty-loving: he was good, he was wise. A man, in short, not much below the stature of Solon: for he too had it in his power to appropriate the supreme power: he chose not to do so. Or was it merely

in his lucid mind the wiser balancing of boons and of evils. I for my part, profoundly impressed with the essential evil in the moral groundwork of man, an impression deepened by a wide observation of life and human history, I for my part am cheerfully willing to emphasize this political goodness. Some of the interlocutors in Plato's "Gorgias" would have called him a fool: so would he be in the ethical system of the great Corsican. With this noble patriotism and political disinterestedness there was coupled in this Lesbian sage a practical knack for enacting wise statutes, *e.g.* that the penalties imposed upon tort committed in drunkenness should be twice as large as those laid on the sober malefactor. The little commonwealths of the Greeks made such moderation and self-denial as that of Pittakos doubly noteworthy because death, exile, confiscation, were the ordinary phenomena attending political victories or factional defeats: an uprooting of the very blessings of civilization and social order. The unutterable bitterness of exile reminds one of Dante and the factional fury of Florentine politics in his day, but it exceeded this by far. He died, according to Diogenes L., in 569 B.C., a centenarian, according to repute. I excerpt a few of the apothegms ascribed to him (*e.g.* by Stobæus, "*Florilegium*," 3, 79, 4): "Remember friends when present and absent." "Do not affect beauty in thy outward appearance, but in thy pursuits be thou comely." "Do not enrich thyself wrongly." "Inaction is annoying." "Lack of learning is an oppressive matter." "The sweetest thing is to realize a passionate desire." "Teach and learn what is better." "Put thyself under bonds: woe is at hand." "Do not hesitate to flatter your parents."

The noblest saying assigned to him by Greek tradition is this: "Forgiveness is better than Remorse," this, whether it accompanied the pardon of Pittakos freely granted to the (unwitting) slayer of his own son, or whether it was pronounced when he permitted his bitter political enemy, the leader of the aristocratic faction, the poet Alkaios (Alcæus), to go free: so Heraclitus alleged.

The saying in the later case varied a little: "Forgiveness is better than retribution." Cited also in Stobæus, "*Florilegia*," 19, 14. Simonides, a thoughtful and somewhat dialectic poet of the Persian wars, criticised a famous saying of Pittakos. It was in a victory-ode written for the rich baron of Thessaly, Skopas. "'Tis difficult to be good," *i.e.* morally good, sound.

Chilon represented Sparta in the canonic Seven. We must rest content with the pale data of Greek tradition. Should we anticipate any particular manifestation of the Doric or Doric-Spartan spirit we would probably be disappointed. Of the nobler sayings cited as from him are these: his gold test may come first (Diog. Laer, I, 71): "On the sharp edges of (certain) stones gold is tested, giving a palpable proof; and in the matter of gold the mind of good men and of bad gives demonstration." The Spartan spirit, perhaps. "Control thy tongue, especially at a wine party." "Do not threaten any one: it is womanish." "Do not speak ill of the dead." "Rather choose loss than a base profit, for the one grieves you for once, *but the other, forever.*" Behold, dear reader, the simple, but transcendent gravity of conscience: "forever," why "forever"? Clearly here too Matthew Arnold's "free play of intelligence" is inferior to righteousness: it does not, in itself, beget righteousness. But the danger and elusive problem in bringing up from the fragments of tradition a fair statement of what actually was held and honored, lies in the subjective sympathies and antipathies of your scholar. The truth, here, lies between the English Radical and follower of James Mill, and believer in the institution of democracy, George Grote on the one side and Ernst Curtius on the other. A pupil of Welcker and Otfried Müller, Ernst Curtius, has been called the last of the Olympian victors. Particularly in his "Greek History," II, 4 ("The Unity of Greece"), Curtius yields himself up to that ecstatic idealization, which his own subjective temperament has injected into the Hellenic world.

I return to Chilon. Other sayings are these: "Do not speak ill of the dead." "Do not laugh at the un-

fortunate." "Let your tongue not run ahead of your mind." "When you are strong, be gentle, in order that those near you may revere you more than fear you." In his old age, so says the tradition, he once said that he was not conscious of anything unlawful in his own life. But he was doubtful about one thing. He was judge in the case of a friend. When the time came for the verdict, he himself gave it in accordance with the statute, but persuaded his fellow-judge to acquit the defendant: before death then he regretted such a compromise. The personality of Periander as one of the Seven is indeed a problem, no less for Plato who refuses to recognize him as worthy of a place among the Seven as for the modern student of the spiritual elements in Greek civilization. It is indeed puzzling that the Greeks should at all have assigned so high an honor to a personality of which their own records told so much evil. Son of a successful autocrat of Corinth, he reflected much on the best ways of managing such a government. Periander ruled over Corinth forty-four years, drawing the reins of government much more taut than his father Kypselos had done (Aristotle, "Politics," 5, 12). But he is charged with having caused the death of his pregnant wife Melissa by a kick. Later he slew the concubines through whose slandering insinuations he had been induced to do the deed. Of acts involving the extremest forms of sexual infamy I will say nothing: these reports may be due to the bitter hatred which his hard government and ruthless acts of spoliation had engendered in the breasts of his Corinthian subjects. Vastly more than Crœsus might he have served Herodotus as the example to illustrate the transitoriness of human happiness. Plutarch indeed sets his banquet of the Seven Wise Men at the very court of this prince, but, with a fair regard for the fitness of things, he places it at a point in the career of the Corinthian ruler preceding that chain of sin and of woe. The Italian princes of the Renaissance could furnish ample material for parallels, for which, however, we have no space. Aristotle rates him with the Seven, maintaining herein, it seems, the prevailing voice of the

popular Greek tradition. To him were ascribed, *e.g.*, "It is difficult to please all." "Pleasures are perishable, honors immortal." "Do nothing for the sake of money." He is said to have died from grief at baffled revenge.

The greatest name among the Seven is that borne by Solon of Athens, whom his countrymen soon canonized. Aristotle's specific account of the history of the Athenian government (one of his numerous monographs on specific city commonwealths, first published in 1891 by Kenyon) has added much to our previous knowledge. A patriotic Athenian, impatient of any stain or humiliation of the fair fame of Athens even in his earlier manhood, he served her in her greatest need. In so small a commonwealth, with so narrow opportunities of livelihood, the lot of the poorer citizens, of tenants and other humble people of Attica, had become deplorable. The bitterness and tension had reached a point where internecine strife and civil disruption seemed truly imminent. Here Solon as an extraordinary commissioner (while nominally the first one of the Nine "Archons") revised the form of government, facilitated a settlement of hopeless debt troubles, not only by reducing the value of the monetary standard of Athens, but also by bearing a personal loss of seven talents.

From his earlier manhood Solon was wont to compose practical poetry, in the current form of the Elegiac two-line form, the "distich." In that earlier portion, however, Solon also sung of love. Comprehensive word, this. I am grieved to say with all plainness that the "love" of these poems was as vile and gross as the current form of Greek vice. Plutarch ("*Erotikos*," c. 5) cites the lines with apologetic comment. I cannot well omit them. "In the lovely blossoms of youth thou wilt love boys, yearning for thighs and sweet lips." Let us credit Plutarch at least when, proceeding, he refers to all this as an association contrary to nature (*παρὰ φύσιν*). The passage just cited, then, Plutarch charges to Solon's young manhood: the following he thinks were composed by him when advanced somewhat: "The deeds of the goddess born in Cyprus

are now pleasing to me, and those of the wine-god and those of the Muses who cause good cheer to men." Solon, I say, wrote both. And Apuleius of Madaura, a pagan rhetor of Africa (fl. 170 A.D.), refers to the first citation as *versus lascivissimus*, in spite of which Solon was a "serious man, severe, and a philosopher." One might refer to this unspeakable vice as the very worm which under the bright and beautiful surface was destroying the very core and kernel of Greece. Whether the successive philosophies accomplished anything for betterment here, we will see later on. I shall not devote any specific treatment to this awful and persistent matter (in my book). Plutarch may fairly be described as one of the earlier classicists, who strove to idealize and nobly illumine the greater figures of the Hellenic past. But, with all this, his vision of "Greekdom" was vastly truer than that of Winckelmann, Goethe, Walter Pater, and the remaining ecstatic members of the choir innumerable. I say I shall not build any one chapter of my book that it may be a charnel house. Still I will so far digress at this particular point as to cite significant words not indeed from St. Paul, but from this same Philhellene, Plutarch of Chæronea, from his discourse on Love ("Erotikos," § 9). "Only the other day" (so to speak) "subsequent to the stripping of lads and the baring of their persons Love slipped into the gymnasia and gaining association imperceptibly and working its way in, then little by little in the wrestling schools having grown feathers (a Platonic reminiscence of Plutarch) in the wrestling schools, is no longer restrainable, but it abuses and treats with contumely that connubial love. . . ."

As for the rest, Solon, in his famous code of 594 B.C., had a statute forbidding a *pornus* (male prostitute) to address his fellow-citizens, to speak in public at all, thus branding him with that civil infamy which was the chief deterrent from evil doing in the commonwealths of Greece, there being no religious or philosophic system of morality (cf. Diogenes Laertius, I, 55). To realize this is especially difficult for the modern reader. A few other data

from his code noteworthy to us here are these: "If one does not support his parents, he shall be wilfully infamous. So also shall he be who consumes his patrimony." Infamy also was laid upon him who remained neutral in the time of civil feud or, as they called it, "Stásis," when two parties actually rose against each other. (Aristotle, on the "*Government of Athens*," c. 8.) On the whole, he reaped small thanks from the rich as well as from the poor and had to be content with the consciousness of having achieved the political salvation of his own commonwealth. With that noble endowment for reflection and searching after underlying causes — a gift, I say, more possessed by the Attic people than the other Greeks — thus then Solon too, in his maturity of achievement and service, refers to the moral consequences of excessive wealth: "for surfeit insolence begets, when great wealth goes with those men whose mind is not fair" (Aristotle, *ib.*, c. 12). His political wisdom and rare penetration of judgment might be further illustrated, but let us rather turn to the most significant utterance of this man of affairs preserved for us in Stobæus, "*Florilegium*," 9, 25, which that noted compiler transcribed under the caption of "Righteousness" (δικαιοσύνη). I append my version: "Ye bright children of Memory and Olympian Zeus, Pierian Muses, hear ye my prayer. Give me prosperity from the blissful gods and from all men always to have good repute. And that I may be thus *sweet to my friends, but bitter to my enemies:* to the former an object of reverence to behold, but awful to look upon for the others. Money I eagerly desire to have, but unjustly to possess it I will not; at all events later comes retribution. Wealth, which the gods give, comes into the possession of man (as wealth) enduring, from the lowest root to the top; but he, whom men honor under the spur of insolence, he walks not in orderly fashion, but then *follows the persuasion of evil deeds, against his* (better) *will;* and swiftly baneful ruin is intermingled.

"A beginning comes from a little like a grain of wheat: paltry at first, but it ends with distress; for not long for mortals endure the deeds of insolence. But Zeus looks at the

end of all, and abruptly, as the wind suddenly scatters clouds in springtime, a wind which first moves the very ground waters of the billowy barren sea, and then, over the wheat-bearing earth ravages the fair tilling of men, and then arrives at the steep vault of heaven, abode of the gods, and makes one behold the cloudless blue again: and the power of the sun shines fair over the fruitful earth, but of clouds there is nothing more to see: *such is the retribution of Zeus, nor at each individual occurrence like a mortal man does he become filled with sharp anger;* but not always to the very end does he escape his attention who has a sinful spirit, and utterly is it revealed at the end; but one suffers retribution at once, another later; but if they escape themselves and the fate of the gods does not pursue and overtake them, by all means it will come again another time; *guiltless men suffer retribution for the deeds, or their children or their race farther on.* Now we mortals thus think both good and the evil one holds the opinion that he himself will find one (advantage?) before suffering anything; but then (when stricken) immediately he wails; up to this point gaping we are rejoiced by empty hopes. And whosoever is oppressed under troublesome diseases, how he will be well, this he deeply devises; but if one lives in penury, and the works of poverty force him, his thought is that by all means he will acquire much money. One strives from this starting point, the other from that: the one roves over the sea, the deep, rich in fishes, desiring to convey home in ships his grain, carried along by troublesome winds, in no wise sparing his soul; another, tilling the earth rich in trees, for a year does he play the serf, of those to whom the curved ploughshares are a care; another, knowing the accomplishments of Athena and of Hephaistos rich in craft, with his two hands gathers a living; another, taught endowments (that come) from the Olympian Muses, knowing measure of lovely wisdom; another has been made a soothsayer by the lord the far-shooting Apollo, and discerns the evil coming to man, from afar off, whom ever (*i.e.* the soothsayer) the gods attend on; *as for that which is fated neither any bird will fend it off, nor sacrifices.* Others are

they who hold the achievement of Paion rich in remedies, the physicians; and on them attends no consummation. Often from a small smart a great pain results and one cannot remove it by giving soothing remedies. But him who is disturbed with evil and troublesome diseases, taking hold of him with his two hands speedily he renders sound. Moira (Fate) brings to mortals both good and evil; but the gifts of the immortal gods one cannot escape from.

"Upon all works does risk attend: nor does any one know how it will be when the affair is beginning; but he who attempts to do it well, falls into great and heavy woe, and to him who does badly, a deity (θεός) in all matters grants good fortune a delivery from foolishness. Of wealth no stated limit is established for men; *for those of us who now have the amplest living, strive hard with twofold earnestness.* Who can satiate all? Gain do the immortal bestow upon mortals, but baneful ruin (from gain) raises its head: which, whenever Zeus sends to avenge, one man suffers it now, another suffers it then."

A kind of searching after some divine order: but a grave admission that is by no means discoverable in the way men *fare:* for the essence of Moira is, that it is incomputable and incalculable: it would seem akin to him to blind whim. We see, however, amply enough, that the sage, as he looks out upon actual life, and the varied pursuits of men, lays stress on the absolute helplessness of man and also expresses his belief in a divine retribution of wrong. The gravest sentiments I have made more striking to the eye of my readers.

As a kind of foreign member of this famous assemblage of Sages, the Greeks were fond of placing Anacharsis the Scythian. Even Homer has an admiring conception of the "excellent milkers of mares" of the North, trans-danubian Nomads, whose communal mode of living made a strong impression upon the Greek world: the lack of squabbles about profit and loss, the contentment with their simple existence, especially however the rigid ex-

clusion of material luxury, which latter breeds so much of economic and of moral evil among the sons of men — all these things invested these rude barbarians with a glamour, which we may fairly compare with that dogmatic veneration bestowed upon the so-called children of Nature by Rousseau and all thinkers kin to him. The estimation in which the Romans in their decline, *e.g.* Tacitus, held the Germans, may likewise be fitly adduced. These Scythians, by the by, are considered by the experts to have been of the great Mongolian race. A queer and rare phenomenon to the Greeks then was the above-mentioned Anacharsis, who came among the Greeks to learn of their culture and civilization. The Greek Cynics of later times made him a kind of saint in their particular cult, an advocate of the simple life. As the tradition is presented to us in Diogenes Laertius, I, 101, he came to Athens in 592 B.C., in Solon's day. Of that eminent man he requested to be made a guest-friend, although the Attic sage asserted that such relations were possible only in one's own land. But he, the Northern stranger, professed himself a citizen of the world. The furious onset of Greek athletes, and their bruising strokes, they say, made him pause in wonder. The use of wine, the mendacity of trading, the risks of navigation, and other forms of civilization he considered foolish, or evil.

Even more faint and vague is the personality of Æsop, embodiment of the practical wisdom of human experience. The item alone that he was once the slave of Iadmon of Ephesus, seems to be widely established in ancient tradition: a Phrygian perhaps. Plutarch gives him a footstool in the august company of the Seven Sages. — As to the philosophy or literary theory of the Fable, the keen mind of Lessing has disposed of these things decisively. *We* notice the wonderful receptivity and assimilative disposition of the Greeks for this homely philosophy, in which the folly and wrong-doing of mankind are marked and mirrored. It is obvious that so germane a sphere and substance of human wisdom was ever increased. The nimble-witted and nimble-tongued Athenians ever im-

provised freely in this realm: for the fixity of detailed symbolism, where each beast had a well-established meaning made for continual employment, the tendency of the human soul to endow non-human and non-spiritual things, beings, beasts, with moral and spiritual meaning, all this is well illustrated. The general, the prevailing and ever recurrent type of human folly or error or sin is exemplified: at bottom we see the abstractions of human life, and the experience of mankind. The individual is lost, and universal conviction settles down as it were into palpable and permanent moulds. Large indeed is the range of this symbolism. There figures a startling array of beasts: the eagle, the nightingale, goat, weasel, the cock and hen, fox, bear, frog, ox, crane, owl, pig, gazelle, stag, elephant, heron, viper, tortoise, mule, tunnyfish, gull, horse, camel, ape, dungbeetle, crab, beaver, donkey, jackdaw, cuckoo, raven, dove, swan, dog, dolphin, gnat, hare, lion, wolf, bee, ant, mouse, hind, bat, wild ass, panther, quail, ostrich, steer, peacock, cicada, hyena, watersnake, toad, swallow, goose, parrot, flea. But gods and men too appear, nor are trees lacking. Personifications even serve, such as Pleasure and Virtue. The homely world is thus endowed with a kind of spiritual significance.

This morality in the main is of the utilitarian order, and the wisdom is that of deeper and better fathomed self-interest. These tales entertain children, but they were all of them devised for the sake of the moral. Many of them have become the possession of mankind, as, *e.g.*, the country mouse and the town mouse, the donkey in the lion's skin, the false cry of "wolf," the bag with alien faults to the fore and our own unseen, the peasant's sons, who could not break the bundle of sticks, the two women picking the dark and the gray hairs from the head of their lover, the stag admiring his antlers but holding his fleet legs in slight esteem, how the steed purchased its own servitude, the oak destroyed and the swaying reed surviving the hurricane, the dog in the manger, the dog swimming across the stream and carrying meat. In

the main these fables cry out in monitory fashion: "Do not!" And so, as in the German epic of *Reineke Fuchs*, the fox is the deepest, the resourcefulest, — it must be added, — the most prosperous, exponent of mendacity and intrigue: a bitter tone of resignation is there in this condemnation of actual human society. Negative and condemnatory are almost all of these fables. Thus many lead up to what we may call *the Hellenic virtue* of Moderation, Saneness, Knowledge of one's limitations (*μετριότης*, *σωφροσύνη*). A number of these Apologues deal with the practical, current religion of the people. A poor man (No. 58, Halm) suffering from disease vows a hecatomb to the gods if he recover. He regains his health, but pays his vow in little oxen formed of tallow. Thereupon the gods send him a dream: he is to go to the strand and find a thousand gold pieces. Hurrying hither he is carried away by pirates who sell him for a thousand drachmas.

A poor man has a wooden god, to which (or should I say to whom) he prays in vain for benefaction. In a fit of anger the worshipper dashes it to pieces against the wall. The head breaks off and gold rolls forth. The man shouts: "Tortuous art thou and unreasonable: when I honored thee thou gavest me no benefaction, but when I struck thee, thou didst reward me with many blessings" (No. 66).

A master is smitten (No. 73) with an ugly slave girl, and the latter, loaded with gold and purple, defies the mistress of the house, and also sacrifices, vows and prays to Aphrodite who wrought all this. But the goddess, appearing to her votary in a dream, tells her: "Not have I made thee comely, but I have perverted thy master's mind in my anger."

A carter (81) had the misfortune of having his cart tumble into a ravine. The carter stood by idly, praying to Hercules for aid. But the god appeared and said: "Take hold of your wheels and prod your oxen, and then pray to the god, when you too do something."

A farmer's hoe was stolen and he determined to put

under oath those whom he suspected. But as he deemed the rustic gods too simple he determined to hie himself to town, the urban deities being shrewder. But barely had they entered the gates when they heard the voice of a herald proclaiming a reward for the capture of the thief who had robbed the god. The swain then said: "I come for nought, I see, for this god knows not who filched from him!" (91).

A peasant a-digging finds a piece of gold and daily puts a garland around Rhea's (Demeter's) idol. But *Fortune* appears to him and chiding him for the false turn of his gratitude, says: "If this gold should escape from your possession, then indeed you would blame Fortune!" (101).

A sorceress made a good living by offering incantations concerned with the ill will of the gods. She is haled into court as an innovator of religion and condemned to death. A person who saw her in court addressed her thus: "You professed to have the power of turning the anger of the gods: why were you not able to persuade mere men?" (112).

Zeus enjoined upon Hermes the task of administering a dram to all craftsmen. The god of Cunning did so and came last of all to the cobbler. The remnant of the potion was very large, but it was all given to the worker of the last. And so it came about that the craftsmen all do lie, but most of all the shoemakers (136).

Zeus ordained that Hermes should write the sins of men on shells and place them in a chest near him in order that he might exact the penalties of each. But inasmuch as the shells have been utterly jumbled together, some shells fall more slowly and some more swiftly into the hands of Zeus (152).

A man had a demigod (*heros*) in his house and made it his business to sacrifice to this one in a costly fashion: as he was consuming his fortune, the demigod stepped to his side by night and said: "My good man, stop wasting your substance, for if you drain all, in the end you will blame me" (161).

A raven, caught in a snare, prayed to Apollo, promising

to sacrifice incense to him. But, having been saved from the danger, he forgot his promise. And again, caught by another snare, letting go Apollo he promised to sacrifice to Hermes. And the latter said to him: "You scoundrel, how can I trust you who denied and wronged your former master?"

Interesting sidelights these, affording glimpses of the actual religiosity of the Greek people, — mainly of the order: *I give that thou mayest give.*

A few, only a few of these fables, are positive and noble in spirit, pointing to laws that are categorical, absolute, or eternal. The morality is utilitarian, self-interest well understood.

But these homely forms of literature made of a people in successive ages, symbolizing the shrug of the shoulder and the bitter sneer, are endowed with that curious forcefulness of actuality.

The Æsopean fable was not inaptly made the chief theme for the preparatory exercises in the schools of the Hellenic world, where the future orator and pleader was prepared for his professional life.

CHAPTER V

VOICES FROM THE LYRICAL POETS

RHYTHM and Melody, chant and footfall, have passed beyond the vapor of the *Nevermore* here: and nowhere, in the main, is there more insincerity in the conventional ecstasy of the professional classicist than in dealing with these fragments of ancient tradition.

More than elsewhere, in passing among these remnants, are we compelled to be content with gleam and rarer ray, and even the strength of a Pindar is as numb and remote.

The measure of the Elegy, with its unit of the proud hexameter joined to its truncated epodic brother, formed a field quite different from this, its epic sire, the proud measure of the banquet hall and of the listening multitudes. Thought, reflection, truth, and maxim, as well as the knell of death and the setting forth of the worth of the departed, all this and more found expression in the Elegiac distich.

Solon we have discussed above, and now shall first take up some of his fellow-writers of this measure. *Mimnermos* of Kolophon (fl. ab. 600 B.C.) presents that ever familiar view of life, the worth of which passes when youth and comeliness depart. It was the time when Ionian towns submitted to the conquest of the Lydian kings, when there ensued much interfusion of spirit and civilization, antithesis of Doric hardness. Sexual joys then are the *summum bonum* (Fragm. 1): the flower of the perfect bloom of life: when these have passed away: woe when painful old age comes on, "that renders ugly even the comely man." In this valuation of Life man is more truly a mere brother of bud and blossom than metaphors have it. There is no ascent to higher things, no rarefying and elevating process for mere animality. "We

grow (Fragm. 2) like the leaves in the season of spring rich in blossoms, when abruptly it increaseth by the gleams of Sun; these resembling do we for a cubit's length of time enjoy the blossoms of maturity, of the gods knowing nor evil nor good. At our side stand the black Fates, the one holding the consummation of troublesome old age, and the other, of death; small grows apace the fruition of nature's maturity, to that extent only as the sun is scattered over the Earth. But when this consummation of season has passed, straightway is it better to die than to live. For many evils come up in his soul. At one time his substance is ground away, and Death performs his painful deeds: another in turn has to do without offspring, yearning most after which he goes down into Earth to Hades. Another has a soul-wearing disease: nor is there any one among men to whom Zeus does not give many evils." Gloom in the main — and other sentiments ancient anthologists did not excerpt from his works: versified wantonness it seems constituted a goodly portion of his production.

The short pithy sayings of *Phokylides* of Miletos (fl. ab. 537 B.C.) had much vogue among the Greeks, and conformed to the Ionic spirit: they remind the modern reader not a little of Hesiod's saws and sentences. Little is left for our purpose in the small remnant that has escaped Time. Fragment 9 (Bergk) reveals a little more precisely the true meaning of that elusive Greek term, *σώφρων*: really he who is of sound mind, sane. The Ionic sentence-maker conceives as the antithesis of this the *light-minded* (*ἐλαφρόνοοι*), so that the virtue of *σωφροσύνη* would not be very far removed from the *gravitas* of the Romans: to be well balanced, well poised in action: nothing very deep in motive of conduct. Much as the Greeks vaunted this virtue, it cannot fairly be credited to the Greek nationality as a whole. The Roman spirit, up to the agony of the Republic, may lay claim to this avoidance of excess much more fairly. (The Greeks of Magna Græcia, who were much richer than those

of the mother country, were, to the Romans, the very embodiment of riotous luxury; see the phrase *pergræcari* of the age of Plautus.) "In the Love of Justice," says this versifying proverbial philosopher, "in the Love of Justice every Virtue is comprehended."

Theognis of Megara, next to Solon, was probably most highly prized by the Greeks as a writer of sententious Elegy. He flourished about 544 B.C., suffered much, as the narrow humanity of the ancient world involved keen suffering, — as an exile from his native land.

He, in the manner of aristocrats of birth in many ages, reveals the spirit of pride with unreserved decisiveness. These families are the good: there were probably few Cotters like that of Burns in any pagan world, and the striving after the seemly was even more emphasized by the fact that every social valuation involved the institution of the slavery of man.

"Rams we seek and asses, O Kyrnos, and horses, of noble breed, but with ludicrous inconsistency many a noble desires to mate with a rich wife of mean extraction" (v. 183 *sqq.*).

"The money (197 *sq.*) which comes to a man from Zeus and with justice and cleanly, always abides with him."

(Many verses from Solon's collections have crept into this body of verse, — *e.g.* 731 *sqq.*) Some of the most stirring lines seem wrested from his very heart by the bitter experience of a father, lines penned long before "King Lear" was written by the greatest poet of all (273 *sqq.*): "But the worst of all among men, more grievous than death and all diseases is this: when you have reared children and furnished to them all things fitting, and stored money for them, having suffered many troublesome things, they hate their father and curse him that he may perish, and they abhor him as they would an approaching beggar." Erring and sinful is mankind in its very essence, you cannot (325 *sqq.*) square yourself

and be friendly to your friends if you were to nurse anger for missteps of your friends. Sins (*ἁμαρτωλαί*) among men will follow, will be intrinsically associated with mortals: "*but the gods are unwilling to bear them*" (328). Excellence is attained if you follow the middle course, and avoid extremes, — excellence, so difficult to seize.

Let me reward my friends and avenge myself on mine enemies, I ask nothing further — but let the very words come forward, for it is here that we behold the very essence of the natural man: "May Zeus (v. 337) grant me requital on my friends and on my private foes, while I am to have greater power (for either work). And thus I would seem to myself to be a god among men if the fate of death were to overtake me, after I had achieved my requital" (cf. v. 869 *sqq.*). He would drink the black blood of the men who have impoverished him. "Well beguile thou with fair words thy private enemy: but when he comes to be in your power, avenge thyself upon him, making no pretence whatever." The problem of prosperous wickedness (a note so familiar in the book of Psalms) (although Bergk suggests here that Solon may have penned the lines), 373: "Dear Zeus, I wonder at thee: for thou rulest over all, having honor thyself and great power; and thou knowest well the mind of men and the spirit of each one: and thy power is the highest of all, O King. How then, O son of Kronos, does thy mind dare to hold wicked men in the same estimation as the righteous one, whether the mind be turned to self-control, or whether men turn towards insolence, obedient to unrighteous deeds?" (cf. 743 *sqq.*). Often cited in later anthologies were these lines (v. 425): "Best of all for earthly men is it, not to have come into existence at all, nor to have beheld the rays of the keenly gleaming sun: but having been born as speedily as possible to pass through the portals of Hades and to lie, with a great mass of earth heaped over one." There is a lengthly warning against drunkenness (480 *sqq.*). No one can be *sôphrôn* then. Satiety (*κόρος*) has undone more

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men than Hunger (605). Intelligence must dominate appetite (631 *sqq.*) if thou wouldest not lie in great distress.

Some form of excellence or prosperity *aretê* still is, not yet any definite or intrinsic virtue at all: "Prosperous would I be, and (653) a friend to the immortal gods: no other *aretê* do I yearn for." As right conduct has not at all any religious character, but is largely determined by the civic relations of a man, we do not wonder when we read that the exceptional virtue of Rhadamanthys (who was ultimately created by Zeus a judge of departed souls) consisted in his exceptional possession of *sôphrosýnê*, *i.e.* sobriety and sanity (v. 701), a very moderate measure of moral perfection, perfect control of his own faculties, uniform avoidance of excesses and extremes. Excellence and Comeliness are rarely associated in the same person: "Happy (v. 934) is he who had allotted to him both of these." "All honor him, both young and old yield to him in place. When aging he is eminent among his fellow-citizens, nor is any one willing to do him harm in either the sphere of reverence or justice." It is the true spirit of the Greeks.

The latter part of the bequeathed verse of Theognis is of that erotic kind which was cherished almost exclusively among the Greeks. It is grave that the moralizing verse should have proceeded from the same pen as the other, but it is graver that Greek antiquity should have thought fit to transcribe and transmit. It is still more portentous that scholars like Bergk should ignore, in their surveys, this ulcerous cancer of the Greek people. To say that this reveals the normal early manhood of a typical Greek, seems fair enough. In Solon's case the contrast between youth and the moral earnestness of advanced age is at least inspiring and, in a measure, wholesome. How vague and unmeaning is the striving to endow Zeus with the attributes of Providence, Justice, and Righteousness, when the poet justifies himself by the legend of Ganymede whom "the King of the Immortals was enamoured of and ravished him away to Olympus,"

etc. (1345 *sqq.*). The æsthetical phrases of Winckelmann and all his disciples gloss over and ignore this practical result of the Hellenic cult of beauty. For if all the higher endowment of man is to find its *summum bonum* in the worship of the Beautiful, if, as Winckelmann (Vol. 4, p. 72, ed. 1811) says, it was eminently worthy of human conception of sensuous deities, and very charming for the imagination to typify the condition of a perpetual youth and the springtime of Life — what follows? Why then is it that the Greek spirit has after all revealed some moral sense in creating the types of the Satyrs and the Sileni? In Winckelmann's case, as always, we see the dyer's hand soundly infected with the dye it deals in, and that moral obtuseness or strabism revealed, which vitiates so much of mythological writing. Theognis certainly reveals that there was essentially no genuine progression from the Homeric level of Religion, and that the close practical relation between pulchritude of form and unnatural lust passed in Greek life not merely as a matter of course, but as an essentially vernal thing, a complement of, an incident of, Hebe. It is vain to bring in the phraseology of a pure and romantic love between the sexes, ending in life-long companionship — it is futile, I say, on the part of modern writers to gloss over the Venus Canina in this manner. The fact is that in the course of time classical antiquity degraded, in its interpretation, friendships like those of Achilles and Patroklos,[1] for instance, and the essentially low level of Greek myths, held and perpetuated in the very valleys where they had originated, defied all efforts at moral elevation, and triumphed over every attempt at spiritual refinement.

There is an almost irresistible inclination in modern man to abstract from the exquisite lines chiselled by the great sculptors of Greece, and to project into Hellas itself the subjective *simulacra* and phantoms of absolute perfection, which psychological process, fortified by a little contact with literary productions of exceptional originality and vigorous simplicity, endows the Greek nationality

[1] Roscher, Lexikon, v. Achilleus, Col. 43.

with a fatuous and utterly unhistorical *ne plus ultra* of elevation. Chaucer and Pepys's Diary present a goodly part of the actual Britain of *their* day; but how futile would it be to abstract from the rare company alone whose marble or bronze images in Westminster and St. Paul mark the gratitude or admiration of Britannia, and conceive such a Britain at large!

The Iambic writers exhibit the very abandonment of that Greek virtue of self-control and sanity, and even in passing amid their fragments it is often necessary to step warily. But few are the remnants available for this book. The sharp and bitter verse in the very swiftness of its metrical form cleaves to its themes as the skin to the flesh. *Simonides of Amorgos* (Fragm. 1) thus writes gloomily on human life at large: "My son, 'tis Zeus of heavy thunder who holds the end of all that is, and places as he wills; but sense does not attend the human kind, but ephemeral we live like grazing cattle alway, knowing nothing how God will bring each one to his end. 'Tis hope and confidence that nurtures all as they indulge in vain impulse. Some abide the coming of a day and others the circular movement of years. Next year each mortal thinks he will come close to wealth and blessings. But old age unlovely outstrips the one in seizing him before he reaches his goal; other mortals are destroyed by grievous illness, still others, overcome by god of war doth Hades send to murky realms. And others on the deep by gale are wildly driven, and in the myriad billows of the purple deep they die . . . and these attacked the noose with grievous end, and self-despatched leave the light of Helios. No form of evil then is wanting. . . ."

Precisely the same personality stands revealed in the famous poem on women and their types; we think of Æsop when we read of her whose type is (Fragm. 7) the long-haired ass, whose home is filthy and disorderly. The vixen hears of every one's evils and troubles, even those of her betters. Another runs aimlessly hither and thither

as do the dogs in Eastern towns. Another merely eats and eats, her sole accomplishment. Another changes in her moods like the surface of the sea. Another is likened by this bitter writer of iambic verse to the weasel, insatiable of sensuality and a desperate thief, who will not even spare things destined for the altar. Another is a proud, high-stepping steed, all for finery and dress: she needs a king for her husband. An ape another is, so ugly, so malicious, and so mischievous. One noble type alone is given us, it is the bee. One hardly would credit woman with a soul, in fact; from Hesiod to Menander resounds this low and bitter note, a social, a political necessity then, but little more. Where, then, is the Greek *Frauenlob?* Read the extracts in the anthology of Stobæus, the sixty-four extracts, among which no less than thirty-five are from the pen of Euripides. That third leaf in the trifolium of Attic tragedy, intensely human as he is, has come down almost to the lowest rung of the ladder from the high level of Homer. No age of chivalry there, before Troy or Thebes, however, in spite of the shallow plausibility of Mahaffy's pen strokes; he is essentially the milliner who tricks out his puppets with a finery unknown to the saner view of clarified and critical vision.

Even the noble figure of Penelope the vile spirit of the later Greeks dragged down from the superb elevation of the Odyssey. Her husband is probably the true impersonation of your genuine Greek; cunning, adroit, persevering, always riding on the crest of all the billows of emergency or circumstance, but she is noblest womanhood, whether as wife or mother. There is recorded *one* play, "Penelope," in the annals of Old Attic Comedy. She was also said to have borne a son by Hermes during the long absence of her husband, or, according to a still more repulsive fabrication, she became mother to a child, of which all the suitors were the fathers. Thus, with all the canonization of Homer, the Greeks honored neither the heroine of the Iliad, for which dishonor there was more warrant, nor the lady of Ithaca.

Indeed, before we pass on to the puzzling and difficult theme of *Sappho*, the poetess and music-teacher of Lesbos, it may be well to look at a few essential features of Greek womanhood. So young were the brides and so exclusively was marriage an economical and political settlement, that the seeking out, and the personal choice and deeper satisfaction of ultra-physical comradeship, was utterly excluded. But I believe I will best serve the interests of historical truth and of my work if I simply transfer § 29 of C. Fr. Hermann's "Private Antiquities of the Greeks." That scholar, in his wonderful erudition, preserved a degree of equipoise and sanity rare among the great German classicists of the nineteenth century, almost all of whom, in their own generation, were enslaved by the practice of absolute valuation of classical things and themes.

"In the nature of the case indeed the commonwealths of Greece were compelled to lay no little stress on the preservation of houses and the matrimonial unions of their citizens. This was necessary even on account of certain ordinances, civil and religious, which were founded upon the family. In some communities we find that this concern of the states was extended to statutes aimed at unmarried men. Still, by such means the moral character of matrimony but too easily was merged in the legal, and as adultery was considered primarily as a disturbance of domestic peace which permitted the offended party to execute summary and immediate vengeance, so the outraging of a virgin was considered merely as a usurpation of alien rights, which usurpation was entirely atoned for by subsequent marriage. For the same reason concubinage in the estimation of the Greeks had but this one offensive feature, that the offspring therefrom lacked the civil or legal advantages of statutory wedlock. . . ."

"As to what concerns the courtesans, who in manifold gradations either personally or in the service of another's pursuit of gain made a trade of the satisfaction of sexual desires, it is true here that both the general contempt for any mercenary trade united with the particular ignominy of the courtesan's pursuit joined to establish a stain which

found expression in many exceptional laws directed against this class; but the practical use which the masculine sex made of their advances *was subject at most to the considerations of civil prudence*, while the commonwealth and social custom rather encouraged than curbed it: and in the same measure as their freedom from the restraints of female decorum made it possible for some courtesans to approach more nearly to male society in refinement and in the sharing of cultural movements — in the same measure that contempt gave way to an indulgence and a recognition, of which the first intellects of Greece were not ashamed." (And so Socrates himself — Xenophon, "Memorabilia," 3, 12 — discusses with the beautiful Theodótê how best she might manipulate and hold her lovers.) "Still more early the inadequacy of domestic intercourse with the female sex had endowed the love of men with an importance in which this relation appeared outright as a preëminence of Greek freedom and culture above other nations, difficult though it was there to maintain the slender line of demarcation which separated it from admitted debauchery and perversion of nature. *It was legally encouraged by most of the states* and considered the object of such love as enviable (Nepos, preface of Chap. 4), and even where the statute threatened the voluntary degradation of the latter with deserved ignominy, the statute granted protection to the fair youth only against violence, whereas the corrupter found in the success of his suit and in the consent of his victim ample excuse." The Göttingen Scholar then proceeds (in § 30): "Hence it is easily understood that it was a necessary consequence in Greece that matrimony was considered as barely better than a necessary evil, and certainly was treated merely as transaction in law, the moral features of which were due not so much to the personal affection of bride and groom as rather to the general importance bestowed by law itself upon this union of the sexes to provide the foundations of civil society. As for the virgin at least, every personal motive was removed by her domestic seclusion, or if indeed this barrier had been broken through by the occasion

of a public festival, never was there any question, but the girl accepted the husband with whom her parents directly or by means of a stranger's mediation had concluded the contract concerning her future; and this contract then constituted the betrothal which the Greeks considered as the essential condition of a legal association of matrimony." But these exact and historically well-fortified delineations of Hermann cannot be cited any further.

Let us now approach the remnants of *Sappho*. The mere scanning of these sometimes reminds me of the playing on a chordless piano for the sake of the fingering and tempo: at all events, the Greek lays or chants have passed to the limbo of nevermore, in spite of Horace's imitations. Of these fragments, but two are large enough that we too may grasp or lay hold of at least some ground for standing with the Hellenic world in its praise or high valuation of this gifted woman. Love: what a theme! But how raised above the stars, how dragged down to the very depths of Tartarus! If anywhere, here it should be revealed, if the Greek soul was not after all earthy, or whether in the strongest impulse of man there was any admixture of aught but body and physical craving, to be satisfied in the only way in which mere animality is to be satisfied; whether, at bottom, Love and Lust were indeterminable affections of man; whether they were not perhaps convertible terms. As for Aphrodite, the coarse idols of older Cyprian art which emphasize mere sex and sexuality, as for this personification — it remained the gross thing which at bottom is treated with contempt by the bright and fearless poet who in the Iliad manipulated the Olympus in his own way — a personification essentially incapable of serious elevation: typifying an impulse powerful and potential for a myriad of consequences. This "Kypris," then, was plentifully, with a wealth of consummately felicitous epithets and in language positively pulsating with passion, invoked, over and over again, by Sappho of Lesbos (fl. ab. 590 B.C.). That a middle-aged woman, mother and widow, should compose such verse, puzzled the Greeks more and more so as time passed by. No less

than six comedy writers of Athens wrote plays on Sappho bearing her name. And no wonder, if they made good sport of the paternity of Hercules, and of the wiles that deceived the good and faithful Alkmene, why not of Sappho? If the very birth of Athena was fair sport for them, though she was the tutelary deity of the Athenians, why should they have refrained from the Lesbian composer? The very development of the full powers of a woman's personality was almost a challenge to the Greek spirit. Aphrodite, "weaver of wiles" (δολοπλόκος), I said, was invoked in these odes: wiles to attain sexual gratification, for of romance and chivalry there is nothing to be found (cf. Fragm. 52, 130). She loves her daughter Kleis with intensity (Fragm. 85), for her she would not accept the wealth of Lydia, and still the passionate tone of love — for whom? Her very soul borders on insanity in the frenzy of her love-sickness (Fragm. 1, v. 28). Persuasion is to lead the beloved one to her and it is a girl, too, who now spurns presents, and flees from Sappho. What accomplishment or attainment the "Kypris" is to work for the poetess we know not; for this, however (τελεσον!), she prays.

The other complete poem is an enumeration, physiological, let it be said, of the symptoms of erotic ecstasy, an enumeration of symptoms roused in the music mistress by a girl, one of her pupils it would seem. Other Lesbian ladies seem also to have given instruction how to sing and play on the lyre. They also composed bridal songs. I will not go on to the charges made against Sappho by the Greeks themselves. Had we the entire nine books of her verse, we would be in a far better case. Theognis borrowed her "weaver of wiles." Quintilian did not consider her verse fit to form a part of regular literary instruction in the schools for Roman pupils. We advance little in our estimation by chewing over the Laodicean phrase of "unsuitable for the young person," or some such current form of eclectic morality. Is it the beginning of the particular form of Perversion and the Pervert ever after associated with the very name of Lesbos? Scholars

like C. F. Hermann, Welcker, Bernhardy, enter the lists as her champions. Poor champions. For they speak of the perversion of the male sex often in a semi-apologetic manner — a terrible stain that cannot be palliated. We may well doubt with Colonel Mure as to what "limb-loosing Eros" can mean in the verse of Sappho. Her far-famed champion, Welcker, actually believes in some rare and radiant youth, Phaon, for whom the poetess took her own life. One thing is quite definite: let us remove fancies of *ideal love* from our conception of the Greeks. If we would *like* to conceive them loftily, that is quite intelligible: unfortunately the data of literary tradition permit us in no wise to do so, as far as Love is concerned and the particular meaning of *erotic* has been aptly lodged in this Greek word. I append a few lines never yet done into English, I believe, of Bernhardy's ("Hist. of Gr. Lit."): "delicate and confidential was the intercourse (of Sappho) with virgins beautiful and susceptible, partly also *faithful* (in not changing their lessons?) who entered into the presence of Sappho" (the very phrase bespeaks the professional reverence of the typical classicist) — for what end, do you think, dear reader? To learn from her art (*i.e.* how to play on the lyre) "and wisdom" (what wisdom?), the sorrows and joys of Love? Elsewhere the scholar of Halle utters the following nonsense (p. 672): But Sappho has mitigated the bold sensuality of her race (*i.e.* the Æolic) by the delicate fragrance (*Duft*) of tender womanliness. Where? How? I will not pass on before I have cited fair and fit words, written in 1857, and published in the Rheinisches Museum for that year, an essay entitled: "Sappho and the Ideal Love of the Greeks." This judgment of *Mure* has my cordial approbation (p. 577): "One who has written so much on the Greeks and to the same effect as the author of these remarks, can hardly be accused of undervaluing their genius. But no admiration for their great qualities has ever blinded me to the defects of their social condition. Of those defects the worst, the dark spot which sheds a gloom over all their glorious attributes, is their unnatural

vice. That so obvious an impulse, the mere suspicion of which attaching to a man, causes him, in most parts at least of modern Europe, to be shunned as a pest to society, should have been so mixed up with the physical constitution of a whole nation as to become a little less powerful instinct than the natural one between the sexes; that its indulgence should have been regulated by law; that in the extension of metaphysical science, all speculation on the passion of love, its principle or influence, would, in the leading schools of philosophy, have been concentrated around this detestable impulse, as the mode of that passion most honorable to enlightened men,—all this constitutes so monstrous, to the Christian moralist so revolting, an abnormity in the history of our species as can barely be reconciled with the general scheme of providence, when viewed as a humiliation to which this transcendently gifted race was subjected, in order to place them on a level with the rest of mankind."

And while the poetess addressed her glowing verse to girls, her fellow-countryman, to use the phrase of Quintilian, "lowered himself to erotic verse" (*ad amores descendit*), and we may pass on.

Anakreon of Teos (fl. ab. 531), a contemporary of the times when Persia rapidly came forward as the world power, and when autocrats ruled, probably, in the greater number of Greek communities. His verse glorified the boy favorites at such courts, as at that of Polykrates of Samos (Smerdis, Kleobulos, Bathyllos). "He loves all the comely ones, and extols them all," says an ancient critic, Maximus of Tyre. It was all in the service of Aphrodite, a religion, if we may force this term to such use, of infinite convenience, almost as comfortable as Rousseau's pure nature, a service, I say, in such worship, where Eros also is much named, a name much bestowed later, at Rome, on Greek slave boys. "A great and bold design did the Grecian world undertake," said Cicero (in a citation from some lost work) ("Lactantius' Institutiones," 1, 20, 14), "in that it set up images of Cupids and Loves in the Gymnasia." An allusion more deeply and gravely

elaborated by one of the best Greeks of his or any time, Plutarch of Chæronea, in his "Amatorius," cited above in Chapter 3. And what, pray, can we say of a religion, however ecstatically we may call it a religion of the beautiful, which could not be brought into any sort of harmony with any postulates of moral law, nay, which as at Corinth (and Babylon) constituted and appointed a divine worship consisting in acts of impurity? The æstheticians from those times to the present have almost uniformly acquired a curious callosity in that portion of their souls where moral judgment is to utter itself, and when brought into uncomfortable narrows of controversy, fall back on a denial, direct or implied, of moral law. It is an old matter: "Of all things is man the measure," said Protagoras the Sophist; "the difference of conceptions as to what is permissible," says Welcker ("*Kleine Schriften*," I, 256). In the miserable combination of his gray hairs with the same old wretched themes and concerns, Anakreon is about as cheerful and as sincere as one who chews apples of Sodom and pretends they are from Eden. Solon's old-age verse has a truer ring, as we saw.

Teuffel of Tübingen in a popular lecture full of constraint, of euphemism and palliation ("*Studien und Charakteristiken*," etc., 1871, p. 73) is, at least, fair enough to call the amatory poems of the Greeks *eine Sumpfpflanze*, a plant flourishing in morass; but we may say at once, where, in classic Greek literature, is there any other? In vain will we look, then, in Greek literature for women like Shakespeare's Miranda, Isabella, Beatrice, Portia, Rosalind, Katherine, Helena, Olivia, and the others — women loving, loving with faithful and honorable love, women with personalities so rich and so superbly endowed, with moral splendor illumined, and withal so human, that we love them all, without the first concern or curiosity as to their complexion or eyes, or eyebrows or straight noses, or other transitory gift of the Graces. For the higher concerns of mankind one of these women of Shakespeare is of worth and price so great, that if all the Aphrodites of Melos, or Capua or Knidos, were sunk

into the sea where it is deepest, together with the cow-eyed and morose Hera of Ludovisi or other provenience, —if this should eventuate as a condition that Shakespeare should not perish from the possession of our human kind, — I for one would contemplate that submersion with much equanimity. Such women, I say, are not to be found in the wide range of Greek letters, because they were not in Greek life and mode of living.

Pindar of Thebes (522–442) ranks as the greatest of the Nine Canonic Lyrists of Greece: his poems in part survive, his melodies or lays have perished. His odes of victory for those Greeks who were able to remunerate so eminent a poet and composer have been transmitted. Few things are so exclusively the domain of a narrow number of scholars as the technology of his metres, few things as utterly impossible of a renaissance as Pindar's victory odes, few if any works of the ancient world so untranslatable as the choral lyrics of Pindar. But our quest is not in the hard and well-beaten footpath of literary valuation.

The visible palpable glory of physical excellence and endurance, the fame of Pan-hellenic observation and praise, a renown not less dear to the victor and his kin and commonwealth than portrait statues of marble or bronze, — these things are in and over all these compositions. Great national services had not been earned by many Greeks before the Persian wars, but all the more each community clung to myth and legend connecting its aristocracy with some one of the gods. These present achievements are extolled as a true confirmation of ancestry and mythical feats. In the sunset even of this Hellenic world the contests at Olympia, together with the Eleusinian mysteries in Attica, were designated by one of the closest observers as the concerns of an especial tutelary divine providence (Pausanias, 5, 10, 1). It is, then, in the main the eulogy of strength, wealth, glory, and social culture which pervades these odes. *Aretá* (*virtus*) in Pindar is simply

Excellence, some one form of outdoing one's fellows, an eminence of mind, body, or fortune — power, in short. In the dependence of the individual excellence on the favor of some specific god or gods, Pindar stands on the whole on the essential basis of the Homeric Epics: it is in a certain way the last golden appearance in lofty letters of the Homeric Olympians. The critics have observed (any reader may easily do so, it is obvious enough) that Pindar tried to deprive myths of ignoble elements. The traditional ecstasy drove Professor Christ to call Pindar a "sacred singer filled with deep religiosity," if any Greek religiosity could be essentially lofty or deep. Bernhardy speaks of "religious consecration" which made Pindar strong. But one could not endow the legend of Ganymede with purity, one could not explain away the sense in which it was held in the wide range of the Hellenic world. The naïve carnality of Apollo when his concupiscence was directed at the innocent nymph Koronis, could not be elevated or refined at all, nor does it seem possible to endow the Olympians with any essential goodness, or dignify in any way the endless and ever present legends of the concupiscence of Zeus. Allegorical refinements are not essayed by the poet of Thebes. The myths were rooted in the soil of the Greek world; brook, spring, rock, and meadow commemorated them from generation to generation: they were often inextricably bound up with the anniversaries and festal days of the particular community. One can take them or leave them, endow them with any moral nobleness one could not. Still, it would be unfair thus to dispose of Pindar.

There *is* a nobler striving in the soul of Pindar.

The fate of Tantalos is a warning that no man can in his action escape the notice of God (Ol., 1, 64). Zeus is invoked as Saviour, "Zeus of the high clouds"; but also as honoring the venerable grotto in Crete (where he was hidden as an infant), Ol., 5, 15 *sqq*. Truth is called daughter of Zeus (Ol., 10, 4). He, the poet, desires for himself that (in his further course of life) he may not chance upon changes instigated by the jealousy of the gods (Pythian,

10, 20), holding therefore his prosperity by a precarious tenure. Pindar would love fair things that come from God (Pyth., 11, 50). A notable passage is that of Nemean Odes, 6, 1: "One is the race of men, one that of Gods: from one mother breathe we both; but an utterly separate force holds them asunder, so that the one is nothing, but their ever safe abode, the brazen firmament, abides. But in some respects we resemble utterly the immortals, either in great mind or body, although neither by day or night do we know what fate has written for us, what goal we are to run to."

Humility is the wiser course: "Do not vainly try to become a Zeus" (Isthmian, 5, 14). "Do not vainly strive to become a divinity" (Ol., 5, 24). The race of men is essentially "*swift-fated*," short-lived (Ol., 1, 66). Avoid insolence and satiety (Ol., 13, 10). What are the chief boons or blessings? "To have a pleasant life is the first of prizes: to have a good reputation is the second lot; but the man who haps upon them both, and seizes them, has received the loftiest wreath" (Pyth., 1, 99). "To be rich with the associated lot of wisdom is best . . ." (Pyth., 2, 56). "Wealth is widely valiant, when a mortal man has it blended with pure excellence." "I love not to hold great wealth concealed in my hall, but to enjoy what I have, and to have good repute and satisfy my friends" (Nemean, 1, 31). The association of fair deeds with a comely person is highly extolled: a characteristic Greek conceit (Nem., 3, 19), which we met above in the didactic verse of Theognis. "The prosperity planted with God is more abiding for men" (Nem., 8, 17). The sum of Greek felicity is here brought together: "But if one possessing wealth in his personal comeliness excels others, and excelling in contests demonstrates his strength, let him remember that the limbs he drapes are mortal, and that he will be clothed with the end of all, earth" (Nem., 11, 13).

He moralizes (Fragm. 146) on a feat of Hercules, and comes to the gloomy conclusion that the sovereign law is at bottom nothing but the justification of strength and force, *i.e.* Might, after all, makes Right.

Pindar was much in Sicily at the rich and splendid courts of Syracuse, of Akragas and Ætna. Perhaps his truth-craving soul was arrested by the graver precepts of Pythagoras, whose disciples were ever fain to pursue a cult of a rigid, if esoteric, observance, a cult concerned with the soul, its moral purity or impurity, its transcendental life from Eternity to Eternity, and the retributive justice of a divine ordination. It was a philosophy which in its very essence denied most sharply the very fabric of life and culture which many now call Greekdom or Hellenism, *i.e.* the serene satisfaction with these earthly things and their physical limitations. Among the most eminent disciples or Apostles of this serious cult was Archytas, and Philolaos of Tarentum. Whatever may have been the concern or interest of the Theban poet, some grave and curious lines of his pen are preserved among his verse, as in Ol., 2, 66: "He knows the future, that the souls of those who died here, the wicked souls, at once pay the penalty, and that the shortcomings committed in this realm of Zeus some one judges below the earth, giving his verdict with bitter necessity; but the good possessing the sun with equal nights always and equal days receive a less troubled life, not stirring the soil with the strength of their hand nor the water of the deep on account of slender livelihood, but in the company of the honored gods all those who have rejoiced in keeping their oaths have allotted to them a span of Time that knows no tears, but the others endure trouble which eyes refuse to look upon. But those who have for three times endured sojourning in both places to keep their soul utterly from unjust things, they accomplish the way to Zeus along the tower of Kronos, where the Isle of the Blessed is fanned by the breezes of Okeanos, where golden blossoms gleam, some from the soil from brilliant trees, and water nurtures others, and with garlands and wreaths of these they enfold their hands in the upright counsels of Rhadamanthys," etc.

Specifically it is the virtue of reverence for the gods in actual worship (*εὐσέβεια*) and its counterpart, unrever-

ence or impiety which receive condign treatment or reward in the world which follows after death: so Pindar wrote in his funeral verse, his *Threnoi*, Fragm. 106 *sqq.*: "For them shines the power of sun during our night, — below, and in meadows adorned with scarlet roses is their suburb and shaded with incense-bearing trees and loaded with golden fruits, and some with steeds and wrestling feats, and some with throw of dice, and others with the harps rejoice themselves. . . ."

"And all in blessed fate (receive) a consummation freeing them from toil. The body of all goes in the wake of powerful death, but a living image of time is still left; for that alone is from the gods. And it sleeps while the limbs are active, but for those who sleep does it show in many dreams the imperceptibly approaching judgment of things delightful and of those which are heavy. . . ." Again, in Fragm. 110: "And those for whom Persephone will receive the punishment of ancient woe, in the ninth year does she give up to the upper sun again their souls; of these, splendid kings are born (grown), and men swift in strength, and very great in wisdom. But henceforth by men are they called *stainless heroes*" (*i.e.* demigods, in the peculiar sense of Greek religious ideas). Stainless, as though it were indeed highest consummation of the human soul to free itself from guilt and sin. At the same time, guilt and sin are not conceived very profoundly, not even by the noblest of the Greek lyrical poets. Nowhere do we observe that sharp antithesis between the moral law and between the law in the members; their morality could not very well be higher than their objects of worship, and these, in all truth, were not high. The reader of Pindar may see for himself in Pyth., 1, 97–98; Nem., 8, 2; Isthm., 2, 3–5; and particularly the frank and unblushing manner in which a comely youth is praised: fr. 100, *v.* Athenæus, XIII, 601, c, especially the third line. Pindar was no prophet of righteousness for his nation. Was there any figure at all comparable to the prophets of Israel? No. The belief was widespread that certain forms of ritual or sacrificial procedure were quite sufficient.

Greek men craved no righteousness deeper or higher than those of their own gods. These indeed were figments of physical personification, but in their morality they were indeed very real, for they mirrored the standards of life and conduct of that nationality that moulded these *idola*. While very little would be lost to the essential strength and truth of the Christian religion, if the masterworks of Donatello, Michel Angelo, Rafael, or da Vinci had never been made, if worship were carried on by the waterside, or under a tent rather than in St. Peter's or St. Paul's, so, on the other hand, the low level and the intrinsic worthlessness of the Hellenic religion gains nothing whatever through the artistic excellence of a Homer, a Phidias, or a Praxiteles.

NOTE. — Bergk's "*Lyrici*" is the most important book of reference for Chapter 5. I have used the third edition, 1866. Gilbert Murray, a Scottish Professor of Greek Literature ("A History of Ancient Greek Literature," Appleton, 1901, p. 84): "There is some sentiment which we cannot enter into: there were no women in the Dorian camps." On the Greek cult of masculine comeliness *v.* Winckelmann "*Werke*," Dresden, Vol. 4, *passim*: The æsthetic sense of the Greeks, as this fifth chapter abundantly suggests, was very far from furnishing, as Winckelmann claims (*ib.*, p. 19) for Greek Freedom, the "germs of noble and elevated sentiments. . . ."

The close association between pulchritude and *libido* is abundantly emphasized by Plutarch and Cicero, the former of whom (Amatorius) makes the Greek gymnasia directly responsible for the moral degradation of the Hellenic world: and even there the mien of the Sage of Chæronea is not even ruffled. A fling at women in general seems to have been permitted every literary man almost: there is no idealization of woman anywhere, *v.* Stobæus, "*Florilegium*" (c. 73), and the precepts for wedded life (c. 74) are not much kindlier. Even Pythagoras said of her that woman's function was chiefly "to keep the house and remain within and receive and wait upon her husband." I cannot see that Welcker's essay ("*Sappho von einem herschenden Vorurteil befreit*," "*Kleine Schriften*," II, 80–144) disposes of the problem. Mure was justly astonished at the indulgent tone with which Welcker had spoken of the Hellenic vice.

Before Pindar died, most of the great Sophists of Greece were born — when less and less the minds of the Greek leaders remained content with the popular religion. The Greek mythographers show that concupiscence, often bestiality, was the main thing in the "loves" of the Greek gods, hence the utter absence of romance in the relations

of the sexes is not so marvellous: *e.g.* Hephaistos enamoured of Athena; Poseidon pursuing Demeter in Arcadia, Zeus (whom Lactantius justly calls *Salacissimus*) smitten with Kallisto, Heracles and Augê, and so on. Genuine Neopaganism cannot but degrade woman, and the purest Lyrics cannot very well be conceived in any social order inferior to the Christian.

Seneca's brief utterance as to the Greek *lyricists* should not be forgotten: "illi ex professo lasciviunt" (Epist., 49, 5).

CHAPTER VI

HEROES AND HERO-WORSHIP AMONG THE GREEKS

THE narrow limitations of physical force and potency stained with legends of concupiscence, wrath, revenge, jealousy, and every human weakness, the gods of Greece; all these were a bar impassable for any serious spiritual aspiration in the Hellenic religion, so-called. The worship of men, or the extolling close up to the point where worship begins, this the Greeks had practised from the beginning among one another. They had made gods very like unto themselves: what need we wonder if they made gods of their own kind? Given the incredible narrowness and intensity with which every *pólis* or community advanced its own honors, it is easy to see how honors should be shown to those of the dead whose names and services kept afresh that peculiar form of local pride so characteristic of the Hellenes, whose political history is an almost unbroken chain of deterrent lessons.

The usage of creating and honoring in a distinctly religious way the spirits of those departed ones to whom some particular eminence was gratefully ascribed, this usage, I say, is distinctly younger than the Homeric Epics. In the Iliad, as I have shown before, Herakles had by no means as yet been raised to the Olympus.

I must revert for a little while again to Hesiod of Askra. His rude philosophy of History, the steady decline and decay from an almost paradise-like status of new and fresh mankind is one of the features of that congeries of Epical verse, the "Works and Days." In tracing the Fourth Race, he calls it (159 *sqq.*) the divine race of hero-men who are called demi-gods: of these were the Seven who went against Thebes, and the valiant men of the Trojan war.

These, after death, passed on to abodes where they know no trouble or care, in the Isles of the Blessed, along Okeanos of the deep current, where the generous soil presents them every year three crops.

These, like Achilleus on an island in the Black Sea, were revered, while the dead of the Golden Age, the First Race, had a more positive and practical relation to mankind.

These, after death, are still in existence, in a spiritual fashion, as (v. 123) "guardians of mortal men." "They watch over acts of justice and over heinous deeds; clothed in mist they go everywhere to and fro on the face of the Earth, givers of wealth." . . . Philo, the Alexandrine Jew, was reminded by them of the Angels of the Old Testament.

Clearly these departed Spirits were *not* by the Greeks conceived as removed to Olympian felicity, unconcerned with the labors and distress of their one-time state and place, but approachable in the very spot where they were buried, their tombs, their monuments.

Thus Pelops was conceived to be near the Panhellenic site of Olympia: of him Pindar says (Ol., 1, 93): "but *now* he is made the participant of blood-satisfaction splendid, laid at rest by the current of Alpheios, having a tomb widely conspicuous, close to an altar visited by very many strangers. And from afar off he beholds the fame of the Olympian games. . . ."

The scholiasts say that a black ram was annually sacrificed to the *heros* Pelops. The ritual all pointed, not upward to the gods of Light and Life, but downward to the abode of the dead: the blood symbolizing some temporary nurture and sustenance: quite within the material limitations and conditions of this earthly life, a procedure not much different from that at the pit of Odysseus in the Eleventh Book of his Wanderings. And to this same class of beings intermediate between gods and men does Pindar assign Asklepios the physician, Agamemnon, Peleus, Adrastos, Aiakos and his progeny, the Argonauts: the essential thing is that the *heros* is λαοσεβής, "revered

of the people." No quasi-theological belief is uttered of an essential, specific immortality or translation to the gods: it is the voice of harmonious and unanimous honor rising either from any given community or from the sense and feeling of the entire Grecian world. The thing so very hard for us moderns who in the main are reared in religious and moral conceptions transcending time and space, absolute and eternal, — I say *for us* it is difficult to realize the narrow limits within which the typical Greek lived and died, in which he was content to be honored, the fancies and traditions which he absorbed, as the particular oak on the particular hillside is nurtured or retarded by the limitations of its specific soil and climate, air, light, and sunshine.

Herodotus (2, 44) realizes that the Theban Herakles is much younger than the Syrian: hence, he says, the Greeks acted wisely in establishing a twofold worship: viz., that of the Olympian god Herakles, to whom they offer up regular sacrifice with feast attached (*Θυσία*), and cut the throat of victims for the other. Herodotus (2, 55) also made record of the fact that the Egyptians had no cult of such demi-gods.

Founders of tribes and political forms were particularly so honored, the consciousness of common descent being the essential thing in citizenship, and there was no objection to artificial creations, as of the eponymous Founders in Attika, under the adroit reforms of Kleisthenes there, in 510 B.C. (including Ajax, the great name and glory of Salamis), when the whole legendary history and great names of Attic past were thus incorporated in the daily life and nomenclature of the Attic people.

Many of these heroes had a sacred enclosure (*τέμενος*) and a fane or sanctuary (*ἡρῷον*). There was, also, a belief in their power to benefit and bless, or to injure and work harm; so that on the whole the motives of fear, hope, and civil pride are clearly discernible in this institution. The striking uniformity observable here was due, in no small measure, to the corporation of Delphi, for Greek religion was incessantly concerned with current events and

particularly with extraordinary or abnormal happenings, when the resort to the central point of authority ever deepened the practical dependency of communities as well as individual persons on the Parnassian verdict. The Athenians appointed a sacred enclosure for the Æginetan Founder Aiakos (Her., 5, 89) by Delphian direction; was it to deprive their naval rival of that blessing and power? And when the assembled Greeks at Salamis were preparing for the great crisis, they despatched (Her., 8, 64) a ship to bring Aiakos to bless and strengthen them: did they transfer actual bones? Or was a transfer effected merely by some ritual act?

The paternity, and thus the legitimacy, of a Spartan king was put in jeopardy by the belief of the queen mother's husband that the local *heros* Astrabakos had assumed his, the king's, form and appearance (Her., 6, 69). After Salamis the Persian governor in the Chersonesos was nailed to a plank by the enraged Greeks because he had taken particular pains to defile the sanctuary of the *heros* Protesilaos at Elaiûs. Besides this the Oriental had removed the money and consecrated gifts from the fane (Her., 9, 116, 120). On the wall of the Painted Porch at Athens there was limned the "*heros* Marathon" as helping to victory; also there was the founder Theseus actually rising from the soil (Paus., 1, 15, 3): and even in that late traveller's time (160 A.D.) "one may hear at night the neighing of the steeds and the cries of men giving battle."

In the year 476 the Athenians removed what they believed to be the bones of their founder, Theseus. An eagle, Plutarch says ("Theseus" 36), indicated the spot. A tomb was found containing a coffin with a giant skeleton and spear and sword lying alongside of it, of the Bronze Age. The sanctuary built for this "Theseus" by the enthusiastic Athenians was a legal asylum for slaves and for those who feared those who were too powerful for them. The greatest annual sacrifice (as to a god) the people made to him on the day on which he had once returned from Crete, on the eighth day of the month Pyanepsion. Am-

phiaraos was one of the Seven against Thebes, of a race of soothsayers. He perished before Thebes; that is, Zeus split the earth for him, and with his chariot he disappeared in the cleft. The people of Oropos were the first to rate him a god; later all the Greeks followed their example (Paus., 1, 34, 2).

But why enumerate more? Every village and valley had a heros. Epaminondas sacrificed to Spedasos and his daughters before he unfolded his oblique order of battle on the fateful field of Leuktra, 371 B.C. Why? Because once upon a time two Spartans had outraged these virgins; but these, in their shame and anguish, had slain themselves by the noose. The power of retributive justice therefore was here invoked by the great Theban captain.

And not only with names hallowed by civic gratitude and an unbroken series of anniversary celebrations did the Greeks practise this form of worship and honor, but also with figures which stand out in the full light of historical noonday. Thus the commonwealth of little stout Platæa undertook (Plutarch, "Aristides," 21) to make a blood-sacrifice every year to the Greeks who had perished there in the national battle (of 479) "and lay there." There was a procession led by a trumpeter who blew the signal for the charge, there were also chariots full of myrtle and wreaths. The victim was a black steer. There were jars with libations of wine and milk, nor were oil and unguents lacking. After sacrificing the steer so that his blood was absorbed by the pyre, there was a prayer to Zeus of the Earth and Hermes of the Earth (escort of souls), whereupon the chief magistrate of Platæa summoned the brave men who had died for Greece, to the feast and to the blood-satisfaction (*haima-kuria:* Plutarch maintains the Pindaric phrase). Their health also was drunk.

"I have a bronze statuette," says a physician (in Lucian, "Philopseudes" 21), "a cubit in size, which, whenever the wick of the lamp is extinguished, makes the rounds of the whole house, making a noise, and overturning the phials, and pouring together the potions, and overturning the door and particularly when we postpone the sacrifice,

which we bring to him once each year." Aratos of Sikyon was the leading statesman of the Achæan League in his time (d. 213 B.C. at Aigion). The Sikyonians (Plutarch, "Aratos," 53) conveyed the corpse into their town, the people being crowned with garlands and attired in white raiment, and buried him in a conspicuous place there, and sacrificed to him as to a founder and saviour, down to Plutarch's time, *i.e.* more than three hundred years, for having saved that commonwealth from autocratic rule. There was a particular priest of Aratos as there was of Zeus the saviour. Some said Aratos was a son of Asklepios (Paus., 2, 10, 3).

In the course of the Peloponnesian war, Brasidas, the Spartan general, died 422 B.C., in defending Amphipolis against the Athenians (Thucydides, 5, 11). He received a public burial: his tomb was placed close by the marketplace and the monument surrounded with a barricading enclosure; blood-sacrifices downward were rendered to him as to a heros, with games and annual burnt-offering, they deeming him their saviour.

The philosopher Anaxagoras was similarly honored in Lampsakos on the Hellespont, where he was buried. Theron, autocrat of Akragas in Sicily, was honored with similar distinction after his death, and when his tomb was emptied by the Carthaginians and a plague fell upon them, it was widely believed that here was the vengeance of the *heros* (Diodorus, 13, 86). The laws of Lycurgus provided that the deceased kings of Sparta should be honored "not as human beings, but as heroes" (Xenophon, "State of Lacedæmonians," 15, 9).

Whosoever has perused this volume from the beginning will not marvel that it would have been not a very violent step forward to assign divine honors to one living, to raise by one definite step or grade him who was to be honored. The Stoics, in many ways the most spiritual thinkers of the ancient time, were fond of saying that it was in the matter of *lasting* alone that the Sage differed from the gods. A curse always is slavery: given the trend to extol and deify force and power (the pal-

pable ulcer in every neopagan movement), what need we marvel at the last and consistent sequence drawn by the pagan spirit? The call to be *good* goes out to *all* mankind, the privilege of being uncommonly *strong* seems an endowment of but few, veritably a natal endowment: why so greatly extol a gift? But to return to the past.

When Lysander, generalissimo of Sparta and her allies, in 405, at Goat's River in the Hellespont, had, with one stroke, destroyed the Athenian empire, the "freed" commonwealths "reared to him altars" (Plutarch, "Lysander," 18), "as to a God, and sacrificed offerings," hymns of victory as to a new Apollo were sung, the Samians voted, actually voted, to rename their Hera-anniversary and call the celebration *Lysandria* instead. Poets were eager to attune their lyre to the new god: it was the year in which a Sophocles passed away. A little later in Greek politics the people of Thasos offered divine honors to Agesilaos of Sparta. The hard-headed and sober-minded king asked of the delegates why, if the Thasians could translate mere men to divinity, why they did not so extol themselves? Also he refused the setting up of his images (Plutarch, "*Apophthegmata Laconica*," 25 *sq.*).

When Philip had begun to set his foot on the neck of Greece after his great victory of Chaironeia, 338 B.C., he built a commemorative fane at Olympia, where images of members of his dynasty were placed (Paus., 5, 20, 9–10), of gold and ivory, like unto the Olympian Zeus of Pheidias. The catastrophe of King Philip was curious. It was in the summer of 336 B.C. A splendid assembly had gathered at Aigai in the north to attend the nuptials of the king's daughter, Kleopatra. Feasts and contests were the order of the day. His ambition was now clearly facing toward Persia. Golden wreaths were arriving from many commonwealths. In the festal procession were borne images of the twelve Olympian gods, and as thirteenth the splendidly adorned statue of King Philip himself, who thus appeared as assessor of the Olympians. When all were seated in the vast theatre,

the royal host at last appeared, draped in white, far removed from his satellites, enjoying this occasion to present himself to the loyalty and good-will of the Hellenic world. But at this moment one of the king's own Ganymedes, a man at arms, hastened up and pierced Philip's body with a Keltic sword (Diodorus, 16, 92–94). When Alexander came to the Nile in carrying forward his father's ambition with still greater genius and energy, he posed as a son of Zeus Ammon. "He needed this honor," says a modern scholar, "to be rated by the natives as a genuine successor to the Pharaohs of old. . . ." The chief hierophant, in the name of the god of the desert, greeted the western conqueror as "Son." The priests also told Alexander that the vastness of the young king's achievements would (Diodorus, 17, 51) be proof of the Macedonian's divine descent. And this was the soul that had had the instruction of the keenest and clearest mind of the classic world, that of Aristotle.

So in this royal youth there was a puzzling congeries of motives and impulses, deep policy, and irresistible enthusiasm.

And so at the very end and issue of Greek things have we this craving, so incompatible with any sincere pretence of humanity, as we have the demi-gods in the initial myths and in the nebulous beginnings of Greek records.

Pure humanity indeed! Subsequently, drunk with sweet fortune, the young king demanded prostration even from his own race, from the Macedonians, while Greek flattery had been engaged in undermining Alexander's equipoise and self-control, literary men were these who offered him the incense of their verse, for his eastern gold. They told him (Curtius, 8, 5, 8) that, one day, in Olympus, Herakles and Dionysos, no less than Pollux and Kastor, would yield to the new divinity. So Kallisthenes, historian in ordinary to the conqueror, and nephew of Aristotle, finally fell a victim, in part, to his own frank avowal of human freedom.

With the deeper and earnest Stoics, Alexander's fame fared but ill: "Alexander, who hurled his lance among

his own guests, who cast one friend before wild beasts, the other before himself," says Seneca ("*De Ira*," 3, 23). "For what difference is it, I pray thee, Alexander, whether you cast Lysimachus before a lion, or himself mangle him with your own teeth? Thine is the mouth, thine that savagery" (Seneca, "*De Clementia*," 1, 25, 1). The same thinker says: "Alexander of Macedon, when as victor of the East he was lifting his spirit above the level of man, the Corinthians congratulated through envoys and presented him with their citizenship." When Alexander had smiled at this sort of attention, one of the envoys said: "We have never given citizenship to any other but to you and to Hercules. . . . And that person devoted to glory of which he knew neither the nature nor the limit, pursuing the tracks of Hercules and of the Wine God, and not even halting there where they had given out, looked away from the givers to the partner of his own honor, as though he held the realms of the sky which he was endeavoring to embrace with his vain soul, because he was put on a level with Hercules. For what had in common that crazy youth, whose lucky recklessness was rated as a virtue?"

Alexander's successors in the main organized their own worship and that of their several dynasties, with priests, temples, and court-poets — the latter the true spirit of later Hellenism, very learned, very adroit, worshipping the hand that fed them, without any civil or political attachment, bitterly jealous of one another — but guardians of culture! The second Ptolemy made his sister Arsinóë his wife and queen. The locks of Berenike, spouse of the third Ptolemy, were promptly assigned to a constellation by the court-astronomer, Konon. Incest became the system of this deified dynasty down to Kleopatra, who successfully ensnared the great Cæsar himself.

The venerable commonwealths of central Greece more and more became mere pawns in the incessant struggles for power which prevailed among Alexander's successors, particularly the dynasts of Syria, Egypt, and Macedon. Whatever pride the Athenians had in their forbears, they

had none whatever in themselves, and prostrated themselves before that autocrat who happened to dominate on soil or billow, with consummately abject felicity. Thus it was in 307–306, when Demetrios, the city-besieger (Poliorkêtês), wrested Athens from the grasp of Macedon. The commonwealth of Aristides and Socrates enrolled the Syrian king and crown prince as "the Saviour Gods" and appointed an annual priest for the new deities (Plutarch, "Demetrios," c. 10). And this priest was to give his name to the year, as the first archon had been wont to do. The place, where Demetrios stepped from his chariot, was consecrated and an altar erected on it. This Athens too, this much vaunted Athens, was the place where soon a new and nobler school of philosophy was to emerge, the Stoa, which was to glorify freedom and spiritual autonomy, the very sovereignty of the soul, and a certain *contemptus mundi* as well; but the nobler and noblest confessors were to be found, much later, on Italian soil, among the Romans. This post-Alexandrian generation too was that of Euhemeros, a Greek of Messana. He pointed out that the gods of Greek tradition had indeed once upon a time been in existence: they had indeed been kings and mighty men of war of the hoary past: these, in course of time, had been deified by admiring mankind. Euhemeros indeed is the very complement of Greek myth-making, and of the essentially low level of Greek popular religion, so-called. The scrawl of the mound builders and the rude totems of Alaska may be dubbed "*art*," I believe: and so of Greek "religion"; but it's an undeserved honor in both cases: while German classicists have over and over perpetrated the absurdity of actually speaking of Greek "*church*" and "*theology*": some of these mere simply stupid, others more positively malignant, some half-unconscious of the deistic or pantheistic drift which such brutalizing manipulation of nobler terms involves.

We cannot very well conclude this chapter without turning once again to the "navel of the world," to Delphi.

That Walhalla, Hall of Fame, Westminster or St. Paul of Greek glory, revealed the peculiar kind of Greek hero-worship much more conspicuously, palpably, and significantly than any other thing or any other institution within the entire periphery of the Hellenic world. These things are set forth, as they were arrayed in the great Apollo-temple under Parnassos, as late as 160 A.D., or so, in the Tenth Book of Pausanias the traveller and antiquarian. A curious revealing this of Greek glory and hero-worship. No clear line there between myth, local legend, and history. There was a statue of Phayllos of Kroton, athlete and later a captain among the defenders of national honor in Persian times: of Arkadian Tegea, Kallisto (once ravished by Zeus), and the eponyme *heros* Arkas and his offspring, and these gifts did the stout little commonwealth send once when they had taken prisoners from their irksome neighbors the Spartiats.

The Spartans themselves commemorated their great naval victory over Athens, 405; there was a Poseidon, and Lysander, their admiral, crowned by Poseidon, and some one commander of each allied state sharing in this discomfiture of Athens. Athens chose Miltiades, joined with Apollo, Athena, and local Attic heroes — tithe really of loot of Marathon. As a rule, some victory in some border feud or some of the endless contentions concerning some little bone or other. These were the actual occasions for such consecrated gifts. Greek vaunting over Greek, in fact. One could read the history of Greece in that great gathering of Greek art. And it would have differed little from the lessons furnished by their three foremost historians: seeking their felicity in cutting short the welfare of their fellow-Greeks, trying to impose their will on weaker neighbors, unwilling to devise, with fair mind, any political equality among their brethren, painfully incapable, as a whole, of larger construction; jealous, envious, small.

And so they revealed themselves in the great crisis of the Persian invasions, when vanity, feud, jealousy, were quite strong enough to inhibit any real, universal, national move-

ment or unity, when Syracuse balked, because she claimed admiralship, when Corcyra held back to see, first, which side would win. As for Argos, her hatred of Sparta was far greater than her concern for national independence: "Thus the Argives say" (Herod., 7, 140) "that they did not endure the covetousness of the Spartiats, but chose rather to be ruled by the barbarians, than to yield in anything to the Lacedæmonians. . . ." Nay, the "navel of the Earth" itself lost courage in 480; the corporation directing things at Delphi was utterly demoralized by the steady advance of Xerxes. The political history of Greece is a pitiable record.

Of that Greek Westminster, however, there remains one curious item: the famous courtesan Phryne was represented there, also; to use the simple words of Pausanias, 10, 15, 1: "Of Phryne Praxiteles — he too a lover — wrought a gilded portrait-statue, and the portrait-statue is an 'anathema' (a consecrated gift) by Phryne herself." At Thespiai the Kyprian as well as Phryne herself, of marble, by the same eminent sculptor, could be seen, in bold juxtaposition: the model's pride.

She was a poor girl of Thespiai, but became enormously wealthy at Athens from the courtesan's profession. Alexander of Macedon had destroyed Thebes in the year 335 B.C. She promised to rebuild the walls, if the Thebans would make an inscription with these words: "Razed by Alexander, but rebuilt by Phryne the courtesan" (Athenæus, book 13). At Delphi her own statue stood between that of King Philip of Macedon, and although a philosopher once exclaimed on seeing all this: "A consecrated gift of the wantonness of the Greeks!" everything seemed to be in harmony.

But miserable remains the attitude of many professional archæologists, who, with their mental eyes closed, and their bristles up, stubbornly interpret moral excellencies and all kinds of "divine highness" (whatever that may mean) into Phryne's portrait. "Enslaved as to his soul" —such a one is Overbeck, and all other enthusiasts who crave divinity without any moral predicates. That

ecstasy is denied us common mortals: Overbeck and the members of his cult of course know best whence they derive their notions, *e.g.* "That Praxiteles understood very well, to express, for a more delicate perception, the goddess in the woman." (Overbeck, "*Geschichte der Griechischen Plastik*," 1870, Vol. 2, p. 35.)

O autonomous and absolute æstheticism, how hast thou ever perverted and degraded her who should remain sovereign over thee, — the human soul, whose destiny is ever to pass beyond vernal things of pleasing contours? Phryne at Delphi; but in the Greek cult of naturalness she was by no means out of place — Kypris was among the Olympians — why not her eminent priestess among the foremost of the Hellenes? But let us pass on to a nobler theme.

NOTE. — Those who desire wider reading on this topic may consult: Naegelsbach, "*Nachhomerische Theologie*," p. 105; Joh. Jos. J. Döllinger, "*Heidenthum und Judenthum*," 1857, p. 90; Stephanus, *Thesaurus*, *s.v.* ἥρως.

F. Deneken, article "*Heros*," in Roscher, *Lexikon*; C. F. Hermann, *Gottesdienstliche Alterthümer*," 16; Hiller von Gärtringen, article "*Apotheosis*," in Wissowa-Pauly.

CHAPTER VII

THE CRAVING FOR IMMORTALITY. PYTHAGORAS. THE MYSTERIES OF ELEUSIS. GREEK PIETY

THE concern of the varied forms of local cults (so largely making up the whole of Greek Religion), this concern was largely with the immediate present, this world, this life, some gain: the peeping through the curtain of the future. It is the weakest side of the classicist's concern. Lifelong devotion tempted many a classicist to overstatements like this one by Welcker ("*Griechische Götterlehre*," III, 227): "the peculiar religious system of the Hellenes, which, after it had produced its greatest effects in regard to Ethics and Æsthetics. . . ." As to the latter, yes; as to any theory of morals or morality — where? when? how? I have been trying to find out for many years. Still the testimony of the soul among the Greeks furnishes *some* data of a vital concern for things not altogether of this earth of ours, and transcending this narrow span of life.

Pythagoras of Samos flourished 539–520 B.C. Our data of classic tradition are very unsatisfactory and inadequate. He left the famous isle of Hera, Samos, then ruled over by the autocrat Polykrates, and went out into the western world of the Hellenes, Greater Greece, as they called it with some pride. It was a curious body of followers, a remarkable kind of pursuits which he built up in Croton. The charm of mathematics—there is such a thing for the esoteric few—this charm possessed his soul. The human mind (when fresh and young and unwearied by a large mass of traditional and conventional academic things) is constitutionally inclined to give body and substance to its own achievements. In that noble striving to compre-

hend the Universal somehow, or from some point of view, Pythagoras builded a system or a philosophy of mathematics, that is to say, he endowed mathematical notions with a curious symbolism and significance; as though the essence of Being which indeed *we* grasp in numerical comprehension and order were substantially so determined and constructed. But these symbolisms of the Limited and Unlimited, of Monad, Triad, Tetrad, must not delay us here. Or should we attempt now to retrace how the Pythagoreans endowed *Five* with the meaning of definite qualification, *Six* with the symbolism of Animation, *Seven* with that of clearness or brightness, health and reason, and so on? Certainly not.

We turn to the soul. This nobler part of our being is very different from the body. The essential and very shallow overestimation of all things of matter and those which give joy to this little life of sense and seeming, this striving, I say, so characteristic of the Greeks at large, was radically antagonized in the Pythagorean system. The body is not all the *summum bonum* of existence, but it is a prison, it is a tomb and sepulchre, a penalty imposed; but still the passing from this life was in no wise left to the discretion of man, but of sovereigns: divine rulers. The soul has a heavenly, an eternal origin, and its identity is not destroyed, its continuity not terminated, by its passing into new bodies, by its descent even into bodies of much lower order. Pythagoras himself said that his first incarnation was as Aithalides, reputed a son of Hermes. His second birth was as Euphorbos, who was slain by Menelaos in the Trojan war: meanwhile, however, he had also entered into divers plants and animals. The third passing into human flesh was as Hermotimos: this was followed by a sojourn in the body of a fisherman of Delos, named Pyrrhos; lastly he became Pythagoras. There is much in this system that is essentially gloomy: for the Earth, they claimed, as a whole, was one of those cosmic bodies, which refused to adjust themselves (*v.* Schwegler) to form and order, to be in complete accord with the harmony of the Universe; "and the life on Earth, therefore,

is an imperfect condition, into which the soul, which in itself is 'harmony,' may have passed not through nature, but through its own guilt, and which, consequently, it must remove from itself again, in order to gain permission to return to those purer regions whence it has its origin."

Conduct of Life is very much loftier a matter than academic originality or fitness for the consistent and consecutive paragraphs of the scholar's tabulation. The great point about that brotherhood was that it made incisive postulates upon the lives and living of the members. And while there may be here before us certain elements of pantheism resembling Buddha-tenets, still, the soul of man essentially is not free, not emancipated, but it is subject to divine laws, loyal to tenets binding and absolute. "Men must not" (Diog. Laer., VIII, 9) "pray for themselves," personally—why not? "Because they know not what is beneficial or truly advantageous for themselves." A stray notice this in a late and somewhat mechanical compiler, but still precious. Worlds above the current and coarsely material and selfish notions of Greek prayer was this: because in the primacy of the soul the ordinary impulse and craving of common desire and pleasurable convenience rarely is set upon that which is beneficial to the imperishable and transcendent part of ourselves, our soul, our spiritual well-being. No one but the young or the spiritually shallow will deny this. Puzzled, I say, I am as to the deeper attitude of that nobler cult: were they Pantheists? But your thoroughgoing Pantheist will make *himself* the sovereign and manifestation of the Universe: where then is there any sovereign authority outside of the subject, absolute and obligatory for man? So, while on the one hand we seem to read a belief of a cosmic soul of which our souls are but infinitely small particles, comparable to the delicate specks of dust made manifest in a dark chamber into which a few rays of sunshine are admitted, —so, on the other hand, we meet everywhere the urging of the soul and its needs, its future, its responsible government of this physical life of ours. They seem indeed

to have availed themselves of the current nomenclature of traditional mythical beings; thus Hermes was the steward of the souls: he led them and admitted them from the bodies, from earth and sea (Diog. Laer., VIII, 31), and that those that were *pure* were led to the loftiest habitation, but the non-purified could neither approach closely to the former, nor to one another, but they were bound with chains unbreakable by the Erinyans. We regret that we do not find any full and satisfactory exposition as to what is understood by souls pure and unpurified. But we are not left indeed without some noble traces. Thus (32) "the greatest concern in human society was *to persuade the soul to the good rather than to the bad.* And men were happy when a good soul fell to their lot." There seems to have been a body of precepts, some of them of decidedly ascetic character, some also referring to food, and the abstinence from many items of diet involving the destruction of organic life. Many rules were there also of personal purity and purification coupled with much symbolism. Everywhere does there seem to have been imposed the law of restraint, of moderation, temperance, — perhaps we may go so far as to say — of spiritual domination. That these grave and lofty tenets, so alien to the Hellenic spirit (a spirit of consummate contentment with the transitory outwardness of being), proved fair sport to the free lances of Attic comedy goes without saying. That they pursued a certain positive form of righteous living and genuine piety, and not merely certain forms of ritual and purification, may be set down quite positively. Porphyry, in his life of Pythagoras (a very late production, it is true, of a period when paganism grasped convulsively after everything spiritually commendable and brought all ingredients of the past into uncritical commingling), Porphyry, I say, claims that Pythagoras demanded that man should deeply review or plan his conduct of life in the morning and evening, after waking and before going to sleep. I have already referred to the severe and sweeping condemnation of Homer and Hesiod (Diog. Laer., VIII, 21) — poets, whose works had

long been received in the practice of the Hellenic world as repositories and standards of current religious ideas. A genuine respect for the latter on the part of the older Pythagoreans was, indeed, impossible. This tradition placed those poets in a veritable hell of torture and retribution. And here we may well incorporate a passage from Cicero, "*De Natura Deorum*," 1, 42: "for not much more absurd are those things, which, widely spread in the utterances of the poets, have done harm by their very charm of attractiveness, who have brought forward gods inflamed with anger and insane with carnal lust, and have caused us to see their wars, engagements, battles, wounds, besides their feuds, their ruptures, discords, births, deaths, complaints, lamentations, their unrestrained lusts in every form of self-indulgence, adulteries, bonds, co-habiting with human kind, and mortals begotten from immortals." These popular poets, however, Homer and Hesiod, maintained a measure of authority not seriously impaired, for they were inculcated as the basis of all liberal education. The spiritual call of the Pythagorean practice and cult had warm and earnest disciples, but it never made any impression on the Hellenic spirit at large, a spirit not ill repristinated in Schiller's "Gods of Greece"—an ecstasy of æsthetical fervor, oddly incongruous as coming from the pen of a man going forward to the severity of Kantian categories.

Much more popular was a certain striving for a condition after death more favorable and fraught with more promise than that afforded by the coarse cult of tradition and the figures in Homer and Hesiod. I mean the Mysteries in Greek Religion. Of these, three were particularly renowned, viz., those of the Kabiri on the island of Samothrace, the private ritual of the Orphic mysteries of Dionysos, and, lastly, those of Eleusis, in honor of Demeter and her daughter Persephone, whom the Greeks generally called briefly Kora, the maid. After the microscopic elucidation of the ancient tradition by the Königsberg scholar Lobeck ("Aglaophamos sive de Theo-

logiæ Mysticæ Græcorum Causis 1829," 2 vols.), it would be presumptuous for any one to hope to contribute even a shred or tuft to this discussion. But these essays of mine are not at all intended to be antiquarian.

Old indeed were these rites of Eleusis and very dear to Attic pride. So in the "Homeric" Hymn to Demeter, 274, the rites or ceremonial of the Eleusinian anniversary are presented as *Orgia*, taught and suggested by Demeter herself. "Orgia" properly means "things wrought," *i.e.* religious rites practically enacted, the actual ceremonial of a religious form of service. And we are told, somewhat farther on in the same Hymnus, v. 480: "Blessed is that one of men of this earth who has gazed upon these things. But he who is not initiated in the sacred rites, and he who has a share therein, never have they a similar allotment, passed away though they be, under the dank and mouldy darkness." No heaven then, no consummation of the soul's intrinsic being, but in the main a guarantee of a condition after death much more tolerable for the initiated than for those who had not been initiated. For these the current Attic phrase was "to lie in the morass" (*ἐν βορβόρῳ κεῖσθαι*). All the *Mýstai* (the Initiated, or admitted to share in the Cult) purged themselves by ablutions on the seacoast and the postulates of moral fitness were of a minimal measure: their hands must not be stained with murder. It is not accidental that we learn little of the actual phrase of the Initiated from Greek classical prose writers. Æschylos was charged, it seems, with having profaned the mysteries, and a versatile Athenian of a later generation, Alkibiades, the exemplar and mirror of the incipient generation of Attic decadence, actually did profane them. Clement of Alexandria (fl. 200 A.D.) refers to all these things, naturally, as an Upholder of Christian revelation, with perfect freedom. Some scholars think it probable that he himself, before his own conversion, had been initiated. But passing over much of the antiquarian detail and leaving it to its own herbaria, we ask very sincerely: how did the fates of Demeter seeking her lost

daughter have any bearing whatever, even in the elastic band of tensile and ductile symbolism which constitutes so vast a portion of Greek and Roman religion, so-called?

The celebration was held annually in Boedromion (about September), from the 16th to about the 28th. There was a vast procession or pilgrimage from the Potters' Suburb in North Athens. It is somewhat difficult not to think of the mediæval pilgrimages to particular shrines or sacred places. These escorted Iacchos-Dionysos, the child of Kora, to Eleusis. The tone of it all, particularly during the pilgrimage of the distance (some eleven to twelve miles), was not over solemn, but hilarious, and when they crossed the bridge over the Kephissos, the jests and jokes (due largely, we may believe, to the incidental jostling and crowding) do not seem to have been of a more saintly character than those of a Roman or Venetian Carnival. But the further symbolism was more gloomy. As Demeter in deepest sorrow roamed over the face of the earth, with burning torches, without eating or drinking: she, the deeply distressed mother, seeking in vain her beloved fair daughter, so the pilgrims did with much imitative representation and pantomime; while Iacchos really represents humanity. Torn in pieces by the Titans, his heart only preserved in Zeus, — for Zeus really is the father who has co-habited in serpent's form with Kora even before she has been ravished by Pluton. But Iacchos is specially favored to live anew: in his person and in his legend there is bound up the human hope and the human idea of a palingenesis, of new birth, new life, of a triumph over death and decay. The Greeks at large did not trouble themselves much to distinguish him from Semele's son, the vintage-god of Thebes. So he comes to be called the "fair god," the god ever fresh and vernal, new life, new hope. And as Demeter (Earth) and Kora (the ever new life on the Earth) shelter and love Iacchos (our human kind), so, it seems, the Initiated Greeks, the Mystai, hoped to be sheltered in the period after death, to be sheltered and loved by the great mother and daughter.

Before the pilgrims left Athens, the Hierophant made a solemn proclamation. He, the "demonstrator of sacred things," warned all who were not Greeks against mingling in the sacred procession. For this was a cantonal, and by extension a national feeling, a Panhellenic rite and service. And this limitation and national conceit was the rule in the ancient world. Their religion was a deliberate act or institution like any other: myths involving epiphany of some kind, and a revelation of some sort, abounded, and still there was lacking any belief in a religious truth of world-wide importance and obligation. Where, too, do we find any spirit of proselytizing or propaganda? The great structure or sacred edifice, called also *Telesterion* or *Anaktoreion* (*i.e.* Abode of Initiations, Abode of the Sovereigns), was very large. It had to hold the vast congregation of the Mystai. According to Strabo (time of the beginning of the Christian era) it was able to hold such a multitude as an open-air theatre (amphitheatre) could accommodate: hence, by a fair computation, not less than twenty thousand people.

The celebrations were at night. There must have been a stage: for a full view of "what was said and done" was a very essential part of the experience so highly prized by those admitted to be spectators, *Epóptai*. I now cite from one of the best-read of scholars, Preller (Pauly, *s.v.* Eleusinia, p. 107): "Then, before the initiatory rite itself all horrors, shuddering and trembling, perspiration and shrinking astonishment. From this point there bursts forth a wonderful light: pleasant regions and meadows receive us, in which voices and dances and the splendors of sacred chants and apparitions make themselves manifest" (Plutarch). Similarly in another passage where the same author says of the disciples of philosophy ("*De Profectibus in Virtute*") that at first they disport themselves in a disorderly and noisy fashion, "but when they have entered in and seen a great light as though at the opening of a temple of consecration, they assume a different kind of demeanor, become still and marvel. . . ." Finally Themistios ("Oration," 20, p. 235, f),

who likewise compares the complete opening of philosophy with the moment "when the prophet widely opens the foregate of the temple and draws the curtain from the temple and presents it radiant and illumined with divine brilliancy to him who has been admitted to initiation. . . ." "It seems that the Epóptai (*i.e.* those admitted to the degree of spectators) at Eleusis were led in a symbolical fashion through the Tartaros into Elysion. . . ." Connected with this seems to have been a so-called *presentation of the mysteries*, *i.e.* of certain sacred objects, which partly were symbols of the blessings and secrets of the Eleusinian divinities, partly a kind of religious relics. These were shown to the Initiated in the act of consecration, were touched and kissed by them.

". . . At first the conception of the divinities of the lower earth was on the whole one of awe: particularly the specific forces of death, *Aidoneus* (the Lord of the Abode *where you cannot see*, the Prince of Darkness) and *Persephone* (the Slayer-goddess) appearing as absolutely terrible, defying reconciliation, the entire realm of death is opposed to the luminous upper world as fearful horror without consolation and hope. But gradually their image acquires milder colors: they do not terrify, but they bless also, conceal the dead in their lap as a grain of seed, afford a hope full of propitious significance to the crop of the departed intrusted to them, when they send up the grain of seed to the light in the freshly vivified stalk of grain." (An ear of grain figures conspicuously in the ritual of the Eleusinian mysteries.) These statements then are Preller's. We will now go on to append a number of utterances on the bliss and consolation of these rites, drawn from ancient literature at large. Pindar we have already cited in Chapter 5. Sophocles, in a fragment preserved by Plutarch ("*De Audiendis Poetis*," Chap. 4): "Thrice blessed are those mortals who having gazed upon these mystic rites go to the lower world: for they alone are there allowed to have life, the others have nothing but evil there." Plutarch, by the by, utterly rejects the doctrine implied, for it seems no demand was made upon

the spiritual side of man, the mere act of sharing in the ritual being deemed quite sufficient and adequate. Harlots and thieves could come in and go on being harlots and thieves and still console themselves with the blessed assurance of a lot infinitely transcending that of the non-initiated. The hard-headed cynic Diogenes (fl. 336 B.C.) expressed a similar rating: "What is that you say?" said he. "Is the lot which Pataikion the thief will have after death better, because he has been initiated, than that of Epaminondas?" (Plutarch, *ib.*). Epaminondas, one of the few truly great men of Greece, was also a devotee of Pythagorean doctrines, one of the small number of public men of Greece who actually rose high above the temptations of ambition and of personal aggrandizement, and who neither feared nor flattered that, which to most Hellenic statesmen was in the place of gods and of their very conscience, his own fellow-citizens of Thebes. Plato ("Republic," 2, 363) speaks with unmitigated censure of the kindred promises of orphic mysteries: eternal banquets for the pious (ὅσιοι), *i.e.* for those admitted — a coarse eternity of carousing for those who had satisfied mere externalities of formulary and purification. This at least seems to have been the actual current view of these things in Plato's time. Aristophanes, in his comedy of Euripides and Æschylus tried as poets in the lower world, when looking around for suitable equipment of scenery and plot, introduced a chorus of Mystai (405 B.C.). See especially "*Frogs*," v. 324, 340 *sqq.*, 382, 397, 440, 686. See particularly 454: "for to us alone Sun and Light are cheerful, to all of us who have been initiated and have lived in pious wise. . . ." From the distinctive or specific Attic point of view these mysteries and all the blessing of agricultural civilization were among the chief assets of cantonal pride: let us hear Isocrates in the "*Panegyricus*," 28: "For when Demeter had come into our country, when she roamed after Kora who had been carried away by force, and when she had become kindly disposed to our own sires on account of the benefactions received by her, the which none other but the Initiated

may hear, and when she had given gifts which actually are the greatest, viz., the produce of the soil which have been the cause of our not living like the beasts, and the Initiation, the sharers in which cherish more pleasing hopes both as to the end of life and all eternity. . . ." Similar is the presentation of the matter in Cicero, who was an earnest classicist in his day and for his day: "Athens seems to have begotten many exceptional and more than human things and to have brought them into human life, and particularly nothing better than those mysteries, by which we have been trained to civilization and rendered refined from rude and uncouth living: and as they are called Initiations, so have we in all truth realized that they are the initial bases of life: and not only have we a theory of living with joyfulness, but even of dying with a better hope" ("*De Legibus*," 2, 36).

On the whole there was, as Plutarch and Plato suggest, very little indeed of genuine spirituality, nor of a deeper reaction upon the soul, in these secret and far-famed rites. The *circle of life* there was; the symbolism of the endless succession of seed and fruit, of germ and growth, *there was some* taking hold of and appropriating of all this; but as the fundamental weakness of Greek Religion, so-called, remained unchanged here, I cannot see that there was any very material elevation above, nor any radical emancipation from, Nature-cult to be observed here. And just as we, we of the human kind, cannot dispense with reason and spirit, with cause and effect, with time and space — so our soul cannot seriously turn with deeper satisfaction to forces and recurrent phenomena in this world of sense and seeming, which mean, nay, which are — merely the coming and going of matter in organic forms, nor can the soul be content in subordinating itself to showers and sunshine, in turning to clouds and winds, in recognizing the cycle of life and decay: it is *among* these, but it is not *of* these. After all they worshipped the continuation of material and organic life, but they craved not a state im-

material or spiritual; they frankly sought consolation in the very symbolism or symbol of physiological propagation in which man differs not from the lower beasts. Diodorus, 4, 6, says: "but some say that the generative members being the cause of production of human kind and of their enduring for all time, obtained immortal honor. . . . And in the mysteries, not only of Dionysos, but pretty nearly in them all, this god obtains a certain honor, being introduced with laughter and sport in the sacrifices."

It is not essentially different from "*das Ewig Weibliche*" of Goethe's Pantheistical dithyramb. Whether the individual soul derives much or any consolation from the prospect of the continuation of frames like unto its own, I know not; I fear indeed that the soul does not. Here let us think of the last couch, often so wearisome and so woful, and the last hours. The precocious lines indeed of young Bryant are supremely futile; Hamlet's soliloquy intones more truthfully the psalm of death as rising from our human kind at large. It is this *one* soul, *my* soul, which concerns *me*, and Hadrian's last verses truly are wrung from the dying agony of man at large. What consolation was to him, then, the continuity of his kind? A conceit of supreme indifference and insignificance indeed.

All this may well lead us to make some inquiry into Greek *Piety*, into that virtue which in their categories and nomenclature figured as *Eusebeia*, literally, "well reverencing": that is, not merely fidelity in acts of prayer and worship, but a reverent soul as well, the attitude of such devotion and respect.

To pray, to sacrifice in the proper manner, to the proper gods: what, then, was the right manner? What were the proper gods? After all these are questions answered mainly by practical conformity to the particular commonwealth, often a very little one, where, however, the observances of the past were held with no less tenacity than in one of the greater states such as Athens, Sparta, Thebes,

Argos, or Corinth. With all these traditions and usages, the corporation of Delphi remained the court of last appeal and was held an ultimate resort in every question of procedure, and in every problem of piety. "Do not," says Socrates in Xenophon ("Memorabilia" 3, 3, 16), "do not be distressed about this: for you see that the god in Delphi, whenever any one asks him how he could gratify the gods, answers: 'by the Usage of the Commonwealth.'" Even the particular citizenship (Naegelsbach, "N. H. Theol." p. 217, a book to which I owe much) rested largely on having a share in the sacred rites and ancestral tombs. And so, at Athens, at the opening of every session of the general assembly (*Ekklesia*) of the citizens, curses were uttered against the wicked, and ancestral prayers were uttered by the herald. Religious acts were bound up with war, with domestic and family life, from birth to burial, and the calendar of the commonwealth identified as it was with the ever recurring ring of Nature and the Seasons, constituted a veritable garland, the flowers of which were ever renewed.

Agreeably to the character of this book, I shall conclude this chapter with a number of significant and characteristic utterances, presented to my readers with particular care, both as to choice and also as to reproduction. Plato in his old age wrote as follows ("Laws," 4, 717, a): "First then, we say, bestowing honors (after those due to the Olympians and due to the divinities possessing the commonwealth), bestowing, we say, upon the divinities underground adequate and secondary and subsidiary honors — he who does this would most correctly hit the mark of *piety* . . . and after these gods to the *daimones* also would the sensible person offer up the particular ceremonial of rites, and to the *heros* after these. . . ." And from these observances the old philosopher goes on to enumerate the honors shown to the paternal gods, and, finally, to the parents themselves, a scale of duty and obligation in which there was indeed no link which could be displaced or broken by the citizen or householder. And this identity of obligation to gods and parents is met with also in

a passage in Xenophon, praising Æneas of Troy ("Essay on Hunting," 1, 15); "And Æneas having saved his paternal and maternal gods" (think of Rachel fleeing from her father Laban), "having saved also his father in person, carried off the reputation of piety, so that also the foes granted to him alone, when they mastered Troy, that he should not suffer pillage."

The same writer, Xenophon, himself an exemplar of close observance of ritual tradition, presents Socrates in the latter's own catechetic fashion drawing out the conception or current notion of *Eusebeia* ("Mem.," 4, 6, 2): "Tell me, Euthydemos, what kind of a thing do you deem Eusebeia to be?" And he said, "A very fine thing, by Zeus." "Are you able to say then, what kind of a person the *Eusebês* is?" "It seems to me it is he who honors the gods." "May one honor the gods in any fashion one wishes to?" "No, but there are laws in accordance with which one must do this." "He therefore who knows these usages (laws) would know in what fashion one must honor the gods?" "I think so." "Really then he who knows how to honor the gods does not think he ought to do it otherwise than in the manner he knows?" "Why no," said he. "Does any one honor the gods in a way different from that in which he thinks he must honor them?" "I think not," said he. "He then who honors them conformably to established usage, honors them as he ought to?" "By all means," said he. "He therefore who knows the established usages concerning the gods would correctly meet our definition of what the pious man is." In the brief enumeration, in that little paper among Aristotle's writings (on "Virtues and Vices," p. 1258, c), *Eusebeia* is defined as an element of, or a consequence of righteousness, at bottom consistency with civic virtue, so that the good citizens will reverence his particular gods no less than the next class in the hierarchy of being, viz., the *daimones*, after which come one's native community, one's parents, and finally the departed. For the gods are topical, *i.e.* local, says Servius (in the dusk of things pagan and things classical), the gods are local, and do not

pass over to other countries (Servius, "Æn.," 7, 47). "Gods not inferior," says the suppliant Iolaos (in Euripides, "Heraclidæ," 347), "have we for allies than have the men of Argos; over *them* is Hera, spouse of Zeus: Athena over *us*." Or "did the gods," says Kreon in anger of the brother-slain Theban prince Eteokles, "did the gods" (*i.e.* of Thebes) "exceedingly honoring him as a benefactor conceal him (*i.e.* kept his corpse covered with dust) who came to set on fire their temples' peristyle, who came to scatter to the winds their sacred gifts, their lands, their laws?" A politico-topographical limitation of piety we see. And here I may save from obscurity and oblivion a curious fragment of the Attic antiquarian Philochoros (fl. 270 A.D.), a curious bit of Attic religious usage preserved for us in a scholion on Sophocles, "Œdipus Coloneus," v. 1047, *i.e.* "when a sacred delegation goes to Delphi, then the soothsayer sacrifices at Oinoë (near the frontier nearest to the Parnassos-country) *daily*, in the Pythian sanctuary, but whenever the holy mission is despatched to Delos, then the soothsayer makes oblation in the Delian sanctuary at Marathon: and there is observation of entrails (*hieroskopia*) on the part of the sacred delegation destined for Delphi at Oinoë, and on the part of that for Delos in the Delian shrine at Marathon." What does all this mean? I think the following is signified: the sacrificial act, coupled with entrail inspection, is done and performed as near to the deity to be consulted as possible, without, however, leaving the territory of the particular commonwealth interested in that ascertainment. After all there is a curious circumscription both of religious trust as well as of the potency and power of the same god, in his two habitations. One point: the sacred delegates sacrifice, through their mantic expert, until the entrails say: go to Delphi: or: go to Delos. Is it not quite fair to think of the Ephesian Artemis here? "All with one voice," St. Luke tells us (Acts 19, 34 *sq.*), "All with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, 'Great is Diana *of the Ephesians*.'" And when the town clerk had appeared to the people, he said: "Ye men of

Ephesus, what man is there that knoweth not how that the city of the Ephesians is a worshipper of the great goddess Diana, and of the image, which fell down from Jupiter?" The question remains whether the vast majority of the Greek people did not after all attach their piety to these *idols* or *simulacra*, without any elevation of soul towards a more spiritual or adequate object of worship. For the oldest *idola* were white stones, and all the art of Pheidias and Praxiteles did not really divest these primitive objects of piety of their importance with the people at large. With such data Pausanias abounds: see, for instance, book 7, 22, 4 (at Pharai, in Achaia): "And there are standing very close to the statue of the god four-cornered stones, about thirty in number; these the Pharians worship, dubbing each stone with the name of some god. And still farther back in time white stones in the estimation of all the Greeks had the honors of gods instead of statues" (*agalmata*). But in a later essay I shall hope to deal with the actual religion and religiosity of Greek communities. Let us moderns not be carried away by archæological exaltation in dealing with this grave matter.

NOTE. — The great work of *Zeller* is the best for those who desire deeper knowledge of Greek Philosophy, and so of Pythagoras as well. This is so because Zeller has quoted and sifted the entire extent of the ancient tradition with exhaustive fidelity; the most precious part of his volumes is in the footnotes. For his own person, Zeller was trained in the pantheism and in the so-called Philosophy of History of the Würtemberg metaphysician; and the fiction of the cast-iron dialectic progression of human history and human culture maintained by the Hegelians vitiates every utterance with which Hegel or, for that matter, Zeller, turn to, or pretend to dispose of, the historical beginnings of Christianity. Martyrdom and absolute self-denial of the contemporary disciples of the Founder of Christianity are impossible on the conception of a mythical and mystical self-deception of these witnesses. St. Peter turns, and turns with absolute correctness, to face the essence of the Greek religion: "For we have not followed cunningly devised fables, when we made known unto you the power and coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, but were eye-witnesses of his majesty."

On Eleusinian matters see *Aristides Rhetor*, p. 415 (the great building having been destroyed in 182 A.D.). It seems that moulded

figures and paintings figured there, *i.e.* in the structure. Even this late witness of declining paganism asserts the exclusive bliss of the initiated: that they will fare better, that they will not die in darkness and morass like the non-initiated. See also Schoemann, Vol. 2, pp. 380 *sqq.*; Döllinger, "*Iudentum u. Heidenthum*," pp. 156 *sqq.*

The work of Lobeck, "*Aglaophamos*," Vol. I, pp. 1–228, deals exhaustively with every item of the tradition. At the same time Lobeck's slurs against Creuzer are now indifferent to us. We note, however, that Lobeck treats with scorn the (deistic) notion that here something profound or the essentially precious substance of Natural Religion was delivered to mankind. Lobeck also shows that there was no esoteric and exoteric doctrine. Add C. Fr. Hermann, "*Gottesdienstliche Alterthümer*," § 55; Naegelsbach, "*Nachhomerische Theologie*," p. 396, article "Eleusis," by Kern, in Pauly-Wissowa's "Classical Cyclopedia." On Greek Piety see particularly the section in Naegelsbach, pp. 191–227. But I cannot omit or forbear saying that the extant data are too rare and scattered to justify all the generalizations of that distinguished scholar.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ANGER AND ENVY OF THE GODS. ÆSCHYLUS. HERODOTUS. WITH SOME PERTINENT NOTES ON THE GREEK CHARACTER

As I move forward in these essays, I am ever guarding against two dangers which, like reefs by the pilot, must be avoided by the present writer, viz., a mere anthology on the one hand, a quasi-dogmatic manual on the other. Æschylus of Athens, like his contemporary Pindar, has often been drawn upon by compilers who have essayed — foolishly essayed — to write a catechism of Greek religion. There is, however, here, no Isaiah nor Elijah, no John the Baptist nor anything which might remind the student of any prophet or preacher of righteousness. Still Æschylus is really one of the chief figures in our survey. It is often inspiriting to see how he endeavors to endow the traditional personages of the Homeric Olympus with a grandeur or sovereign worth deducible from moral qualities. It is not to his discredit that he fails, as fail must any attempt to maintain the tradition of the national Epic and to refine it, too.

At the outset, we pause for a necessary premonition. The seven plays now reposing in the famous Codex at Florence were by no means the only plays that stern and grandiose playwright and stage director produced. According to Suidas, he wrote ninety plays, of which, however, a goodly number were satyr-dramas: extravaganzas, to set right the emotions depressed or grieved by the gloomy or terrible import of his tragic trilogies. Of seventy-nine pieces the titles are known. "Slices," or "cuts," from the rich feasts of Homer, Æschylus called his plays, according to a classic tradition: not crumbs, then. From Homer he was dependent, and a certain epic

breadth of magnificent enumeration, a series of splendid and often lofty scenes, rather than rapid action, mark most of his extant plays. The avoidance of the mean and commonplace he carries to a very fault. The great and truly soul-stirring events of Marathon and Salamis in which he too stood embattled among his countrymen lodged deeper in his soul than his dramatic successes, and found expression on his tomb in the rich isle of Sicily.

That brilliant critic of Attic letters, Aristophanes, in his "Frogs," in 405, quite adequately set forth what those of his countrymen felt Æschylus to be for them, who loved him for more than externalities. Even these did not deny that in his striving for the grand style he is often obscure, and that while ever desiring to move on the lofty cothurnus, he often fails to escape being bizarre. The matchless pliability of Greek expression is often stretched to the utmost. "A Titanic wielder of words," Aristophanes (v. 820 *sqq.*) calls him: "his breathing is like that of a giant" — his words, like huge units of masonry or pieces of an edifice, are "fitted together with bolts." In that intermediate state between Oriental despotism and between the fickle rule of the mob he saw his own political ideal, and bitterly resented the earlier activities of politicians like Pericles when they deprived the venerable court of the Areopagos of much of its former power and of the privilege of curbing and restraining the restless demos of Athens.

Æschylus, I say, should not be judged by the seven plays alone. There is little or nothing of any ultra-spiritual appreciation in the critique of Aristophanes. Plutarch cites Æschylus very often in his moralizing essays, but by far the greater number of the citations is from plays other than the seven. In these seven, Kypris figures little, nor is she endowed with any beneficent power; she is on the verge, it would seem, of a mere convenient abstraction or potency of our common nature, barely Olympian. And still that absolute bowing and submitting themselves of the Greeks to the force of sexual

passion is met even in this, the stateliest and loftiest of Attic poets ("Athenæus," 13, 600, a); the spreading of it to cover the very giant units of this cosmic order echoes the spirit of Greek mythology: "Fair Heaven loves to wound the soil: and love's desire doth seize the earth her nuptials to attain; and showers falling from the liquid heaven did kiss the earth: and she gives birth, for mortals, to pasturage for sheep and nurture from Demeter: the bloom of trees from moistening espousal is consummated"—pretty and symbolically apt, this, no doubt. But there were entire plays the central theme of which was that *Eros*, which is simply the Greek for lust or concupiscence: such a one was his "Kallisto," a play of the "clefts of Pan," *i.e.* of Arcadia. Kallisto was a nymph or king's daughter there, hunted with Artemis, and vowed to remain a virgin like unto that deity. But Zeus became enamoured of her beauty, *forces* her (see Apollodorus, "Bibliotheca," 3, 8, 2) to his lust, assuming the resemblance as some say of Artemis, and as others, of Apollo. But wishing (as usual) to escape the notice of his spouse Hera, he transformed her into a she-bear, but Hera persuaded Artemis to shoot Kallisto to death as being a wild beast, etc. The guilt, if any, in this tragedy, must have lain on Zeus, the misery, as usual, on man or womankind. The poets could not really create new legends, nor refine those much which had been handed down from the hoary past.

His "*Myrmidons*" seem to have dealt with Achilles and Patroklos. Professor Mahaffy regrets the loss of this play particularly. But it seems from Athenæus not only and Plutarch, but from Plato even, that we are to understand the vilest bond as the central element in that classic friendship. So low had these things been brought: the loftiest man of letters in that state which had been tried as by fire in the Persian invasions, that same Æschylus utters the common view of his own Greek world,—the ineradicable ulcer, the Venus Canina. As a specific and separate personality, Æschylus certainly had a very certain affinity with themes and images lofty and grandiose:

the golden gleam indeed — perfect content with the felicities of the Homeric Olympus has passed away. Little man should be humble and never forget his own limitations — thus briefly may be expressed his religious philosophy, nay, his personal piety. What he saw and what he lived through at Marathon, at Salamis and Platæa — by all these things that reverence was graven more deeply in his soul. And that testimony is fully set forth in his "Persians," a play in which legend and history, religion and political sentiments, are curiously fused.

Politically speaking, it was no very bold conceit for the lord of Asia to have desired to add to his vast empire the little peninsula inhabited by the tribes of *Iavan*. Dareios truly had been a veritable god, and thus rose over his own generation — it is the phrase of the chorus of old Persian councillors — a god: but who knows what sudden catastrophe some divinity may have in store for Persia! "*Atê* (v. 97) for a while, like a fawning dog, will draw a mortal on, until she has closed her snare upon him, whence there is no escape." "When Xerxes was apprised through the cunning private message (of Themistocles) that the Greeks would presently escape from the channel of Salamis, he did not perceive the astute trick of the Grecian man, nor the envy of the gods . . ." (v. 362). Fate was in store for him. It was a hateful daimon who deceived the minds of the Persians (472). To ask the spirit of the departed ruler, the prosperous Dareios, to give heed to the offerings and come up from the lower world for counsel and consolation — it is that widespread custom of asking the dead, the great dead, the ἥρωες, or daimons. We think of Endor, I Samuel 18, 14: "And he said unto her, what form is he of? And she said, An old man cometh up: and he is covered with a mantle. And Saul perceived that it was Samuel, and he stooped with his face to the ground, and bowed himself. And Samuel said to Saul: Why hast thou disquieted me to bring me up? And Saul answered: I am sore distressed: for the Philistines make war against me, and God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor

by dreams: therefore, I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do."

In Xerxes too there is that curious interfusion of guilt and fate which strikes us in the house of Pelops and in the terrible legends of the kings of Thebes. It was bold wickedness for the royal son of Dareios to lay on the sacred Hellespont a yoke, as though he were a slave: to throw into his current forged fetters. "Being mortal, he weened that he would subdue all the gods, and Poseidon" (v. 749). The great treasure he inherited unbalanced his mind. To this was added the "godless spirit (808 *sqq.*) in which the invaders shunned not to commit sacrilege against the images of the gods, and to burn their shrines." Platæa too is prophesied by the risen shade of Dareios: Platæa, where the mounds of dead even to the third-born generation, though speechless, to their eyes shall signify that being mortal one must not hold overweening Spirit. "Zeus is close at hand, an ever present chastiser of thoughts that rise too high, severe is his account" (827).

This gloomy and distrustful cowering of mankind without the faintest idea of love and trust, is also revealed in the Prometheus legend. Of course Hesiod long before had given it the form and substance which Æschylus elaborated in a series of declamations. *It is* indeed a gloomy view that material civilization and the very refinement of life — for men to have and hold, was a trespassing beyond their proper sphere. The gods of Æschylus no more than those of Homer are in bliss (μάκαρες), nay, are often called *the Blessed*, not because they are holy, sinless, untempted, the source of goodness: but simply because they live in pleasure for evermore and because their existence is not terminated by death. But man is "for a day," ephemeral, the latter word recurring often in Æschylus.

As for Prometheus, of the Titanic order, really a kind of uncle to Zeus, he had sided with the new dynasty, but he had been, also, the patron of the human kind, and "filching the gifts (privilege to belong to the gods) (82) bestowed them upon the creatures who are for a day

only." Plutarch, in his day, said Prometheus (forethinker) was simply-*Computation* (λογισμός): man's application of his reason to the utilities of his physical environment: simple even without Plutarch's translucent abstraction: but why the furious ill-will of Zeus against such a share of happiness in man? Our kind indeed are in no wise creatures of Zeus. *All* the Olympians (120 *sqq.*) hate Prometheus "on account of his excessive friendship for mortals." Nay, Prometheus once upon a time had formed men of water and earth: *his* creatures they were, *he* was their benefactor, *he* faced the jealousy and anger of Zeus for them. The humiliation and torture on the cliffs of Caucasus he bore for his creatures, for mankind. Nay, hope itself, the only antidote of death, men owed to the same benefactor (250). It is a significant enumeration which we may well transfer (442 *sqq.*): "Listen to the sufferings prevailing among mortals, how when they at first were foolish I rendered them intelligent and capable of reflection. And I will tell it, not having any blame for men, but setting forth the good-will of my gifts: who first when seeing saw in vain, and hearing could not hear, but comparable to shapes of dreams at random and confusedly did mingle all, their lifelong time, nor entered homes brick-woven, warm, nor timber work; in caverns sunk in earth they dwelt, like teeming ants in sunless nooks of caves. No fixed goal had they of winter time nor flowery spring nor summer rich in fruits, but lacking thought did everything, until I showed them when the stars come up and when they set, a matter hard to judge. And numeration, eminent device, I found for them, and how to bind the signs of script, a culture-breeding tool to record all. And first with yokes I joined tremendous beasts as slaving under straps in order that they to mortals should succeed, relieving them of hardest tasks, and hitched steeds inured to rein to draw the chariots, adornment of luxurious and excessive wealth."

"Nor aught but I devised the carriages of vessels by salt sea buffeted with canvas-pinions fraught. . . . The greatest this: if one would fall into disease, there was no

remedy: to eat, to use as salve or swallowed potion, but through lack of healing drugs they pined away until I showed them compounds of soothing remedies with which they fend themselves 'gainst all array of fell disease." To this curiously enough Æschylus adds the whole range of mantic power and procedure: the interpretation of dreams, the signs on journeys, the flight of birds, their various modes of life, their enmities and friendships: the lore of victims' entrails as to smoothness or color, and thus the implied pleasure or displeasure of the gods.

Also mineral resources did he uncover, copper, iron, silver, gold. To us it is a somewhat curious delineation of human civilization and progress: particularly the weighty place of mantic things. One smiles at Mahaffy's efforts to stamp Æschylus as a stalwart champion of advanced thought. But, seriously speaking, this mantic matter, so essential a part of Greek religion so-called, is of a piece with that religion in its other aspects: a total of ritual things to better or to smooth this terrestrial existence. So Æschylus presents it, so it was. There is an appalling paucity of matters or concerns which involve, or appeal to, the deeper, the spiritual concerns of the human soul.

But to return: how little after all does man owe to these Olympians: they are mighty, but they are mainly feared.

As for Zeus: "No one is free but Zeus" ("Prom.," 50). He is "the new sovereign of the Blessed ones" (96); "a character that none can reach and a heart that none can sway with words" has he (184). "Rough is he, and holds in his hand all jurisdiction" (186): "A rough monarch, and subject to no one's revision does he hold sway" (324). "The mouth of Zeus knows not how to utter falsehood, but fulfils each word" (1032). He is the one who assigns what is due, who fixes retribution ("Septem," 485): "Justice is his virgin daughter" (662). "Lord of Lords" is he, most Blessed of the Blessed and perfecting power most perfect" called, and called upon by the forsaken maidens of Argos ("Supplices," 424).

"Zeus, whoever he may be, if so to be called is pleasing to him," prays the chorus in "Agamemnon," 159. The catastrophe of the destruction of Troy was wrought by the justice of Zeus (526). But Klytaimnestra, too, calls upon Zeus to fulfil and accomplish her project of slaying her royal husband with the help of her paramour (973). The chorus recognizes this universal sway even amid the crimes and horrors of the king's family (1485).

"If the only Power and Justice with the Third, the greatest of them all, Zeus, would join with me," Electra aspires, in the "Chœphori," 244. And more might be adduced: the poet, for himself, clearly rises and essays to ascend to a conception of a universal, almighty, and altogether righteous God, whose Justice is seated on the footsteps of his throne, even when we, the beings for a day, behold but wrong and misery. One cannot help thinking of St. Paul's utterance made in Athens, too, recorded by Luke (Acts 17, 27): "That they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him."

For indeed the minor deities of the Olympian tradition are of slight consequence in the pages of Æschylus, who, for his own person, clearly was vastly more spiritual than the religion of his fathers and forefathers. But he could not well divest this Sovereign Deity of the low and mean elements which stained it in all parts of legends.

And so Zeus figures in "Prometheus Bound" as the weak and ignoble lover of Io, the royal maid of Argos, changed to a heifer by the husband of jealous Hera, chief Olympian indeed, but slave of lust, and a henpecked husband. Zeus, I say, first beset the princess with dreams, less lyrical indeed than the amorous sonnets of the earlier Shakespeare, blunt enough: "for Zeus is warned by the shaft of desire that has issued from thee and with thee wills to join in Kypris" ("Prom.," 649). Hesiod began, as I suggested before, to treat and elaborate with some moral regard the Zeus of the Homeric Epics, Pindar was annoyed by some of the traditional fables: the Attic dramatist stands on a positively higher level than his

Theban contemporary: but the primacy of Homer remained undisputed, the Stoics, later on, with a mass of physical and moral allegories, attempted both to preserve and to refine the Epic tradition. It was in vain.

A little more of the grandiose Athenian must we append. The objects of Greek worship are — it cannot be urged enough — these palpable forces of nature: they are not merely divine, they are indeed the very gods. So is Earth, *Gaia:* "one shape of many names," says Æschylus ("Prom.," 210), the abiding abode and support of life — Rhea or Demeter or what you will: the thing is beyond us: the terminology our own. In the imprecation of "Zeus and Earth" ("Septem," 69) it is really Heaven and Earth, forces correlated and supreme, which were before we came, and which go on being, when we gasp out this fleeting breath. And still Earth has a relation to the dead — it is the abode of the Perished — "Earth and the Perished" — a phrase twice met in the Persians (220 and 523): you may sacrifice to them both in one act: for the dead somehow still have a power over the living, to bless or to curse. Here we must append an antiquarian note — we spare our readers as a rule: Hesychius in his glossary (*s.v.* Κρείττονας, "The more Powerful") has this to say: "They call the heroes (in *Greek* parlance) so. And it seems some of them are associated with ill fate. On this account also those who go by the shrines of heroes keep silence, *lest they suffer some injury.*" The Gods also are so named. Æschylus in his play, "The Women of Ætna." Add vv. 640, 687, 689; "Eumenides," 2. Indeed Klytaimnestra even after death is "dishonored amid the other dead, the censure for her murder endeth not" ("Eum.," 94 *sqq.*).

Turn we now to Ernest Curtius's "God of Light." If the spiritual beneficence of that Hellenic figment had been actually and historically as great as the fervid extolling of that classicist could warrant — I say then greater had been the blessings of Greece. Unfortunately, the cunning devices and the vulpine doubling of the Delphian corporation in seasons of storm and stress robbed Loxias,

the *speaking* God, of much credit, even in the very times when the Pythian priestess mounted the tripod for the proper fees. The Greek legend in the Wrath of Achilles makes Apollo a narrow and vindictive partisan of the Trojan side: not very chivalrous either, in striking Patroclus from behind (Il., 16, 788). He bore a grudge against Diomede and caused him to lose his whip in the games (Il., 23, 383). And why was the god of light condemned by his Olympian father to be a neatherd among mortal men for a while? According to Kallimachos it was because the God of Light was enamoured of Admetos. In the great trilogy of the *Oresteia*, Kassandra even more than Agamemnon is a figure around which clustered the awe and the pity of the first spectators. Kassandra, splendidly gifted princess of Troy: we quote from Apollodorus ("Bibliotheca," 3, 12, 5): "After this one, Hekabe gave birth to these daughters: Kreusa, Laodike, Polyxenê, Kassandra, to whom, desiring to unite with her in love, Apollo promised to teach the mantic art. But she having acquired this lore, refused to grant these favors, whence Apollo took from her mantic art the power of persuading others."

Apollo in the "Eumenides" is a mere counsellor at law to the matricide Orestes and cuts a poor figure in the sophistical devices of that rôle. The massive and grandiose Æschylus made poor work of such a task.

The grave matter of the *Third and Fourth Generation* is brought forward in the trilogy just named as it is in the plays concerning Œdipus and the woes of Thebes, dull Thebes, the quick witted Athenians were wont to say: but the cluster of deep and sombre legends grown on the soil of Bœotia far outweighs the slender production of the thin and rocky soil of Attica. A mystery after all is the curse steadily attending the successive generations of certain families. And so at Thebes: "hated of Phœbus the entire race of Laios" ("Septem," 691). "Who could devise cleansing rites, who could wash them? O miseries

new of the palace fused with ancient ills" ("Septem," 738). One generation cursed its own offspring. We must, however, be brief. Notice, if you please, both in the royal castle of Thebes as well as at Argos the grave and weighty matter of an initial sin and first step in wrong-doing. Take the Argivian dynasty with their sire: Tantalos, Pelops, Atreus-Thyestes, Pleisthenes, Agamemnon, Menelaos, and their cousin Aigisthos. Tantalos (immensely rich), a fellow-banqueter with the gods, in his mad insolence attempts to have them feast on his own son Pelops. The latter, miraculously restored to life, emigrates to southern Greece, henceforth named after him: his great wealth in those primitive times gives him swift preëminence. He wooes Hippodameia, the much-sought daughter of Oinomaos of Elis: to gain the decisive race, Pelops promises rewards wicked in themselves to the king's charioteer Myrtilos: but instead of keeping his word, the immigrant prince caused the guilty Myrtilos to drown on the coast of Eubœa. His sons Atreus and Thyestes murdered their brother Chrysippos, envied of them because of the particular affection shown him by the old king. Thyestes seduces his brother Atreus's wife, and is expelled by the latter. From abroad he, Thyestes, then sends the son of Pleisthenes, whom Thyestes had reared as his own child, that Pleisthenes should slay his real father, Atreus. But things go so that Atreus kills Pleisthenes, his own son, as though he were his nephew. Atreus then, to accomplish his revenge, assumes the guise of reconciliation and recalls his brother Thyestes from exile. But Thyestes resumes his intrigue with his brother's wife Ærope. Atreus now slays the sons of Thyestes and sets their flesh before their own father: Thyestes hastens into a northern exile, cursing all the race of Pelops.

When barrenness and famine visited the land of Atreus, the oracle directed the latter to recall Thyestes from exile. But Atreus only found the latter's daughter Pelopia, then with child through her own father's violent crime. Atreus considers Pelopia the daughter of a northern king and brings her home as his wife, where she

gives birth to Aigisthos. But why go on with these horrors, most of which seem composed by Greek poets after the consummation of the Homeric Epics? The legend of Œdipus is much better known to the general reader. Note here, too, the initial sin, the original wrong. Laios, a prince of Thebes, sojourning in the Peloponnesos, in exile, gains the hospitality of Pelops which, however, he requites but ill. He becomes enamoured of Pelops's son Chrysippos, whom he pretends to teach the art of driving a chariot. Thus he finds an opportunity to carry him away by force to Thebes. This was, among the Hellenes, the beginning of the national ulcer which never healed. Chrysippos slew himself for shame. Pelops uttered a terrible curse against the robber. Later Laios became King of Thebes and married Iocaste. Their son was Œdipus, creator and bearer of woe unutterable.

Before passing from the great and massive figure of Æschylus, whom, by the by, Cicero called a Pythagorean, we may well pause to ask ourselves as to the moral elements in the Attic tragedies at large. In recent times sober-minded scholars have wisely resolved to strip off the straight jacket of the Aristotelian definition or inductive abstraction. I recall distinctly that Adolph Kirchhoff in my Berlin days (1872–1874) very positively refused to measure all Attic plays by that yard measure. It has very properly been pointed out, that the range of emotions stirred by tragedy is much wider than Aristotle's pair of awe or fear and pity (Wilamowitz): there is, *e.g.*, patriotism, there is devotion, there is, I may add, humiliation, nay, moral mortification, as we are confronted with the weakness and the temptations of our common nature. Here, too, we must unreservedly assent to the strictures of the Berlin Hellenist: the subject-matter of the Greek legends was the *given* material of these plays, which the dramatists *had* to employ, which they could not essentially modify.

My warrant for presenting Herodotus in this same chapter, as the second picture in a diptych, is this: This

genial historian, genial though he be, and entertaining though he strive to be continuously, has this in common with Æschylus: everywhere he records the great events of the Persian wars with a profoundly religious awe: he believes in a divine regulation of human events. While he delights in bright and sunny things and a certain quiet humor is lambent around his cheerful and bubbling narrative, no writer of classical antiquity is there in whom there occurs so incessantly and with such impressive gloom that stern and awful *Leitmotiv*, viz., of the Envy of the Gods, the central theme of the "Prometheus Bound": a theme in the Halicarnassian reciter carried into the very marrow of actual life and elevated, so to speak, into a veritable Philosophy of History.

And first, this author was an author whose authorship was built largely on his travels and what he could see with his own eyes, hear with his own ears. Asia and Egypt he traversed: Susa and Babylon he visited, he gazed upon the stupendous ruins of Nineveh: he tested the thickness of Egyptian and Persian skulls on a battlefield of the wonderful kingdom of the Nile, he was initiated in the mysteries of Osiris, and measured the mighty pyramid of Chephren. Nor was he unacquainted with Kyrene and with the entire periphery of the Euxine. His second home he made in Magna Græcia, at Thurioi. Few Greeks had so wide and so genuine an acquaintance with general mankind, few ever were as open and fair as the wanderer of Halicarnassus, to value and appreciate human culture. And here he was far superior to the narrow conceit of Hellenism at large as well as to the cantonal and local pride of the Greek communities, tribes, and dialects.

Since this is so, he exhibits to us in a manner most welcome for our general theme many sides of what I may call the typical Greek consciousness. For it is well for us to examine this matter and it is my duty to help destroy that modern figment of the "pure humanity," of the typical humanity of the Hellenes, in fact, that production of literary fancy and tradition, "Greekdom" itself. Thus

he notes the belief of the Egyptians that they were the first human beings created (2, 2); that there were no priestesses in Egypt (2, 35); that the Egyptians were the first to maintain the statement that the soul of man is immortal, and that when the body perishes the soul enters into another living being, and that when the soul has made the rounds of all the beasts of land and sea and air, it enters again into a human body at the moment of birth and that this circular tour is accomplished in three thousand years. It was a presumption, Herodotus adds, that some Greeks claimed this doctrine as specifically their own (2, 123). He is struck by the fact that the Thracians do not hold thunder and lightning in awe, "but discharging their arrows upward into the sky threaten the God, believing in no other God but their own" (4, 94). The king of the Scythians recognizes as master but Zeus, his own ancestor (4, 127). The Libyans sacrifice to Sun and Moon only (4, 188). A certain tribe among the Thracians bewails each infant at birth, relating (quite in the manner of Hamlet's famous monologue) all the sufferings of human kind, while the dead they conceal in the earth amid sport and rejoicing, recounting all the evils of which the deceased is then freed and now dwells in all bliss (5, 4). Herodotus treats many of the religious doctrines of Egypt with respectful awe (4, 2, 3); he evidently respects the reasons of the Egyptians for worshipping animals (transmigration of souls). He was himself initiated in the mysteries of Samothrake (2, 51) and as regarding Hellenic worship and mythology our traveller had quite freed himself from the notions of Greek originality. He weighed the influence of the Pelasgians who were in central Greece before the Greeks came down from the north. With so wide a vision, and living a little after the zenith of things Greek, his view of Hesiod and Homer remains most precious to the modern student (2, 53). I have fully brought this matter forward in my third chapter. The Greek *poets* indeed were *makers* in more senses than one. Herodotus has written his own sentiments and his own type of soul quite freely into his work: when the endless myriads of the

Orient, under King Xerxes, crossed the Hellespont, that monarch first called himself happy, but soon tears welled up: "as I have computed it came over me that I felt compunction of pity, if of this vast number no one will survive to his hundredth year" (7, 46). In a free dramatic way Herodotus presents his dread and humility through an uncle of King Xerxes, Artabanus: "and he replied, saying: other things more woful than these do we suffer in the course of our lives. Short as this life is, there is not one human being so happy in his essence, neither of these nor of the others, to whom the thought will not present itself, oftentimes, not once only, that he would rather be dead than live (Hamlet again). For the disasters that befall it and the diseases that confound it cause life, even though it be short, to seem long. Thus Death, as Life is full of burdens, has come to be the choicest refuge for man; *but God, having allowed us to taste the sweetness of life, is found to be envious in it.*" It is the voice of the chorus in the orchestra, warning the protagonist who passes over the stage on his raised cothurnus.

Solon and Crœsus — the world has long appropriated their dialogues about human power and happiness. In these legends, Herodotus in a manner ranges himself not unworthily as an eighth Sage, fitted to rank and to be honored with the canonic Seven Wise Men. Solon is walking through the treasure chambers of King Crœsus and withholding from the richest of mortals the verdict of the greatest happiness.

The happiest then was Tellos of Athens (1, 30 *sq.*): he lived to a good old age, while his native commonwealth was going along well; he saw none of his children dying and saw them all with children of their own, and perished in battling for Athens. He was the happiest. Next were Kleobis and Biton of Argos. These were crowned athletes, and once when their mother, priestess of Hera, wanted to ride to the fane and the oxen were not ready from the pasture, then the young men themselves drew their mother to the sanctuary, a distance of five and forty *stadia* (eight and a half miles). When they had done this

and had been beheld by the festal assembly — both their prowess and their filial devotion — their mother stepped before the *agalma* of Hera (the idol) and prayed that the goddess would give her sons that which is best for a human being to obtain. The youths thereupon after sacrificing and feasting fell asleep in the sanctuary and awoke no more — and thus "the deity pointed out (1, 31) that it is better for man to be dead than to live." Threescore years and ten, Herodotus goes on moralizing, is the span of human life: and every single day in these seventy years is subject to accident or disaster. "Man indeed is all accident" (1, 32).

We must wait for the conclusion of each individual life before we can praise it, the vicissitudes of the remainder lying before us are simply incalculable. But let me proceed further to set forth the interfusion of moral and religous ideas in this well-informed and deeply reflecting historian.

The Persians besieged Potidæa on the Thracian coast. But the siege corps was cut in twain by the sudden rising of the tide (8, 129), — a very extraordinarily great tide, — the besieged put out in boats and slew that corps.

The Persians (who despised Greek polytheism) had committed acts of impiety on the temple of the God Poseidon and on the idol. Herodotus cordially agrees with the allegation of the people of Potidæa that their tutelary deity imposed revenge. Cyrus called down from the pyre his royal victim Crœsus, "reflecting (1, 86) that he himself, being a human being, was in the act of giving to the fire alive another human being, who had not been inferior to himself in happiness, and in addition thereto fearing the punishment, and considering that no element of human affairs was safe." Schiller has made the Ring of Polykrates a household word among Germans by his splendid ballad: in the Rousseau period the protagonists of culture elevated classics on the one hand and the South Sea islanders on the other in their quest of a "pure humanity." The Greek autocrat, indeed, had prospered most uncommonly among his generation, but his friend

Amasis of Egypt wrote to him as follows (3, 40): "Pleasant indeed is it to learn that a friend and guest friend is faring well: but your great bursts of good fortune please me not, as I know the deity how *jealous* it is; and my desire on the whole is this, that those for whom I am concerned may, in some portion of their affairs, be prosperous, and in some other portion slip up, and thus live through their lives, faring alternately well and ill, rather than be prosperous in everything. For I know of no one of whom I have heard tell, who in the end did not terminate his existence badly, root and all, when he had been (before) prosperous in all things. You therefore heed my word, and with a view to your series of prosperities do the following: think of that which you find to be your most precious possession, and the perishing of which will cause your soul the greatest grief, and this cast away so that it never more arrive among men."

The ring we know was chosen, cast into the sea, and brought back by the fisherman and the cook.

But this was not yet the end of Polykrates. His lust for gold lured him to the mainland of Lydia where he became the prey of the cunning satrap Oroites. The soothsayers indeed had urged Polykrates not to go. And particularly his daughter dreamed, and her vision was this: it seemed to her that her father was suspended in air and was washed by Zeus and was anointed by the Sun. Her warnings, however, were all in vain. The prince of Samos steered for the mainland: he then went to Magnesia, where the satrap was. This official put Polykrates to death in a manner too shocking to relate and raised his corpse upon a cross: . . . and as he was hung up there, he fulfilled all the vision of his daughter; for he was washed by Zeus whenever it rained, and he was anointed by the Sun himself, causing liquid substance to ooze forth. The many good fortunes then of Polykrates had this consummation as Amasis the king of Egypt had prophesied (3, 125). Herodotus, surveying with a glance the span of the Grecian past, says that the princes of Syracuse alone excelled the Samian in splen-

dor, a splendor largely due to the persistent policy which Polykrates had pursued: the upbuilding of a great sea power. In this he had followed Minos, the fabled king of Krete, and he became the precursor of Athens, of Rhodes, of Karthage, of Venice, and of the British Isles. Elsewhere in the pages of Herodotus we find the following: Pheretimê, the mother of Arkesilas, prince of Kyrene, indeed took terrible revenge on the people of Barke; but hardly had she returned from Libya to Egypt (4, 205), "when she died badly: for out of her living body worms swarmed in teeming multitudes, *since excessively severe acts of punishment are an object of jealousy or odium on the part of the gods.*" But all this and many other data in Herodotus are merely, as I have intimated, iterations and reverberation of the stern melody of human excess and divine retribution and the humiliation of man, exemplified most signally and most significantly in Xerxes himself. Thus we return to Artabanos, from whose lips comes the wisdom of Æschylus and of Herodotus: "Thou seest (7, 10, 5) how the deity strikes with the thunderbolt those beasts that tower above their fellows, *but the little ones worry him not:* and you see also how his missiles always smite the largest edifices and trees of such kind. For God loves to truncate all those things that rise too high. Thus too a large army may be destroyed by a small one in some such way: when God *in his jealousy* casts a panic or a thunderbolt, through which they were destroyed in a shocking manner. *For God does not permit any one to entertain grand ideas but himself.*"

It is but a slight step from this to gloomy fate and to the evil end of uncommon individual men: "*It was necessary*," "*it was fated*" that the Scythian king Skyles should perish evilly (4, 79). "It was fated that Miltiades, once a prince in a colony, and foremost at Marathon, should come to an evil end" (6, 135).

It is God himself who causes human folly: thus Cyrus asks of the Lydian king (1, 87): "Crœsus, what human being induced you to make a campaign against my country and become a foe to me instead of a friend?" "O

King," said he, "I did this through your good fortune and through my own ill fortune. And the cause of this was the God of the Greeks (Apollo) rousing me to make the expedition."

And this may well introduce another theme pertinent to this essay, viz., the attitude of Herodotus to Greek worship in general and to the oracles in particular. In his pages we see everywhere reverence for all oracles, of Delphi, Alai, Dodona, or written oracles copied and propagated out of the past, greatly tempting the forger to modify or to invent, as Onomakritos was an editor and an interpolator of oracles at the court of the prince Hippias at Athens (7, 6); there *were* indeed *spurious* oracles in circulation (1, 66, 75; 5, 91). On the whole, Herodotus is a stanch defender of Delphi. And this is the more noteworthy because early in 480 B.C. the Delphian corporation had clearly despaired of the cause of Greek freedom. A foreign office of the interests of the Hellenic world, the curious self-perpetuating body at Delphi was better informed of things transpiring in Asia than any single Greek commonwealth. Herodotus credits his favorite state of Athens with a stanch patriotism all the greater because awe-inspiring responses came from the Pythian centre (7, 129), responses which might well have moved a community less intrepid to abandon all and seek a new home in the west. Vividly the second oracle presents the Homeric religion in all essentials (cf. Her., 2, 53), the current standard of Greek worship in 480; Athena has interceded for her own Athens with Zeus, but in vain (7, 141): "Pallas is not puissant to assuage the Olympian Zeus, though she entreats him with many utterances and cunning design." I say on the whole our historian is very loyal to Delphi, although he knew that powerful politicians in the past had tampered with the oracle, as had Kleomenes of Sparta (6, 66; cf. 5, 63; 6,75). Herodotus defends the oracle given to Crœsus: the fault was the Lydian king's, not Apollo's (1, 91); cf. the oracle given to Siphnos, defended and interpreted by Herodotus himself (3, 58); the oracle given to Thera (4, 150, 151).

The evening of life for the Father of History was gloomy enough. The long struggle among Greek commonwealths, known to us as the Peloponnesian War, had begun. Our historian was an earnest champion of Athens and lost no opportunity in his narrative to argue with deliberate emphasis as a pleader for Athens, and to urge that on her policy and self-sacrifice the very maintenance of Greek independence turned, not only in 480, but also in 479 as well.

Now we have derived not a little stirring of nobler emotions from the spectacle of Leonidas in the pass of Thermopylæ: the very emancipation of modern Greece from Turkey was powerfully aided in 1827 and before by the enthusiastic sympathies of classicism, although the modern Greeks are, without any doubt, essentially and substantially Slavic. But there is little, apart from Leonidas and a few others, that deserves our moral enthusiasm in the pitiable history of the Greek commonwealths. The incredible pettiness and narrowness of their actual political feeling and aims you cannot palliate nor explain away. And this was often curiously bound up with, nay, rooted in the traditional local fancies and mythical legends. Thus in a quarrel between Athens and Mitylene concerning Sigeion in the Troad, the Attic contention cited the records of the Wrath of Achilles (Her., 5, 94). No bitterer arraignment of the general Greek character is found anywhere than in Herodotus himself, although he puts the utterance into the mouth of a Persian councillor: "The Greeks are jealous of prosperity and hate greater power" (7, 236). In 431 the jealousy and malice of cantonal and topical feeling had made it well-nigh impossible for an historian to allot praise or blame in reciting the great events of half a century before. Thus, as to Salamis, the Athenians gave an evil account of the Corinthian commander, while Themistocles accepted a goodly purse from Eubœans, a bribe of which he kept the lion's share, while giving minor portions to other Greek commanders (8, 5).

The reply of the Athenians to the Spartans (before

Platæa) was indeed fervid and lofty. But no doubt many of his contemporaries called Herodotus a prejudiced partisan of Athens. A severe arraignment too lies in the advice of the Bœotians to Mardonius to make his camp in their own territory and move no farther to the south: and "if you will do what we recommend, you will possess yourself of their designs without trouble. Send money to the men who are powerful in the several communities; if you do so you will rend Greece: thereafter you will easily with poor troops subjugate those that do not side with you" (9, 2). King Philip did so, later on.

In 479, before Platæa, when the fate, of Greek independence was still in the balance, the Spartiats at home celebrated their Hyakinthia. What was this celebration? Hyakinthos was a youth of Amyklai in Lacedæmon, of surpassing fairness, object too of the love — what the Greeks understood that term to mean — of Apollo. Well, this too was commemorated at the celebration. Such were the Spartiats, flower of the Dorian race. As to the crisis of 479, unless we should reject the presentation of Herodotus utterly, they contemplated with equanimity the possibility of seeing Athens extinguished.

It is a custom among classicists to say that the *Græculus* of Cicero's time, of Lucian's age, was greatly changed and had deteriorated from the type of the Persian wars, of Perikles, of Agesilaos, and of Epaminondas. I do not think so.

The fervor and cultural enthusiasm of Cicero indeed was strong; he was an uncompromising Philhellene: but his valuation of their moral character was low: prevarication and duplicity he held were almost a national characteristic: "the scrupulous regard for evidence in court and good faith that race *never* cherished" ("Pro Flacco," 9). "The quarrelling about a phrase has *ever* been keeping in unrest the poor Greeks, men more eager for strife than for truth" ("De Oratore," I, 47). Action indeed was denied them in his day, erudition and rhetoric were still their resources. The Pindaric ideals lasted on: "to have gained a victory at Olympia among the Greeks is almost

greater and more glorious than at Rome to have gained a triumph" ("Pro Flacco," 13).

As to the influence of the gymnasia observed by Cicero, it was bad then, it was supremely vicious in Plato's time, in Pindar's time, probably at all times. Here there was no decline: merely a maintenance of a pestilential evil.

The truth is that the Macedonian hegemony and the development of Greek empires in Egypt, Syria, and Pergamos; the rise of that ancient Venice, the naval power of Rhodes; the world position of Alexandria; the continental eminence of Antioch, the new economic drift in trade and traffic — left Athens and Ægina, Naupaktos, Corcyra, and Corinth in the stiller eddies of the current where foam and driftwood gather. Central Greece became impoverished and lived on the memories of the past, long before Hadrian became the patron of a manifold renaissance, or before Pausanias the traveller observed the fallen-in roofs of many an ancient temple, or before Pliny wrote that the pasturage for sacrificial cattle had no market value any more. The Greeks of the beginning of the Christian era, I say, were not more ignoble than those of Aristophanes, or than the miserable democracy that applauded Demosthenes and ignored him too, that gave the hemlock to Socrates and was led by the nose by cunning demagogues at will, whose cultural opportunities made them fond of dialectic fencing, and whose immense aggregation of extraordinary art had no real or palpable ennobling influence upon them. They were the same; they were not worse, at least. For Seneca is entirely right when he says: "These (inborn qualities) no philosophical culture" ("Epistula," 11) "will drive away." Many of the talented men of central Greece went to the marts of Alexandria, Syracuse, or Antioch, while the old places sank into decay. There is a memorable glimpse of that process in a letter written to Cicero when the latter mourned for his daughter Tullia, a letter addressed to the orator by the eminent jurist, Sulpicius Rufus ("Ad Familiares," 4, 5): "Returning from the province of Asia, when I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began

to look out upon the regions round about. Behind me was Ægina; before me Megara; on my right, the Piræus; on my left, Corinth: towns which once upon a time were so flourishing; now they lie before our eyes prostrate and tumbled down. I began to reflect in my own heart: well! we poor manikins are hot if some one of us has died or been stricken with the sword, whose life must needs be briefer, when in one spot the corpses of so many towns are lying on the ground!" (written in 45 B.C.).

NOTE. — Of Æschylus, as of many other classical writers, our present and actual judgment would be probably not a little modified if we had his entire vast production. We would probably esteem him less. The *grammatikos*, however, of both Alexandrine and Byzantine era could not avail himself of many plays, he had to proceed eclectically. The poet's fatalism, his divine preordination of Sin and Evil was vigorously rejected by Plato ("Republic," 2, 380, a): "Nor must we permit our young to hear that God makes the cause for mortals whenever he wills utterly to injure a house" (in the "Niobe").

Cicero calls the poet a Pythagorean philosopher, "Tusculan Disput.'" 2, 23: "non poeta solum, sed etiam Pythagoreus; sic enim accepimus."

Æschylus's personal political sentiments (Persians, 241 *sqq.*). Athens glorified for Salamis (Pers., 285, 429). His aversion to the rule of a mob (Agam., 883; Eumen., 516, 699). Athens called "a fortress of the Gods" (Eumen., 919; cf. St. Paul in Acts). His Piety (Pers., 454, 497). The Persians sacrilegious (Pers. 808). It is well here to append more data or references from Apollodoros amply illustrating jealousy, fear, pride, revenge, of the Gods.

Apollodoros of Athens was a pupil of the foremost of the Alexandrine literary scholars and critics, Aristarchos. He wrote in the second century before Christ, when classical production was at an end. Personally he was a Stoic, and in twenty-four books presented his allegorizing view of the origin of Myths. The little "Bibliotheca" may be an extract or brief reduction; it is simply a genealogical and chronological manual of data palliating nothing, glorifying nothing, but leaving that to the absurd and mendacious ecstasy of scholars of the Christian era, who are delving for their "pure humanity." Even if the little manual has had no actual relation to Apollodoros its substantial accuracy no one can deny; it is absolutely free from any animus, and the original work, of which it is a compilation, faithfully recorded the variants of legends and the individual presentations as they are found in the chief poets or mythological writers, "as Euripides says," "as the Tragedians say," "as he who wrote the Nostoi" (*i.e.* the legends of the return of the various heroes from

Troy), "as some say," "as Homer says," "as Hesiod says," "as Akusilaos says," "as Pherekydes says," or Telesilla, Eumelos, Philocrates, Panyasis. The following data then are recorded in the little manual, which any one may verify for himself by consulting the index of any of the current editions: Hercher's or Westermann's. Zeus feared Hera and so buried Elarê underground, who had conceived Tityos from him. Apollon, god of light and all other virtues, flayed alive Marsyas, whom he had defeated in a contest of music. Hera flung Sidê into Hades because she had vied with her as to beauty of form. Aphrodite punished Eôs with undying love for Orion, because Eôs had couched with Ares. Artemis, neglected at Kalydon, caused unutterable woe in the family of Meleagros. Phineus was blinded by the gods because he foretold the future to mankind. Poseidon dried up Argos, angry at Inachos, because the latter bore witness that the land belonged to Hera. The Nereids caused exposure of Andromeda, because the maiden's mother had vied with them as to beauty; Poseidon shares in their anger. Zeus blinds Asklepios, because he fears that human kind might get too much aid against death and disease. Poseidon, angry because he was worsted in his struggle about Athens, with Athena, floods Attica. Zeus corrupted Io, who was then priestess of Hera at Argos, — revenge of Hera. Zeus forced Kallisto in disguise, ravished Aigina, quarrels with Poseidon about possession of Thetis. Hera persecutes Herakles through life; causes Dionysos to be insane. Demeter (a contribution of the pure pastoral humanity of Arcadian fancy) became mother of a horse through Poseidon. Teiresias was blinded by the gods, because he told human kind what the gods wished to conceal. Poseidon, from anger, caused the beast love of Pasiphæ.

This was the hemp of which Attic tragedy was spun, and we must not marvel that great talents failed to endow these themes with more nobility and dignity than they actually did: the wonderful thing was, that they sometimes succeeded.

We are here reminded of a saying of Samuel Johnson about a dancing dog moving on his hind feet; it would not be fair to criticise the performance, it was quite wonderful that he could do it at all.

Where, indeed, is the slightest vestige of chivalry or of tender and self-sacrificing demeanor toward the other sex? Where, indeed, is the slightest vestige of romance? And where all tragic situations are determined or predetermined by an inexorable fate and by sins committed by others — where, I say, is that real, tragical conflict in the breast of man confronted by his own evil will alone, and tempted by the daimon within his own breast? King Arthur, Macbeth, Chriemhild, Roland, the political figures of the English Wars of the Roses, they all are, as heroic subjects, infinitely more fitted to afford stuff for tragedies than the low and crude themes of Hellenic personification of nature forces, in the garb of an anthropomorphism maintained on a pitiable level.

Mahaffy has essayed to find chivalrous things in the Homeric Epics: nothing can be more pointless and forced.

And as to the heroic legends of the Greeks, we may well assert, against Aristotle, that there are nobler and loftier things in a succession of human experiences than felicity and infelicity of outward faring: there is possible a greater consummation than that.

For then only do the higher and highest things enter human life, when a transcendent responsibility grasps and holds the soul of man.

Dante thus is unspeakably lofty because this is in his poem. But where there is nothing in any catastrophe but the absolute cessation of these our present animal and social functions, then the clock of being indeed has lost its pendulum.

It will serve no particular purpose to cite Grote, or Curtius, or Wilamowitz, or this one or that one — but I conclude this part of my note with a statement in Aristotle ("*De Arte Poetica*," Chap. 13): "Formerly the poets told the familiar tale of haphazard legends, but now the finest tragedies are composed as dealing with a small number of (princely) houses, such as Alkmaion, Œdipus, Orestes, Meleagros, Thyestes, and Telephos" — a practical elimination of by far the greatest portion of myth tradition, we see. Why then deliberate, with some eminent modern critics, *e. g.* Wilamowitz, on that infelicity which produced a limited standard or canon of best plays? How small is the number of those who really appropriate the extant plays!

In connection with Herodotus, the reader may profitably consult the elaborate monograph by *Wecklein*: "*Ueber die Tradition der Perserkriege*," Munich Academy, 1876, pp. 239–314. Two American scholars, A. V. W. Jackson, of Columbia University, and Tolman, of Vanderbilt, have dealt much with the trans-Ægean data furnished by this historian. Herodotus certainly is inferior to Thucydides as a historian, but he mirrors the life of fairly the entire range of the Mediterranean world of 480–430 B.C., with a universality which is quite unique. As for the polygraphous Mahaffy, with his "uncompromising positivism of Thucydides," etc., he employs a trick of clapping modern categories and the catch phrase of yesterday upon thoughts, principles, and themes very remote. What is gained by clothing the son of Oloros in a vestment woven by Auguste Comte? It is a fetching trick, and much resorted to by many other writers, especially by Mommsen. But it is quite unhistorical.

CHAPTER IX

SOPHOCLES OF KOLONOS

Of this famous author, composer of music, and accomplished stage director, endowed, too, with an uncommonly handsome person, and Athenian patriot, the Munich scholar, W. Christ, says (in his "Hist. of Greek Literature") the following: "To the sweet gifts of Aphrodite he was in no wise averse, nor does he seem to have kept himself free from the perversion of Greek antiquity, the love of fair boys." Welcker, Schoell, and others try to explain away other stains in the record. This pleading and this rubbing out of spots is a familiar process: but why not be inexorably exact here too when you boast of your critical *akribeia?* (We like to love and esteem that which forms the very staple of our pursuits, I know.) He was born a few years before Marathon, and died in 405 B.C., not long before that Trafalgar of his country's sea power and empire (Clinton's date), the battle of Ægospotamos; so brief was the blossoming, flowering, and maturity of the inter-Greek power of that famous commonwealth. Pindar wrote and composed the incidental music long after the birth of Sophocles, Plato was born twenty-four years before his death. A life, indeed, long, and of unique comprehension, a life, one may fairly call it too, of the Periclean Age. Now even Thorwaldsen and Canova have not equalled Pheidias, the greatest figure of that age. Let us moderate the mandatory ecstasy prescribed by the hierophants of culture, the Goethes, the Hermann Grimms, and the others. For while we have no sonnets of Rafael, no Burchard's diary, no Politian's Greek verse, to unveil the real morality of the Periclean Age (as these did of the much vaunted era of Lorenzo and his son, Leo X), still we have not a little of evidence

for assuming that there was the slightest extra-æsthetical upward movement in that same Periclean Age. Of it Plutarch writes with a fervor quite natural in the idealizing pursuit of this ancient classicist (Plut., "Pericles," c. 13): "As the works were going up, works surpassing in material greatness, and inimitable in form and grace, and as the craftsmen were vying with one another to surpass the workmanship by the artistic beauty, the most marvellous thing was the rapidity of execution. For those works, each of which they thought would barely reach completion in many successions and generations of men, these all received their consummation in the zenith of a single political administration. . . . For the dexterity and speed in production do not endow a work with enduring importance nor with the precision requisite for beauty: but the time which like a capital fund has been invested in advance, in the toil devoted to production, that time repays in bestowing strength, in the imperishable endurance of that which has been created. Hence even greater is the admiration bestowed upon the works of Pericles, inasmuch as they were produced in a brief period of time and still facing the plenitude of time. For in beauty each one (of the works) immediately then was classical (antique), but in the consummate flower of achievement it is to this day (say from 440 B.C. to 100 A.D.) fresh and newly wrought: so there blooms on these creations a certain novelty preserving that which our eyes seize as something that time cannot touch, as though the works possessed an ever vernal breath and an unaging soul" (interfused with their material substance). Something of this is still exhaled from the Elgin marbles and other notable remnants, although everywhere in the world the boast of possession and the unstinted generosity of acquisition is not in proportion to the end sought. The refining influence of art on men at large remains pitiably small. Taste is in the main the very last fruit of culture, but a fruit which many frosts often prevent from reaching maturity. Hence excavation and torsi and such additions to the present assets are not significant and important —

nor is there to be found anywhere among men any refinement of the sense of beauty attained and achieved without severe labor. It remains the concern of an *élite*, a chosen body often much permeated with vanity and culture pride.

Of this Periclean Age and its perfection in sculpture, Ernst Curtius once upon a time wrote these words, a typical dithyramb of the archæologist's ecstasies ("Hist. of Greece," Vol. 2): "The art of endowing marble with a soul, in the school of Pheidias, has been brought to the uttermost perfection attainable for man. One still feels the severity of drawing peculiar to the older school and the incisive articulation, but the hardness and the stiff symmetry have been overcome; in graceful abandon the figures lie and sit near one another: one feels the breathing process which moves the limbs, and realizes in the shapes of surpassing fairness which fill the something of the blissful life of the Olympian gods." Particularly in the rare pauses when Hera was not embittered against her incontinent and ever faithless spouse. But to return to Sophocles, who in his own sphere was one of the brightest stars in that Periclean firmament.

From his fragments I transcribe a few pertinent items mostly owed to the anthology of Stobæus, from Ajax the Lokrian: "Man is but passing breath and shadow only." And with exquisitely moulded phrase (Fragm. 146, Nauck) he speaks of *Life's brief Isthmos*, a brief isthmus indeed between the two oceans of the eternity of time past and future, — a cry of the soul familiar to all who refuse to be content with mere matter. "Cutlets from the feast of Homer," — from that veritable barbecue, — we remember that Æschylean phrase of confession. The phrase is lacking in the slender tradition concerning Sophocles, but, if anything, the Trojan cycle dominated here even more.

Achilles on Skyros, the Lovers of Achilles, Captive Women of Troy, Paris or Alexander, Andromache, the Gathering of the Achæans, the Men of Antenor (who fled from Troy), Helen, Hermione (daughter of Menelaos), Iphigeneia, Laokoon, Nausikaa, and so on. We see how

time deepened the hold of these legends, in art, in education, in everything. And we shall see that Sophocles does not essentially rise above the Homeric level. Nay, does he not fall below it, when he composes a play entitled "The Lovers of Achilles"? And Ovid too, who more than any ancient versifier has attempted to turn impurity into *belles-lettres*, even he could cite this play in extenuation of his own writings: and still Sophocles was not so morally obtuse as not to feel profoundly the evil as an evil — he calls it a disease, an evil (Fragm. 154, Nauck) — an evil comparable to children handling a piece of ice in winter: they will not hold it, or rather they would not, — nor would they drop it. And it seems the fair sons of Niobe were a theme similarly dragged into the dust.

The old problem (the theme of the book of Job) recurs here too: "The Beings above should not so deal with mortals: those who are pious should have some conspicuous profit from the gods, and the unrighteous should pay the penalty opposed to these, a penalty avenging their evil deeds" (Stobæus, 106, 11). To be content with limited blessings: "neither married life, my maiden friends, nor wealth exceeding measure, would I wish to have at home; *for these are the paths of envy*" (Stob., 38, 26). In matters of worship, it seems, there is no desire at any point to break away from ancestral usage: the Homeric level seems to be everywhere maintained. So we learn, incidentally (fr. 411, N.), that the Trojan gods carried "*their own idols*" on their shoulders away from Ilion, "knowing that its capture is transpiring."

The recognition of man's limitations, *qua* man: the essential element of what the Greeks called *sophrosyne:* it is the very atmosphere of their morality: loose writers have striven to take over the curiously delicate sense of symmetry possessed by the Greeks and conceive it as interfused and blended with their morality and religion — it is a conceit of remote admiration. For the self-abandonment to the lowest appetites, the worship of Dionysos, the very sovereignty of Kypris among the Olympians, the Satyr, the goat-man, and many of the ex-

tremely animal joys bound up with the grape and all its works — where is your symmetry, where is your Doric peristyle, or where the exquisite symbolism of your draped Muses? But we must pass from these crumbs of the fragments to something more tangible and substantial presented by the plays actually preserved.

The "Ajax" presents a legend whose main features were given, and really had become immobile. A hero maddened by wounded pride, then recovering his sanity, determines not to survive his disgrace and so destroys himself. Observe that, exactly as in the Epic, Athena is the specific guardian of the adroit and never puzzled Odysseus: "'tis her hand that pilots him:" it was she who drove him into his misery, it was she who had made Ajax believe that she was *his* ally. That Greek or Attic figment is, as in Homer, chiefly astuteness personified, deified, if you like: *our* moral sense revolts at the rôle which she plays in the drama, owl-eyed or otherwise.

Ajax really had slain but sheep, in the belief that he had avenged his wounded pride on the Peloponnesian brother chiefs, and still he pretended to withdraw by himself to the meadows by the sea, to purify himself by ablutions, and guard himself against the heavy wrath of the goddess, to gain a reconciliation. But, frankly speaking, his fault is not that he sinned, but his sin is this that he has to bear the antagonism of an Olympian Force, that he came into collision, he the champion of physical courage, with the goddess of astuteness who had quite another pet. The drifting pot of burnt clay collides with the granite cliff. True, Ajax once appeared so haughty that he defies the gods, so impious as to disdain military glory, unless achieved by himself alone. "For bodies that exceed their proper measure, troublous hulks, did fall in misfortune sent by the gods — so said the seer — of such who while begotten of the human kind, then nourish a spirit not in harmony with mere man." His father Telamon, when Ajax departed from Salamis for the war, wished him success in war, "but ever to prevail with God his ally." But he replied: "My father, one who has the

gods with him, even though he be nothing, could gain puissance: but even without them do I trust that I will snatch this fame" (v.758 *sqq.*). It is precisely the same spirit which is in Herodotus, contemporary and spiritual congener of the dramatist. A Theodicee, or justification of the ways of gods with men. The bitterness of the Athenian against Sparta is everywhere revealed: Ajax falls, but the hero of Salamis is, for all that, an Attic *heros*, and one of the worthies (Paus., 1, 5, 2) after whom were named the ten Tribes of Attica. In passing we should not forget how it always grated on the moral sense of Greece, that for one fair and faithless woman so much woe and misery was enacted in the world of Greece (v, 1111). Not less than six plays in Greek Comedy dealt with Helen and her lovers.

Bitterness is not to be carried on and maintained beyond death: the corpse of the hero is to have honorable burial — (theme of "Antigone") — and the insatiable vindictiveness of the Peloponnesian kings is humbled and defied, these are the laws of the gods (1343). How are the mighty fallen!

In the matricidal revenge taken by Electra and her brother Orestes on their mother Klytaimnestra, we have little to observe for our present volume and purpose. Revenge and Requital go on: the royal children in a way are but puppets in the active fulfilment of the curses of the past; and noteworthy is the art of Sophocles here: for even thus he achieves it, that definite and thoroughly well-drawn personalities do pass before us. But while the sorrows of the Pelopidæ have not yet an end — the Erinyans are still to harrow the soul of Orestes — let us turn to one definite matter to further our quest.

It is prayer, prayer by all who do or suffer here. Klytaimnestra has been troubled by dreams and prays to Apollo for solution (644): "For visions which I did behold this night of double dream, these, O Lord Lykeios, if they foreshadow good, grant them fulfilment; but if

inimical, then upon my enemies let them fall, and do not, if by stratagems there be who plot to cast me from my present wealth, permit it, but that I always thus existing knowing naught of harm the palace of the Atrides and this sceptre shall maintain, companion of friends with whom I now reside, enjoying fair days even at the hands of those of my children from whom no ill-will touches me or bitter grief. These things, wolf-warder Apollon, graciously hear and grant to all of us just as we pray. And all the other things, though I be silent, I think it right that thou that art divine shouldst fully know." No moral justification here, for this invocation.

Conversely the last heir of Pelops and young avenger of his father's shades enters the scene of his coming deed with a prayer (v. 65): "But, O paternal land and local gods, receive me faring well in these your streets, and thou paternal home: for I do come thy cleanser in justice, propelled by the gods." His sister invokes her father, on whose tomb she pours the proper libations, and then addresses herself to the powers below (110): "O house of Hades and Persephone, O Hermes of the soil below, and puissant Curse, ye venerable offsprings of the gods, Erinyans, who see the shedding of innocent blood, come ye, aid ye, avenge our father's murder."

When at last Orestes and Pylades have entered the palace to work vengeance, the prayer of Elektra pursues them to their deed (1376): "O Lord Apollo, graciously hear the twain, and me, with them, who often did present myself before, with my hand generously filled from what I had; but now, wolf-warder Apollo, from such (gifts) as I have, I ask, I do fall at thy feet, I pray, be a propitious helper in these our designs, and show to mankind what kind of reward the gods bestow upon impiety." "Hermes (1395) leads the youthful pair, concealing in darkness their design to the very goal of execution, and tarrieth no more."

Œdipus, prince of Thebes, is a psychological masterpiece as gradually he learns the terrible truth, remotely

indicated by the Seer Teiresias: "Thou art the man" — thy father's slayer and thy mother's husband — first saviour of the land, and ruler, then self-blinded and self-curst, an outcast from the company of human kind: while unrevealed to his land and to himself he was the cause of plague, the very curse, the stain of Thebes.

After all, the gods in this famous play are the Homeric gods. That fateful babe, once exposed on Kithairon — who was its sire? a nymph, perhaps, bore it, some one of the long-lived nymphs having couched with Pan who treads the mountains? or art thou an offspring of Loxias, who is fond of all the spaces of the pasture land? or be it he who rules over Kyllênê, or the god of grapes who sojourns on the tops of mountains received thee as a find from the nymphs of Helikon, with whom he sports so much?

To us, I say, the fate of Œdipus is intolerable: quiet and happiness: it is all fate and fated. The fearful curse which the sovereign prince himself utters earlier in the play, it is impressive and makes one fairly shudder: "This man (236) I do forbid, whoever he may be, that no one in this land, of which I hold the sovereign throne, may shelter under roof, nor him accost, nor have him share in prayer to the Gods, or sacrifice, nor give him water for his hands, but all shall thrust him from their homes, because he is a stain for us," etc., the entire land is *uncleansed* (256) until the evil-doer be discovered: a curse upon the fields, and barren wombs for wives of those who remain aloof from quest for guilty one. And when finally the woe unutterable has lowered around the head of the prince himself, then indeed neither Danube nor the Phasis can wash with purification this roof (1227), all that it doth conceal. . . . The wretched prince fared as he fared, from babehood to the throne, — why? — because he was hated of the gods. But why? The Greek legends had no answer here. For Œdipus had ever trembled lest he injure Polybos of Corinth, his reputed father. The misery of the self-blinded wanderer: to take his own life, 'twere a quick release: but how, in Hades

(1372), could he bear to see his sire, his mother too, — with whom his consciousness was connected by deeds more potent than the noose? The end is simply misery unutterable — the chorus feels the fall from fortune's peak to this abyss and gives vent to one of those noble strains of Sophocles which may be called the commonplaces of disconsolate humanity (1186): "O generations of men, how do I rate you like unto nothing, when you have lived. For who, what man, bears greater share of happiness, than so much only as but to *seem*, and having seemed, to decline?" Like a dirge or funeral march resounds the incisive recessional of the chorus as it departs from the orchestra: "Ye who dwell in Thebes ancestral, do behold Œdipus here, who did know the famous riddles, was a most puissant man, into flood how great of awful misfortune has he come! Hence we that are mortal should fix our attention on beholding that final day and so call no one happy before he has traversed the goal of life without having suffered any sorrow." Solon and Kroisos again, we see. Sophocles himself was not satisfied with a disposition of the legend which furnished by no means any moral solution or any satisfaction to the human sense of guilt and justice. But to this we shall revert in dealing with the last of his plays.

"Antigone" is of the same Theban cycle of royal legend — you might here too say: The sorrows of the Labdakidai have not yet an end.

The bold and noble soul of the royal maid who defies bridal felicity and life itself, rather than leave unburied the corpse of her brother fallen in fratricidal duel, victim of a father's curse — rather, I say, than have dogs and vultures despoil these remains. Woe and Felicity — it is all a matter of grim fate — it depends on the daimon: "*some* god" is pursuing the princely house of Labdakos (596), ruining it.

The stern statute of King Kreon, and the higher law: that vengeance and retribution of human institutions should not pass beyond death. A gloomy firmament is vaulted above human concerns; and the divine power

and rule is feared, in the main: generally it is fearful whenever it reveals itself to pigmy man: it is the Puny as over against the Strong, the irresponsibly Mighty. Fear, I say, and Dread are the chief elements of this religion. And so the chorus voices it (582 *sqq.*): "Happy they whose span of life knows not the taste of troubles. For those whose house is shaken from God, no part of woe is spared but it will stealthily find its way to the fulness of the generation: as when the flood of briny deep rolls from the bottom dark sand, when the gloom of the nether sea comes charging on with fiercely whistling blasts from Thracian north, and the stricken coasts sorely lashed by gales utter groaning roar. So too I behold the ancient sorrows of the families now perished from Labdakos falling upon sorrows, nor does generation furnish requital to generation but some god hurls them to the ground: nor has it any deliverance." Whereas Zeus is to be feared—why? because he endureth: "As for thy power, O Zeus, which of men can restrain in transgression,—that power which neither all-aging sleep captures ever, nor the untiring months of the gods, but ruler thou in unaging time thou holdest fast the shimmering gleam of Olympos "(604). It is that vault above us and all its works, under which and amid which we live our little lives. And Earth is the correlative—"the highest of the Gods" (337); "and replenish the earth and subdue it" we read in Genesis 1, 28; but as in the Prometheus tale of Hesiod, so here in "Antigone," 335 *sqq.*, all human civilization and conquest of the earth is still conceived as a defiance and a bold invasion on the part of man; and even though he tame and subdue all creatures to his use and profit ever so much, though he has devised speech, and his conceits ride on the wings of the wind, though he has acquired the instinct for civil institutions, and his substantial domicile cares naught for hoar-frost or pelting rain showers, though in short he be "all-devising" (360): though resourceless he approaches nothing of the future, of Hades only he will never devise an escape. (Sophocles wrote this play at fifty-five.)

Antigone herself avows the higher, the unwritten law, in words of surpassing dignity and beauty, replying to the angry reproof of the Theban prince (450): (I dared to do it) "For it was not Zeus at all who proclaimed this to me, nor Justice, she who has her domicile with the nether gods, she did not fix statutes such as these 'mong human kind, nor did I wean that so strong were thy proclamations, that mortal as thou art thou couldst outrun the unwritten and untottering statutes of the gods. For not to-day or yesterday, but from all time these (verities) do live, and no one knows since when they did appear." The real tragic figure is the king and father himself, so haughty and so sure of himself and so utterly prostrate and discomfited in the end. It is again the spirit of Æschylus and Herodotus which everywhere prevails. The overweaning and self-pleasing temperament of Kreon is in itself a negation of man's impotence and dependency; early in the play the chorus utters the *Leitmotiv* (127): "For Zeus exceedingly hates the boastings of a great tongue."

Sophocles actually rises in this play above the narrow limits of local piety and what we may call the institutional religion of the Greek communities. For it is this very thing of which Kreon is the stanch defender, it is this very thing which must yield to the higher, to the unwritten law. "Thou utterest intolerable things (282) in saying that the gods have any forethought for this corpse. Would they bury him, honoring him preëminently as a benefactor, him, who came to set on fire their pillared fanes and consecrated gifts, their land and laws?" — a very significant passage.

The "Trachinian Women" exhibits the destruction of a *heros*, of Hercules. The loneliness of his forsaken spouse, Deianira, is touching; of stuff so crude to build a noble play, none but a master hand could have achieved it. The hand that drew the character of the forsaken Deianira has deserved well of women everywhere, and for all human civilization, the more so as the matron's place was

mean and obscure in the time of Aspasia. Kypris works all the misery with which this play is replete, and as for marriage, the purely zoölogical or political aspect thereof is not particularly varied in this play. It is very difficult to maintain a heroic view of Hercules, driven by mere lust, namely, by his desire for Iólê, to destroy Oichalia and cause vast misery to the innocent (354). The frank view of the Greek is that submission (441 *sqq.*) to the sexual impulse is the only proper attitude: "Whoever takes his stand to face Eros, as boxer will for hand-to-hand encounter, is unwise. For Eros rules even over the gods as he willeth, and me too," etc. Kypris rules over all, "how she deceived the son of Kronos I say not, nor the dweller in night Hades, or Poseidon the shaker of the Earth" (500 *sqq.*). The worst thing in the play is this, that Heracles in passing from earth transmits the poor girl Iole to his own son Iolaos, to be his wedded wife. The youth very properly stands aghast at this suggestion: he would rather perish, but submits finally to the fear of the paternal curse. It is a mere segment of the legend and lacks all true consummation and moral solution. He who suffered retribution is a saviour of Greek mankind, such as they conceived him, but in the main a being of brutal self-indulgence in the pauses which intervened between his various labors, canonic and other. The current moral ideas of Sophocles are encountered again: "An ancient saying is it of the human kind, that you cannot fully learn the lesson of a life of mortal men, before one dies, nor whether a man's span of existence be wholesome for him, or evil." Always the same. Prosperity and outward fortune being the standard of all — so that Herodotus himself, if anything, is a little deeper than this surface.

The central figure in the *Philoktetes* (Trojan cycle) is young Neoptolemos, son of Achilles, who is to gain from the forsaken archer the latter's mighty bow, once that of Hercules, and bring it himself to the Greek camp before

Troy. The young hero is swayed by inherited nobility and frankness. A foil to this is the cunning and policy of the scheming Odysseus. Happiness and suffering somehow are bestowed by a fate inscrutable in the main: even where *fate* and *gods* are brought together in a deliberate concatenation of phrase, as in 1466, when the long-suffering archer, a curious combination of Job and hermit, takes leave of the island in which for ten years he led a precarious and wretched existence, he utters the closing words: "Farewell, O soil of Lemnos circled by the salt sea, and send me in good passage blamelessly where great Moira conveys me . . . and the all-subduing deity who decreed these things,"—Homer again.

The "Œdipus at Kolonos" in every way, may I say, is the requiem of the old master. And still it is not all Euthanasia. The royal wanderer, albeit beggar too, once prince of Thebes, has come to the spot where the curse shall be taken from him and where he shall enter into rest. Perhaps there is a little of King Lear here too: I mean of the royal father's curse against his own offspring, "that she may feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" It is very probable that Sophocles was nearly ninety or thereabouts when he composed this play. Kolonos was his native demos. In the first place the old men there refuse to yield up the venerable wanderer to Kreon of Thebes. Sophocles himself, with that coloring of subdialectical exposition so native and intrinsic in Attic speech—Sophocles himself puts into the mouth of the blind royal beggar a stout moral defence, the Attic poet gives to the Theban legend and the blind strokes of its inscrutable Fate an ending, an Attic end, may I say (265): "for not my body was my own nor were my deeds; for my deeds are more of the suffering than of the doing kind: . . . And still how am I evil in my nature, who, when I suffered, wrought in requital?" In short, Sophocles asserts with simplicity but as a moral postulate that sin must be associated with con-

sciousness and deliberation — that a higher moral law (Athens even had an Altar of Pity) must shelter him who was more sinned against than sinning. Also, the justice of the gods is essential justice in the course of time. "You men of Athens honor the gods, therefore be convinced that the gods regard the pious man, and that they also regard the non-reverential men, and that never yet the wicked made good his escape" (381).

Theseus (the Washington of Attic political veneration) appears as clothed in that modesty of *sôphrosýnê:* fitted with a sympathy derived from much wandering in his own life he goes on to say (566): "For I know I am a man, no more, and of to-morrow's day I have no greater share than thou." Omitting the bitter political feeling, nay, very rancor towards the neighboring commonwealth of Thebes, I note the following. Trust not the present state of any merely human commonwealth: "Beloved son (607) of Aigeus, none but the gods receive this gift of honor that they live for evermore: for all the rest, all-powerful Time confounds it. There perishes the strength of soil, of body too it perishes. . . ."

The old age of our dramatist had fallen on evil times, when on the continent Athens was fairly isolated, when her sea power too was rapidly crumbling away, and when even nearer to himself there were of his own offspring those who would have him declared incompetent from senile decay. Everything in the play is in harmony with this tradition. If the bitterness of hatred for Thebes wrought up this aging soul, why should not the sentiment of fatherly affection grossly outraged have crept into his lines? Œdipus has just received kindly shelter from the old men of Kolonos, from the very king of Attica, but he is like adamant in refusing to take the curse from his own son: of Mercy there is nothing in his breast, nay, he damns him afresh to the very depths of Tartarus and calls upon the dire Goddesses of requital to hear these awful words.

The poet here turned with tender affection to his native deme: Kolonos was holy ground also, because it was con-

secrated to those very Goddesses of the heavily burdened conscience and inexorable requital, the Erinyans. And here the purifications of the unfortunate come in: they are an essential part of the play. Attica purifies and furnishes a departure in peace to the Theban prince, who has been cast forth by his own *polis*, his own community. There is a moral and a religious earnestness about these rites and this ritual which is significant: everywhere the symbolism is easily understood. Jars of water from ever flowing spring (not stagnant pool), carried by pious hands (469 *sq.*), their tops and handles wrapped in freshly shorn lamb's wool. From these the water must be poured: he who pours must face the early morn. Honey must be mingled with the water, then thrice nine olive branches placed upon the ground, then the invocation to the Erinyans that they as Eumenides (changed into benignant powers) may receive the suppliant: this prayer to be brief, whereupon the sinner is to withdraw without turning around. And when the end is near, the sufferer Œdipus turns his soul to Hermes, guide of souls, and to Persephone, with a farewell blessing to the deme Kolonos and the Attic commonwealth. Theseus alone witnessed this removal of the redeemed one. The stranger passed away in Euthanasia, as in a moment, no groans there, no painful disease, a marvellous end and blessed. The golden gleam so-called, and harmony of the Greek aspect of life, we fail to see here in this posthumous work of aged Sophocles, Sophocles so often distinguished by the dramatic prize, fair and favored by all those things which his community and his profession called fortune and felicity. For the Greek soul aspires not, in the main, beyond sublunar things: it is a Psalm of long Life which the chorus chants, no stout Cato here: "not (1225) to have come into being at all, this is the triumphant position in the whole range of discourse: and the other, namely, when man has appeared, that he should go to that bourne, whence he came, as speedily as possible — this is easily second. For when youth comes on, bearing frivolous follies, who can swerve from the course of many troubles? Who is not within travail? Murders,

riots, jealousy, contentions, and envy. And by lot comes last old age, invalid, unsociable, unloved, where universal troubles are housed with troubles."

NOTE. — The great services of Wilamowitz in the field of understanding Attic Tragedy better need no encomium from my pen. They stand out the more when one views the futilities of Mahaffy in trying to fit things into the Aristotelian canon, *e.g.* "the purifying the terror of the spectator," — words, mere words. The teeming number of superlatives in the literary valuations of Mahaffy, while it dazzles youth and ignorance, is endured painfully by those who read Greek for themselves. The looseness of Mahaffy's hurried pen strokes may be well exemplified by the following remarkable statement (Chap. 16 of his "History of Classic Greek Literature"). "It was possibly on account of these liberties that the tragic poets avoided (*sic*) as a rule the Iliad and Odyssey. . . ."

The spiritual kinship of Sophocles with Herodotus hardly needs any reassertion or new demonstration. Sophocles sometimes filled in quite deliberately, as in the allusion to certain curious usages of the Egyptians, "Œdip. at Kolonos," 437. This in turn should induce us to treat conservatively the conceit that a new husband may be found, but not a new brother, "Antigone," 909 *sqq.*, with which compare the wife of Intaphernes, Herod., 3, 118: "O King, another husband I might get, if God should will it, and other children, if I should lose these. But as my father and mother live no more, another brother I could in no wise get."

As to Sophocles, he clearly wrought with more artistic deliberation than Æschylus. One may ask why, after his death and that of Euripides, first-class production of tragedy terminated at Athens? It was not merely that the old themes had been written into the ground. There is no mechanical or "sociological" way to explain the arising of a literary genius of the first order. The shallowness of the Taine-positivist school in their attempt to explain literary production by ancestry, environment, and so further — this shallowness has been for some time masquerading under the modest veil of Science, falsely so-called. As a matter of fact, the productive soul steadily goes on seeking and appropriating material which it may assimilate or use up in expanding and unfolding its innate self, food for itself but for itself alone, which to the very brothers and fellows of the author may be mere sticks, stone, or stubble.

CHAPTER X

THE SOPHISTS AND THE NEW LEARNING. EURIPIDES

ATHENS, somehow, became the most attractive domicile for every talent. Of course I do not refer to the power of enriching oneself — a power so viciously and so falsely extolled, while I write and where I write. To speak well, to prove cogently, to compose a tragedy or comedy, to write a chorus for men and boys, to be an architect, sculptor, or painter of skill and grace beyond one's fellows — all such talents found appreciation, valuation, rewards, in the political centre of the insular and riparian domains, which the political genius of Themistokles had based on that other base of Greek life, the sea. A sea power, Athens led the Delian confederation, and while she exploited her so-called allies by tribute and certain vexatious forms of centralization, she certainly offered them a capital of which they could be proud. Though no Greek ever, while Greece had a political life, was proud of any *polis* but that in which he was born.

To Athens, in the time of Perikles, converged whatever was endowed with talent: and the glory of having furnished matrix for many germs which came from abroad, must not be taken from her, particularly when her great political rival, Sparta, the perpetual camp on the Eurotas, was holding down the old owners of the soil, as her serfs, with inexorable and never relaxing rigor, and was besides hermetically secluding herself from any contact or influence hostile to, or incongruous with, her own cast-iron set of institutions. So too a son of Athens, though smitten by the bitter rod of exile, Thucydides, uttered the praise of his state in the famous Epitaphios, or funeral address, given to, or actually uttered by, Perikles, son of Xanthippos (II, 35 *sqq.*). Any one, we are told there,

was welcome to come to Athens to learn, welcome to see and view the many fair things there built or established. Clearly the common humanity of the Greek world at large was *not* so friendly to strangers. But we pass on to the much cited phrase (Chap. 40) : "We are devoted to the beautiful with the expenditure of moderate sums, we pursue wisdom without softness" — enough: it is the key to much of the noblest cultural achievements of Athens. Whether sober valuation of history will subscribe to all points of that eulogy of Athens, is quite doubtful. For it was penned by an exile, to whom the aureole around the remote acropolis was doubly radiant as he penned these famous lines sojourning among strangers. Besides he summed up what he loved, the Athens still, in the main, yielding herself to the guidance of the best and strongest of her own citizens, and not yet stooping to the middle and lower stratum of her democracy for heralds and counsellors. And still, even then, precious forces of conservatism had been *truncated* as Aristotle has it ("Polit.," 2, 12); the feebler power of the Areopagus had been cut short by Ephialtes and Perikles. Besides this, a form of people's government was organized there in which a vast proportion of the electorate was paid for some share (paid some fee or other), some share in the government, and the Attic sovereignty was, in a curious fashion, carried almost into every household, and felt there through some obols or other. We may shrink from adopting as our own Aristotle's disgust with a commonwealth which makes the *Banausos* (the handicraftsman or mechanic) a citizen: we may not appreciate the disdain of the scholar: but we must not forget that slavery degraded those pursuits. At Athens particularly it was unsafe to treat any slave rudely in public, because one might find oneself in contact with one who belonged to the sovereign *demos*. But such a sovereign was easily swayed to vicious or foolish courses, the resolutions (*psephismata*) of that sovereign people could override or cancel existing laws at any time — no constitutional check there, no system of balancing forces. "And this" (we

quote Aristotle, "Polit.," 6, 4) "happens on account of the demagogues." Such a composite monarch often acts the autocrat and the despot; the resolutions of the Attic demos often corresponded to the decrees of these latter. One of the keenest and sanest political thinkers of antiquity, Polybios (6, 44), compares the Attic democracy to a vessel lacking a master, the crew of which heeds the pilot and acts together only when the presence of the foe or the rising of a tempest compel harmony, but otherwise the performances of the crew on that ship of state were an exhibit appearing shameful to those who looked on from without.

It was this political society then in which the new learning of the so-called Sophists, and the poetical mirroring of all these new forces, had a free field and swift germination too — the latter in the plays of Euripides.

The puissant pen of Plato has endowed the term of *Sophist* with an odium which is imperishable. Every professor in the academic field of a scholar's or scientist's vocation could be fairly dubbed a Sophist in that sense which the term had in Greek speech before Plato. We are now all agreed that most of them lived by their lectures or instruction, and we cannot very well condemn that, certainly.

The Humanists of Italy in the fifteenth century afford many curious parallels to that older Greek movement. The latter, however, was more genuine and organic — the morbid craze for mere reproduction in the Renaissance differed greatly, and was essentially inferior to the Greek movement which was much more spontaneous and original and dealt with and involved incisive steps in the history of human culture. The censure then and the delineations of Plato, I say, must be accepted not with one but many grains of salt: we recognize the "peremptory necessity," to borrow from George Grote, "of not accepting implicitly the censure of any one, where the party inculpated has left no defence. . . ." This is particularly important when we look into the convex mirror of Attic Comedy of those times: in Aristophanes particularly the

ingredients of youth and impudence, however seasoned with exquisite genius of symbolism and invention, have produced a result of caricature which is often absurd and outrageous caricature. Whoever takes this precocious youth who wrote "Banqueters," "Babylonians," "Acharnians," "Knights and Clouds," 427–423 B.C., at his own valuation, commits a gross blunder, entirely pardonable in academic youth but inexcusable in mature men. But I must not be drawn too far from my specific and proper theme. Few people in any given society are academic or analytic in temperament or trained power — the movements of the great bulk of given contemporaries are strictly gregarious, especially in the segment of those who intrinsically glory in being conformists with a mode, society so-called. So, particularly in the Athens of Perikles and of Euripides, Protagoras of Abdera, Gorgias the Sicilian Greek, Prodikos of Keos, Hippias of Elis — all non-Athenians, were received by the Attic aristocracy with a bountiful hospitality and with an admiration entirely devoid of criticism.

The art of a rhetorical delivery with definite technical procedure merely allowed the Greeks to handle their wonderfully organized and tensile speech with still more consummate force and grace. But *logos*, their own word, a lexical Ianus-face, means both thought and utterance. Protagoras held that every theme or subject permitted antithetical judgments — dialectic was mightily propelled; but the disciples snapped up inferences of Wrong and Right, arguing for the convertibility of all merely dialectic handling of any given theme, which to many conservatives seemed to destroy the very verities in which the institutions of life and citizenship had their sphere and being. His book or series of popular lectures began with words of large and simple structure (Diog. Laer., 9, 51): "About the gods I am not able to know, either that they are, or that they are not: for many are the things which prevent (me) from knowing: both the obscurity (of the problem) and the fact that brief is the life of man." To this must be added the other remnant (*ib.*): "The measure of all things is man, of those that are, that

they are, and of those that are not, that they are not." To rush into the view that he denied all truth or the possibility of all positive statements would be hasty. Some two generations before him the travelling poet Simonides, whose art and profession was inextricably bound up, like that of Pindar, with the institutional religion of the Greeks, this same Simonides, I say, once on a western tour, sojourned at the court of Hiero, prince of Syracuse. When this ruler had asked him, what and what kind of being *God* was (*not the gods*), he demanded one day (Cicero, "*De Natura Deorum*," 1, 60) for reflecting. When Hiero put the same question to him the next day, Simonides asked for two days' time: when the master more often kept on doubling the number of days, and Hiero marvelling asked why he acted in this fashion, "Because," said he, "the more I ponder the matter, the more obscure it seems to me." The question for us is this: did the new learning (together with the physical speculation of Anaxagoras, Herakleites, or Demokritos) have any incisive and profound influence upon the religious and moral ideas of the Greeks, particularly of Athens and Attica?

Of Perikles indeed Plutarch says that he owed much of his trenchant and moving personality to the broadening influence received from Anaxagoras. But the people at large do not seem to have been greatly swayed by the new movement. Protagoras himself thought better to quit Athens some time after 422–421 B.C., and his book "On the Gods" was burned at Athens by public decree. Zeller says the Sophists "lost religion": what kind of religion, and how much? At this point I must raise my voice in earnest protest against a certain facile and much abused practice. It is this of speaking of a Greek *Aufklärung*, of the defenders of the old "faith" or "creed," even of speaking of "Theology" here: the vicious and odious absurdity based at bottom on academic rancor, of speaking of a "church" in Greek religion, so-called — these practices, I say, one and all, are preposterous and absurd. These monstrosities of designation are much employed by those who in the grave and portentous problems of Christian

revelation sit and vote with the Left or with the Mountain, as they said in Paris in Jacobin times.

But it is time to turn to the poet, whom many students of classic culture call outright the poet of "Greek Enlightenment" (Nestle) or "The Rationalist" (Verrall), borrowing terms from modern times in a mechanical and shallow fashion. Euripides was born of humble Attic people, small tradespeople, who lived from hand to mouth. Mnesarchos was his father's name: the profoundly gifted child was born in the great year of Salamis, 480. As a youth he pursued athleticism; on the verge of a definite career he seems for a while to have taken up painting as a profession; the ancient biographies say further that he was a "hearer" of Anaxagoras, of Prodikos, of Protagoras, and a fellow of Socrates. He seems to have been cursed with a faithless wife. He was immersed in the new virtuosity of dialectic and rhetorical debate in which the new learning of his day so largely found its practical purpose: he took up the profession of a playwright as a convenient profession, for the civic competitions connected with the two anniversary celebrations of the Theban god afforded a fair living. In our own day perhaps Euripides would have betaken himself to magazine writing or to editorial writing or to some other form of periodical utterance addressed to his time and to his world; of course he, too, had to dispose of every problem. He rarely won the first prize. His mythical heroes and heroines, whether suitably bedecked with heroic garb or not, were simply mouthpieces of the times of Euripides: he also cared little for conventional obscuration of women, some of his women lectured on Anaxagorean science with a positive fervor worthy of any disciple of that master: but the mythological varnish was hopelessly cracked, and the tragic buskin was a pretence or mask that deceived no one.

Declamatory passages and commonplaces from his plays were the most widely held staple of culture at Athens when Alcibiades was a rising politician and when the sea power of Attica was staked on the desperate venture of the Sicilian expedition, 416–414 B.C.

No Greek willingly quit the soil of his ancestors to lay his gray head amid strangers; and why Euripides first sought residence at Magnesia in Thessaly and ultimately at the court of Archelaos of Macedon no one now perceives clearly or in detail. The popular tradition had it that both the cenotaph near Athens and the tomb in Macedon were struck by lightning, as though the Olympians had thus marked their displeasure.

But let us see now, what really did Euripides do to the popular and political legends of his countrymen? He could not remake them. He could not get a chorus at Athens if he would seriously set about to strip Theseus of his glory or bring lower the tutelary Pallas Athena than the Homeric hexameters held her.

A recent critic puts the whole problem (I mean the problem which concerns the chief quest and theme of my book) thus: "It was the conviction only that God must be good, which impelled him to enter upon a polemic against the *faith* (*sic*) of his people." Very good, but put away the absurd word *faith:* noblest word where it belongs, but dragged in with monumental incongruity here. What dogmatic, what transcendental, what moral ingredient was in these tenaciously held legends of numberless valleys, towns, mountains, brooks, villages, capes, hills, and rustling oaks? What binding truth? What truth? You will find it very difficult to carve squares of masonry out of the floating fleecy clouds of a fair day in June; you will find it simply impossible to distil the glorious tints of a sunset into a refreshing draught of invigorating beverage; the deeply pondering playwright, Euripides, found it desperately hard to endow the legends of Greece with any spiritual significance whatsoever. From a dramatist with a wide scale of life and characters you can excerpt a wide range of utterance and you can substantiate any form of institutional tradition from the plays of Euripides: also, you can draw forth doubt and negation and analytical valuation and revaluation on every topic of life and thought—but I must sum up my personal impression of Euripides in a few simple words. The deep doubt and bitter spirit in

this latter poet of Greece betoken a profoundly earnest, a supremely spiritual soul. Indifference is often veiled by mechanical conformity with tradition, and among many acolytes are found those who like the sons of Eli are adepts in thrusting deep the flesh hook to bring up savory pieces in the cauldron of the sacrifice. No: Euripides was profoundly in earnest and suffered not a little in his professional career from his trenchant dissent.

But the plan of this book has been this, that the minds of the Greeks (as later, of Romans) must make utterance to the reader in fairly chosen and fairly significant specimens of their own literature.

And the ninety-two plays were turned out very rapidly, of course, and they constitute no system of thought or conduct. I find that there is given no preordained order of sequence here; we must choose as best we may. Euripides was, in his day and for his time, an intensely modern man, and modernity was writ large over his plays.

The Delphi, too, is the Delphi of 440 B.C., filled with art works, so that a visitor will spend three days in viewing them ("Androm.," 1086). Ulysses is a cunning popular orator who sways the multitude ("Hecuba," 131); this is the honor to which he aspires (*ib.*, 254). Euripides at all points projects his present into the legends — whereby the disharmony permeating his works became still greater.

The dialectical and oratorical performances of his heroes and heroines could have been spoken in Attic *ekklesia* or *Bulê* (popular assembly or in the Council) without changing word or phrase or the particular pitch or coloring of the discourse.

This would enable any one to gather theses quite antithetical, on almost any given subject, — the very unsettling process, the very fermentation of minds then going on is brought home to us. These encounters often grate harshly on our moral feeling, as when King Admetos demonstrates to his father that the latter should have died instead of the king's wife, Alkestis — with the father's rejoinder: it is grossly unnatural, though good controversial exercise. Similarly the wordy encounter between the Trojan exile-

queen Andromache and the Grecian young queen Hermioné: they hurl demonstrations at each other like young collegians at a debating club, say at Bryn Mawr or Wellesley; later on in the same play Menelaos, a king of men in the old epic, figures as a malignant and unscrupulous sophist. If Aspasia impressed the Periclean Age as an emancipated woman, the Electras, Helenas, Medeas, Melanippas, on the stage of this ultra-modern playwright, impressed that age no less so. But to proceed.

We find, indeed, also, the old common and traditional ground of life and conduct. "It is not an ancestral law, that fathers should die for their children, it is not Greek" ("Alkestis," 682). The sweetness of revenge: "What is the wiser, and what is the fairer prize at the hands of the Gods among mortals, than to firmly hold the more powerful hand above the peak of your personal foes?" ("Bacchæ," 877). The humanity of this man of letters is limited by many things — one, his profound hatred for Sparta: "O hateful most of men to all mankind, ye residents of Sparta, tricky councillors, the lords of lies, devisers of trouble, your way the wriggling serpent's way, no soundness there . . ." ("Androm.," 442). The gymnastic displays of the Spartan girls are not reconcilable with the proper virtues of modest womanhood (*ib.*, 595). The poet utters the common boast of Attic men, the atmosphere and climate, so exquisitely tempered between the extremes, the common mart for all the products of Europe and of Asia (Fragm. 971). But we meet also the note of the citizen of the world (later on so bravely urged by the Stoics): "every air the eagle can traverse; and every land a fatherland to noble souls" (Fragm. 1034). And: "nature is the fatherland for every man's pedigree" (Fragm. 1050). Athens is called "Pallas's holy city . . ." ("Electra," 1319), rich in manifold worship of the gods as Sophocles testifies in 405, no less than St. Paul did, much later, in the time of the emperor Claudius, I believe.

A citizen of any Greek commonwealth owed everything to his particular land and little particular state: there was no law of right living higher than this obligation: so

Theseus ("Heraklidæ," 826) called his fellow-citizens "that they must succor the soil that gave them sustenance, that gave them birth. . . ." It is a statute of all the Grecian world to abstain from deeds unseemly to the corpses of the dead: it is the fair observance of such laws of Greek civilization which preserves the commonwealths of men . . . ("Supplices," 311). Similarly: "Three virtues are, my child, in which thou must train thyself, to honor the gods, and the parents that reared thee, and the common laws of Greece; and doing this thou'lt have the wreath of good repute always" (Fragm. 219).

So too we meet again that Greek holding of a local and tutelary god or goddess, which we may reckon among the political sentiments powerful in the various commonwealths to the very end. The stranger who by force tries to carry away suppliants from Attic soil, dishonors the gods of Attica ("Heraklid.," 78). Or again: "Gods not inferior to the gods of Argos have we for our allies, my lord: for these does Hera captain, spouse of Zeus, and us, Athena. And I do say that with a view of faring well this too have we on our side, to get the better gods: for Pallas never will endure defeat" (*ib.*, 347). And so the chorus during the battle prays to Athena, whose is the soil and commonwealth of which she is "mother and mistress and guardian" (*ib.*, 770). When a man is exiled he is barred from his paternal gods (*ib.*, 877). If there were no other rôle, then indeed the playwright of the new learning would never have excited the ire of the conservatives. But let us see farther. The envy of the gods, the limited and unstable happiness of man: this too we can abundantly verify. When Hercules delivers to King Admetos the latter's queen recovered from death, he says: "(There) You have her. And may there not arise *some* envy of the gods" ("Alk.," 1135). To Andromache (v. 100): "One never should call any mortal happy before you've seen the last day of the man deceased, how he has crossed entire the realm of light and will arrive below." Or again: "Therefore let no evil-doer, if well he runs the first part of the course, seem to me to gain victorious ver-

dict, before he reaches the line of goal and make the runner's turn where life is ended" ("El.," 953). Similarly he says in the "Supplices" (270): "Nothing exists that prospers to the end." "The deity doth overturn again all things . . ." (331). "Wrestling bouts make up our life: some prosper soon, some once again, and other mortals have so done. The Power above has wanton sport: from the unfortunate he receives honors that the former may have a stroke of fortune: and the prosperous, dreading to leave this vital breath, extols high" (the power above, 552). The essence of prayer there, which was exclusively concerned with worldly welfare, not at all with any spiritual concerns. Nothing more vacillating than human fortune: "One man was prosperous once, but that did God conceal from those who once did shine: nods livelihood, nods fortune, unstable as the breath of breezes" (Fragm. 152). "For many a day have I been looking into mortals' fortunes, how readily they do shift about: for who has fallen stands upright, and he who erst did prosper, has a fall" (Fragm. 264). "For all mankind and not for us alone, either immediately or in the course of time, the power above (daimon) trips up their lives, and no one prospers through the end" (275). More grave and gloomy still: "I do declare it best of all — what all the world repeats — best of all for mortal man not to have been born at all" (287) (cf. 900). "Never should one reckon likely that a wicked man's prosperity and contemptuous felicity are firmly founded, nor the generation of the unrighteous: for Time that knows no sire brings on the measurements of justice, and shows the wickedness of men to me" (305). "You see the princes waxed powerful through large causes, how little are the things that trip them up, and a single day takes down the one from high, and puts aloft the other. A winged thing is wealth: for those who had it once, these I behold, prostrate on their backs, fallen from their hopes" (424). "Prosperity I nowhere rate 'mong mortal men, which God wipes out more easily than a painting" (621).

Life and death are the central theme of the "Alkestis" —

the commonplaces of helpless humanity everywhere recur there: "No thing is there more precious than life" (301). "Time will soften thy grief, the one who died is nothing" (381). "Thou must perceive that dying is the due for all of us" (418). Shorn locks, black garb, were symbols: and even horses' manes were sometimes shorn (427). "May the earth fall lightly upon thee, lady . . ." (463). "The time below I reckon long, and living, little: but still 'tis sweet . . ." (692).

"May graciously the nether Hermes and Hades receive thee: *and if the good have some advantage there, mayest thou share in these and have thy seat with Pluto's bride*" (743). And so the heroic trencherman Hercules himself is made to say: "to die . . . it is the due of mortals all, nor is there any mortal man who fully knows the morrow, whether he will live: for Fortune's lot is all obscure what path 'twill take: one cannot teach it, cannot capture it by skill of craft. When this you've heard and learned from me, enjoy thyself, drink, do rate the life from day to day thine own — the rest, of Fortune's sphere." Curious son of Zeus, this *viveur*, and erstwhile heroic saviour of mankind.

And here we may well begin to inquire more closely how this earnest soul, Euripides, began to turn his back upon the legends of the gods of Greece. Neoptolemos, son of Achilles, is slain in the very sanctuary of Apollo at Delphi: after completing his report the messenger goes on to say ("Androm.," 1161): "such things the Lord who gives oracles to the others, the judge for all mankind of what is righteous, such things he wrought on Achilles's son who paid the penalty, and Apollo made remembrance, like a wicked man, of ancient feuds, . . . how then can he be wise? . . ." The gods are concerned for Troy, "although it fell through Pallas's eagerness" (*ib.*, 1252). In the "Helena," Euripides adopts the palinody of Stesichoros, viz., that the real Helena was translated to Egypt during the Trojan war, which was fought for a mere shadow or image . . . and the chorus passes on to utter these words (v. 1137): "What is God or not-God or the

intermediate substance, what mortal man will say that he having searched has found the farthest limit (a mortal man I say), who beholds the affairs of the gods bounding hitherward and again thitherward and again (in another direction) with contradictory and unhoped for strokes of fortune?" Better no existence after death: "Let these things" (says the maiden Makaria, "Heraklidæ," 591), "be for me precious things in place of children and of virgin espousal, if there is anything underground. Still, may indeed there be not anything. For if even there we mortals that have died shall have cares, I do not know whither I shall turn. For dying is believed to be the greatest remedy for troubles."

Hercules really caught the Nemean lion in a trap and then claimed to have throttled him by his mighty arms — this in a hostile argument in the mouth of a persecutor ("Hercules Furens," 153).

So Amphitruo challenges the very Zeus, who had occupied his bed, for loyalty and devotion to his own offspring (*ib.*, 339). "If the gods had intelligence and wisdom, as men do judge, a twofold measure of the bloom of youth would bear off, conspicuous seal of their goodness, all those who have a share of the latter: but after death again into beams of Sun they would go for a twofold measure of a course of life. But the ill-born would have a single span of life, and thereby it were possible to recognize the evil and the good among men . . . but now no clearly appearing definition is there from the gods for the good men and the wicked ones . . ." still the general Greek idea that piety is concerned chiefly with prosperity — physical and worldly blessings the chief or sole end of worship and religious concern . . . (*ib.*, v. 655). We see that Euripides, as a man of letters, if not of personal conviction, brings in the Pythagorean notion of a rebirth. Further on in this same play Theseus, when he ponders on the woes of Hercules as due to the rancor of Hera, broadens out into the general observation (1313): "No mortal man is free from corruption in his fortunes, no God, if indeed the *legends of the poets are not false*

(confirmation again of Her., 2, 53): did they not seek one another's couch in unions which no law permits? Did they not cast in chains disgraceful their own fathers for the sake of autocratic power? But still Olympus is their domicile and they endure the fact that they have sinned."

So the temple-servant Ion, fruit of a secret amour of Apollo, is puzzled as to the righteousness of the prophetic God. A few fragments may be added for further illustration of this theme: and chiefly it is the ancient *crux* of questioning souls: successful evil (Fragm. 228): "Does any one really say that there are gods in heaven? They are not, no indeed, unless one foolishly would resort to the ancient legend. . . . I do declare that autocratic power kills very many men, and confiscates their wealth, and does transgress its oaths in sacking towns; and doing this has more prosperity than those who live in peaceful piety, day by day. . ." (Fragm. 294). "But I would have you know, if gods some shameful deed perform, they are not gods." That Euripides was compelled by sheer necessity to retract certain lines, uttered before twenty thousand Attic hearers — as of the paternity of Hercules — is quite credible (*v.* Fragm. 594).

But further: "See ye, how 'tis fair among the gods, too, to gain lucre: and that God is most admired who holds the greatest amount of gold in his temples . . ." (792).

Clearly in his own deep conviction Euripides held the higher view of divine goodness and moral nobility, widely divergent from the crude figures of the tradition, gigantic forces of whim or self-indulgence to be cajoled and feared. Hercules is the mouthpiece of the dramatist-philosopher (as Clement of Alexandria aptly calls him) when he says ("Hercul. Fur.," 1345): "I neither hold that the gods love couches that Justice would prohibit, and that they clap fetters on hands, I neither have ever held a proper thing to credit, nor will I ever be persuaded, that one God has become the master of another. *For God* (ὁ θεός) *if indeed he is rightly God, is in need of nothing:* these are the wretched tales of poets." Who will not here turn

to the discourse of St. Paul spoken at Athens (Acts 17, 25): "Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything. . . ." And the positive asseveration that there is a Deity (Fragm. 905): "Who seeing these things does not perceive God with his intelligence, and casts far away the tortuous deception of the scientists delving in things above, whose pernicious tongue casts forth at random concerning things non-apparent. . . ." But perhaps divine things are beyond human comprehension (Fragm. 925): "By many shapes of wise conceits the gods do trip us up, for in their essence they are stronger than we." We must never lose sight of the fact that the dialectic and argumentative itch in Euripides was so strong that positive and negative theses may be cited on the gravest matters: while the essential dissent from the legends of the poets was palpable enough and felt strongly by his contemporaries.

But we must, further, make some selection from the very numerous passages in which Euripides puts forward his moral postulates. The central idea for him is *Dike*, Justice. Orestes says ("El.," 583): "or one must no longer believe in Gods, if injustice will outrank justice . . ." and (*ib.*,771): "Ye gods, and Justice that seest all things, at last hast thou come." Elsewhere (102 *sqq.*, "Heraklid.") the gods will not permit suppliants to be torn from their altars, "for puissant Justice will not suffer this. . . ." "Comest thou, hateful person? did Justice capture thee in time . . . ?" (*ib.*, 941) "if Justice is still pleasing to the Gods" ("Hercul. Fur.," 813). "One thing alone I need, to have the gods, all those who reverence Justice" ("Suppl.," 594). The moral law is no less binding for gods as for men: "For whatever mortal man is wicked in his being, him the gods do punish. How then 'tis just that you shall write the statutes for mortal man, and then yourself be burdened with the charge of transgressing the laws?" ("Ion," 440). "Of Justice they do say she is a child of Time, and she points out all those of us who are not evil" (Fragm. 223). "For I see that in time Justice brings all things to light

for mortals" (Fragm. 550). "When I do see the fall of wicked men, then I do say there is a race of powers above" (Fragm. 581). "One righteous man outweighs innumerable hosts of those who are not just, for he doth get the deity and Justice for his allies" (Fragm. 588). "The sphere of Gods is not unjust: but among wicked men these things are sore and sick and so have much confusion" (609). "But whoever of mortals commits some evil thing from day to day and thinks he doth escape the notice of the gods, he entertains a bad conceit and is taken in this same conceit: when Justice happens keeping leisure, he (suddenly) does pay the penalty for the evils he began" (832). "Dost thou believe the gods are indulgent, whenever one would by an oath escape from death, or the prison or the woes of hostile violence or share a mansion with children who slew their own sire? either they (the gods) are more unintelligent than mortal men, or they consider random, likely things as valued higher than Justice" (1030). He would deny the right of asylum to the wicked (1036). The submission of children to their father *is* justice" (*i.e.* a form of righteousness, 111).

As to Euripides's view of the creation, it seemed fairly established that he was greatly impressed by Anaxagoras. At least he sought from that thinker on organic life to acquire or appropriate some adequate or satisfying conception of how life and order came from chaos and out of the primitive mixture of all elements of being, through the powerful action of Mind, Spirit, or Intelligence (*Nous*), which brought the homogeneous elements together. The poetical narrative of Hesiod should not by us be conceived as a little manual of "belief" or "creed": there was no abandonment of such in any attempt to comprehend this universe. Neither the commonwealth nor the institutional ritual of the same took any definite ground with reference to such problems. It is possible that the dramatist-philosopher sought to enthrone the Active Spirit or Intelligence of the Ionic thinker as a veritable creator worthy

of reverent acclamation and worship. "Thee, self-sprung, who, in ethereal revolution didst involve the creation of all things, about whom is light, about whom dusky night with varied tints, and the infinite array of constellations perpetually performs its choric movement . . ." (596). "Great Earth and Ether of Zeus the begetter of men and of gods, and she, conceiving the dripping globules of moisture gives birth to mortals, gives birth to food and tribes of beasts, whence not unjustly she has been deemed the Mother of all. And those things which spring from earth, to earth they do recede; but those that budded from ethereal sperm, to heaven's firmament again they go and nothing dies of what eventuates in being, but separated one from the other displays another shape" (836). "Beholdest thou on high this boundless ether that also does compass about the Earth in fluid embrace? This deem thou Zeus, this hold thou God" (935; cf. 938, 975). "Happy the man who got the learning of searching enquiry, neither setting out for harm to citizens, nor to unrighteous deeds, but fully viewing the unaging order of immortal nature, where and how it was builded. Such minds are never beset with design of evil deeds" (902). The fervor of the poet needs no emphasis from the present writer.

There are two heroes in the plays of Euripides who are distinguished by chastity, Bellerophontes of Corinth, and Hippolytos at Troezen, the son of Theseus. Chastity was no moral postulate among the Greeks at large, it is to them a startling and utterly remarkable phenomenon in the sphere of conduct — a *prodigium*. There is a keen observation (in Fragm. 132) that Eros is indeed the autocrat of gods and men and that he is malignant in this: he emphasizes comeliness but leaves the lovers often in the lurch of their own passion. . . . Love "loves to rule the worst part of our mind" (139). On the whole there seems to be no diminution in the worship of Eros, *i.e.* the unquestioning and unconditional submission to this impulse, there seems to be not any advance whatever from the low level of Homer — nay a grave deterioration and decadence;

cf. Fragm. 271. No worshipper is greater or better than his gods. It strikes *us* as uncouth or incongruous that the "Hippolytos" presents Kypris and Artemis as two forces, equally divine: clearly Unchastity vastly stronger than the Goddess of Chastity, they maintaining a curious neutrality towards one another. Clearly it is the current conviction of the Greek people which the old nurse of queen Phaidra utters (451): "All those who have the writings of the men of old, and who themselves are ever conversant with learned lore, they know that once upon a time Zeus was enamoured to unite with Semele, that once upon a time the radiant Aurora carried off Kephalos to dwell among the gods, for sake of love's desire . . . if among thy deeds the good outweigh the evil — thou art but human — thou wouldst fare right well" (471). Did the devotees of the Orphic ritual, an esoteric creed, lead a purer life? Was chastity at all a part of their religion? Hippolytos indeed is so classified by the poet's determination (952 *sqq.*). Hippolytos has a "virgin soul" (1007), but his tragic death is half explained by his stubbornness and pride: one cannot, in all fairness, avoid the general conclusion that it is folly to resist these appetites; and there is simply no highway nor path from this *Weltanschauung* to that other one, expressed, *e.g.*, in these words (I Cor. 9, 25): "And every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things. Now they (at the Isthmian games, *e.g.*) do it, to obtain a corruptible crown; but we an incorruptible." Or again: "What! know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you, which ye have of God, and ye are not your own?" (I Cor. 6, 19). And the *hierodules* of Corinth were an integral part of that "service" of that Kypris who in the "Hippolytos" of Euripides triumphs over Artemis. What particular purging or refinement of the affections may be derived from this particular drama, even Aristotle, nay even Professor Wilamowitz would hardly succeed in setting forth to us ordinary readers.

The satisfaction of the angry displeasure of the goddess of lust (1325) is the consummation furnished by the

traditional legend,—but whether it was any consummation satisfying the nobler soul of the searching author, I doubt. And the deeply pondering mind is revealed in two passages which must not be absent from this page. The one on the essential divergence between the insight and the will of man: "For otherwise before on night's long couch have I reflected what it is that ruins human life. And 'tis not from the essence of their reason, so it seems to me, that men fail in conduct. For many have clear understanding. For thus I think this must be viewed: The good we know and grasp it with our mind, but toil not hard for it, some from indolence, some rating higher some pleasure than the good." (The words are given to Phaidra, "H.," 374.) Another notable utterance, still more gloomy: here I present Wilamowitz's own version (Englished):

"Truly, when I grasp the faith in divine government, then anxious pain departs. But the desire of my faith, to find a ruling providence, is wrecked as soon as I contemplate the deeds and sufferings of human kind" (H. 1104).

Clearly, Euripides was not greatly elated by his consciousness of Greekdom, nor deeply blessed by the blessings of a fictitious "humanity" invented by modern *litterateurs* as a drapery of exquisite folds for that wooden puppet of academic tradition.

Euripides incessantly deprecated the overvaluation of wealth,—of birth,—but even the current athleticism of his fellow-Greeks found no favor in his eyes. "While evils numberless in Greece prevail, none is more evil than the tribe of athletes, who first do not learn well to live, nor could they: for how could one who is a slave to mastication and subject to his belly's needs, acquire a prosperity greater than his sire's? Nor, on the other hand, are they enabled to toil in poverty and keep their oar with fortune's plying stroke: for untrained in good habits, 'tis cruelly hard for them to shift to desperate vicissitudes. Brilliantly conspicuous in their bloom of

manhood, statues of divine perfection, their commonwealth's own, they stride along; but when bitter old age comes to them, like threadbare cloaks that lose the nap of woof—'tis over with them.

"I also blame the custom of the Greeks, who for the sake of such make gathering and hold in honor useless pleasure for a dinner's sake. For who, who wrestled well, what nimble-footed man, or who that raised the discus, or thumped some jaw with skill, did aught avail his ancestral commonwealth after he received a wreath? Will they give battle to the foe with discus in their hands, or, without shields, with push of feet drive enemy from their fatherland? None will pursue such foolish things when he embattled stands close to the steel array. The wise men and the good—these are they who should be crowned with leafy wreath and all who lead their commonwealth in noble things, men who are self-controlled and righteous" (Fragm. 284).

I close this chapter with that Hamlet-note of actual humanity:

"O ye mortals enamoured of existence who yearn to behold the oncoming day while carrying burden of numberless woes—so deeply is imbedded the love of life in human kind. For what it is to live we know; but, unacquainted as we are with dying, each wight doth fear to leave this light of solar rays" (Fragm. 832).

NOTE. — The citations from the plays of Euripides have been made from the text of Adolph *Kirchhoff*, (Berlin, 1867–1868) the eminent academic successor to Boeckh, or Bekker. The fragments were cited from Nauck's edition, Leipzig, 1866. A notable recent book is that of W. Nestle, "*Euripides der Dichter der griechischen Aufklärung*," Stuttgart, 1901. There is a clever review of this book by Thaddæus Zielinski, in the "*Neue Jahrbücher*," 1902. The dialectic faculty of Euripides to advance arguments on both sides of every problem is well known: hundreds of long passages are merely versified essays on the problems of his own time, the more so as all verities seemed to become problematical to many men of his place and time.

An English scholar, Verrall of Cambridge, published, in 1895, a series of studies on three of the plays (" Alcestis," " Ion," " Iphigenia

Taurica") which he called: "Euripides the Rationalist: a Study in the History of Art and Religion" — academic phrases and labels largely forced in their application.

The "religion" so called, with which Euripides had to do: should we actually strain terms by using the word at all. The religiosity of Euripides impresses me as much more profound than that of Sophokles, as much more spiritual in cast than that of Æschylus. The question is not, whether we have more sympathy with the path of Euripides, but, whether he seriously impressed, or helped to disestablish the ritual, and the institutional anniversaries of the Attic commonwealth. Apart from these, every one knew (Her., 2, 53) that the "gods" so called, were largely shapes of deliberate poetical creation, largely a reproduction of all sides of man, an apology too for pretty nearly every typical sin or moral weakness in man.

He who can separate the reeling satyr from the serious background of Attic life presented to us in the plays of Aristophanes, will not fail to feel that the Homeric type is over all: the naïve merging oneself in nature and looking for no more divine ordinances than those afforded by her in her periodic mutations — this is Attic religion, if any one wishes to use that word at all. Another modern volume on Euripides is: "Euripides and the Spirit of his Dramas," by Paul Decharme, translated by James Loeb, 1906, Macmillan: which book in the earlier portion deals to some extent with our general theme. The conception of Greek religion so called, as viewed by Decharme, seems to me to fall far short of a precise and historically correct grasp: the book is full of palliation, and of injection of modern ideas. In concluding this note, I append grave words never yet presented in an English version, — for this book is written in the profound conviction that there is a consummation of the most precious things concerning man in a certain and definite religion, not established or disestablished by academic assent or dissent or by any measure or kind of cogitation or speculation. The passage I refer to is among the concluding paragraphs of Naegelsbach's "*Die nachhomerische Theologie des griechischen Volksglaubens bis auf Alexander*," 1857, p. 476: "But this speculation is never transmuted into religion, and that indeed not merely because the overwhelming multitude of men is incapable of speculation. Every religion rather is based on facts, false religion on imaginary ones, true religion on actual ones, and such were wanting to speculation. Then further on speculation indeed endeavors to give an answer to the three main interrogatories which human kind addresses to every religion: does God exist, and what is he? how is man relieved of his sin? what takes place with man after death? but what speculation says, remains speculation, has in its favor neither the testimony of conscience nor objective facts. On this account speculation never did firmly lodge in the hearts of the people, had no puissance to overcome the world, but was split up into philosophical schools and became a matter of erudition."

CHAPTER XI

THE TRIAD OF GREEK THINKERS

SOCRATES, the first of these eminent three, is often said to have been the first Athenian philosopher. But as a philosopher he does not primarily concern us here. The barefooted quizzer of his townsmen has a distinguished place in academic tradition. But, really, is he important academically only? Do we consider him worthy of concern principally because in the series of efforts of human cogitation his precedent and stimulus was so incisive and so far-reaching? Or would he not deserve our earnest goodwill even if there had not been any further history of philosophy? Should we not, in all spiritual concerns, firmly fix our attention on the given personality without any valuation of relative weight and scale? For, unless I mistake not, he urged that men deeply examine themselves, that in all action they proceed on the basis of conceptions which were clear and consistent and productive of good and adequate results: and he was energetically hostile to mere conceit and mere opinion. Like Euripides he was of somewhat humble birth, his father being a carver in marble, his mother a midwife. He was born, probably in the spring of 469 B.C. (eleven years after Salamis), when Thucydides was a child of two years, Themistokles had gone into exile, to Persia, when Anaxagoras, so eminent in cosmic speculation, had sojourned at Athens some eleven years, and was then thirty-one years of age, Herodotus was fifteen, Pindar about forty-nine, Æschylus fifty-six, Sophokles, twenty-six, and Euripides, eleven.

Socrates married quite late, probably, as it seems to me, deeply impressed by the enormous losses which his native commonwealth had suffered in the ill-fated expedition to Sicily, 415–413. His oldest son is called a *μειράκιον* (*mei-*

rakion) in 399 when the child's father drank the hemlock, and the other two were little children: the older then on the verge of puberty: a young lad of some fourteen or so. His wife Xanthippe clearly was a dowerless maid, probably not a very young maid, when she married the philosophical carver in marble. In a word, Socrates was a bachelor quite likely until he was well past his fiftieth year. He led the simplest life as far as food and dress were concerned, and a very large part of this simple life was given up to clearing up, first for himself, what thinking and what knowledge really were. He was never quite satisfied with himself in this respect, and it is related that on one occasion he spent a whole night, rooted to one spot under the open sky, pursuing one great train of reflection. It will not do to plaster a convenient modern label on this rare man, and then jauntily toss him aside among the mere mummies of Time, as if the act of labelling had furnished us with adequate comprehension or valuation. Absurd to label him a "rationalist" and pass on. Absurd to drag in modern words, of "Enlightenment," of a "creed of authority," of "Criticism," as though familiar modern labels involved closeness of historical vision and furnished real insight to the student of Greek culture.

Socrates was not made in one day: that deep and passionate pursuit of a truth obligatory to himself and obligatory to all who were willing to strive for the real and lasting comprehension of act and action—I say, that ever deepening current of his life is uncovered to us when it had been running a long time, and of its sources and earlier eddies we know nothing. Socrates deeply felt that a real insight into material nature and into the mysteries of cosmic unity was denied to man: at all events, the one thing needful was that he turn to himself, not in the furtherance of comfort and wealth indeed, but that man direct himself to his real concerns, *i.e.* to the question of right thinking and the gaining of true knowledge, truly human concerns: for, to *his* soul, there was a way from correct thinking straight to correct doing and acting,—a way categorical, absolute and mandatory in itself. His profound, though

noble error, seems to have been this, that whereas appetite and selfishness pervert or ignore moral vision in most men, he fell far short of actual human kind in the belief that wrong acting and all sin could or must be reduced to faulty judgment: whereas appetites, emotions, and the infinite manifestations of selfishness, the sombre account in human experience, cannot in any fair way be reconciled with so rational a conception of actual and historical man.

But we must, in accord with the general aim of this book, turn to some decisive data of classic tradition. Indeed, to use a familiar utterance of Cicero ("Tuscul. Disput.," 5, 10), "Socrates was the first to call the pursuit of wisdom down from the vaulted firmament and to place it in commonwealths and to open the homes of men to it also, and to compel it to make enquiry as to life and conduct and good and evil things."

And it was a great and wonderful thing that this carver in marble and this ambulatory disputant emphasized his great theme, viz., *that the soul is very precious*, among a people than whom no other ever more highly prized the comeliness of the physical person and the beauty of this body of ours.

And it was to such youths, often to those endowed and distinguished by comeliness or symmetrical person to whom with a certain preference Socrates directed his nobler efforts, viz., to rouse them to deep and searching reflection about themselves and to put the nobler part of themselves, clear understanding and refined will, in the saddle. Such youths, too, were Xenophon and Plato, to whom we now owe most of what we know of Socrates. How deeply his personality sank into their very souls is obvious to any reader: also, that this wonderful man arrested minds not merely different and diversified, but such also as were antithetical and antagonistic; such, *e.g.* as Antisthenes who was carried away by the wonderful simplicity of the material life of the master, and by the manner in which his strong and clear soul soared high above luxuries and softness of men: whereas Aristippos,

founder of a school devoted to pleasure, was probably fascinated by the equipoise and by the versatility of conduct with which Socrates faced every character of men and every situation of circumstance: for his was a serenity and imperturbability of soul which induce the Stoics long after his death, to canonize and enshrine him among their particular saints.

I have mentioned Xenophon. An anecdote is told (by Diogenes Laertius, II, 48) of the first meeting between these two. Now young Xenophon, son of Gryllos, of the deme of Erchia, was both very fair to see and also very modest. And Socrates, they say, when he had met this youth in a narrow lane, held out his staff and blocked the passage and asked him where the various kinds of eatables could be bought. And when the youth answered, the other one asked again where honorable and good men were turned out; and when Xenophon was perplexed, the friend of wisdom said: "*Follow me then, and learn.*"

We may with all sincerity subscribe to the general report of his pupils, that, deep as was in Socrates the conviction of the general unwisdom of his fellow-citizens, it did not make him vain.

The well-informed corporation of Delphi had, at a comparatively early stage in his career, named him as the wisest of living Greeks to his fervent disciple Chairephon: a compliment which Socrates took as a call to induce his own fellow-citizens to be wise: not indeed by cramming rule or precept, but by refining their own consciousness to the point of absolutely clear and firmly held concepts, concepts gained, not indeed for the purpose of vain display or dialectic fencing, but as the guide to right living and correct conduct. So he became convinced (by abstracting from his own quite extraordinary personality, mind you) that all virtues were really forms of wisdom. "Between (Xen., "Memorabilia," 3, 9, 4,) wisdom and sanity of self-control (*sophrosyne*) he made no distinction, but he judged the wise and the temperate man by this, that, recognizing what was honorable and good, he availed himself thereof in conduct, and, knowing what was base, he was

on his guard against such things." But we too must not be abrupt or impatient, and cite more data to establish our vision of Socrates. Much of his own calm, undoubtedly, was based on the trenchant character of his own psychological analysis. "Once when some one was getting angry because his greeting had not been returned, he said: The fact that you would not become angry if you came across some one who was worse off than you in his physical health, but that you should be vexed because you fell in with one whose frame of soul is more boorish — that indeed would be absurd" ("Mem.," 3, 13, 1). We may well doubt whether the getting and maintaining of so serene and true a vision of the value of what is, and transpires, within us, — may well doubt, I say, whether such a desirable frame of soul is attainable to many men as a product or consummation of sheer cogitation. I think not. By far the greater number of actual men probably must subscribe to the familiar confession of St. Paul (Romans 7, 15): "For that which I do, I allow not: for what I would, that do I not; but what I hate, that do I." The *knowledge* then, which played so great a rôle in the system and mission of Socrates is not the mere appropriating of one or of many items of data: the rows of scales of a fish, or the orbit of a planet, or the growth of a plant: no, Socrates, profoundly, I believe, held that such lore has no bearing whatever on the human soul, that it is really irrelevant and not within the periphery of man's true concerns.

But let us hear Xenophon further: "For also just as he who has learned to play the lyre, even if he be not playing his instrument, is still a lyre-player, and he who has learnt the art of healing, even if he do not perform the function of a physician, still is a physician, thus also this man here from this time on will go on being a general, even if nobody elects him to the office. But he who has not the knowledge, is neither general nor physician, not even if he be elected by all mankind" (3, 1, 4). A condemnation of the ultra-democratic methods pursued in the Attic commonwealth. And he further believed that the best knowledge should be acquired through a process of rea-

soning (3, 3, 11). He utterly disapproved, in plain terms, the choice of unfit men, without real knowledge or experience for many governmental posts: for "one Athenian is as good as another," this absurdity was as clamorously asserted there as in some modern democracies.

Little doubt that much of the practical fervor of Socrates was really evoked by the slipshod modes of selecting magistrates and determining fitness by lot or by majorities. "And the best and the most god-beloved he said, in the domain of agriculture, were those who performed agricultural tasks well, and in the domain of medicine those who did medical ones best, and in government, those who transacted political things best: and of him who did nothing well he said that he was neither useful nor god-beloved" (3, 9, 15).

He was primarily concerned to exert a moral, rather than a technical, influence upon those who sought his association: sanity of self-control, *e.g.* (*sophrosyne*) he sought to instil in them, rather than oratory or the faculty of dialectic controversy.

Little doubt, too, that the living example and the actual personality of the man was as potent as his incisive stirring up of reflection and his bracing the will of his pupils to ends which were felt as mandatory by their understanding. Foremost here was his sexual abstinence: it is appalling and it is awful that this virtue, dealing altogether with fair boys and youths, should have been so striking in his time and among his people. The growing refinement of Attic culture had here achieved somewhat less than nothing, had reformed nothing whatsoever. The gymnasia (as Plato broadly suggests in his "Laws") were the sources and the spheres of unspeakable — to us unspeakable — depravity: in the times of Aristophanes and Socrates indeed hardly felt by most Athenians as any particular sin or fault, when, to corrupt or to be corrupted, was simply the times in which we live, a form of moral apology which youth is apt to put forward quite seriously indeed as adequate and sufficient. At the same time (and no regard for his great qualities must induce us to ignore or to palliate this), there were plain

intimations that there were indeed ways and means to satisfy such appetite: "Just as adulterers enter into the traps (like irrational beasts) knowing there is a danger for the adulterer both in those things which the statute threatens that he must endure, and that he may be taken in ambush and when taken be subjected to gross indignities: and while matters as great as these, both evil and shameful experiences, are established for the one who commits adultery and while there are many things qualified to free one from sexual appetite, still to rush into danger . . ." ("Mem.," 2, 1, 5) — really not any loftier than the utilitarian warnings of Horace in the second Satire of the first book — and he a professed Epicurean and man of the world, as the phrase goes. And elsewhere Socrates considers matrimony as chiefly a political institution and for the getting of children, "for as for those agencies which free one (from the sexual appetite) the streets are full of them and the *oikemata* ('houses,' Attic euphemism for *brothels*) are full of them" ("Mem.," 2, 2, 4). It is recorded on the other hand that he incurred the bitter ill-will of Kritias whom he chided severely for the pursuit of unnatural lust, and his defiance of the seductive wickedness of that ancient apostle of freedom, Alcibiades, has very often been cited (Plato, "*Symposion*," 216 *sqq.*). Socrates, a Silenus outwardly, but within all self-control and chastity: he despises comeliness, he rates wealth as of no account: his exterior seemingly without serious purpose, his inner man profoundly in earnest with the greatest concerns.

At the same time the morality of Socrates in certain other directions differed not greatly from that of his own time and people. We see here that flaw and stain in the humanity of the Hellenes that only choice and exceptional souls are expected to rise above appetite and lower impulse — that not at all are all men called to goodness, but according to sex and age and circumstances of life, there are implied and conceded laxities of conduct, no general law of goodness, obligatory and mandatory for all. And so we read in Xenophon of a woman of the courtesan

class "who gave her company to such as persuaded her" ("Mem.," 3, 11, 1 *sqq.*), a woman whose comeliness was the talk of the town. Socrates also and his followers went to see her, but there was no Mary of Magdala here. There is not the slightest intimation of the admiring Xenophon that the eminent moralist saw in her any object of any moral concern whatever. Theodótê was her name: they found her giving a sitting to a painter, to speak precisely, she was standing: for she desired that her beauty become as widely known as possible. It was a gorgeous and a costly household, in which also the woman's mother was present.

What, then, did Socrates discuss there? The theory of such a hetæra: how she captured and held her friends; which was the wisest way, wisest, that is, with a view towards material ends and lasting advantages: how to look, to converse, to sympathize, how to deal with the insolent suitor — in a word how to please, and how to protract and maintain the relation. But neither emphasis nor exegesis is here further required: Aphrodite was one of the Olympian gods, and mere academic speculation rarely interfered much with her worship, nor will, I am afraid. There were many *agalmata* or statues of Aphrodite even in Athens.

But let us pass on to Socrates, the religious man. If we consider how little call on heart and conscience Greek religion made, it was not very difficult, in a historical and political manner, to abide by usages ancestral and established. And this Socrates sincerely desired to do. Had he been a hypocrite, never would he have been so earnestly commended in all his ways by Xenophon. For this disciple was one who took no important step without consulting oracles, then selecting the god who might favor a project, a man deeply impressed with dreams and signs, but not a man to be held cheaply by any academic person: a man was he who in grave and critical emergencies could remain intrepid and cool: no academic sneer can seriously belittle the very large elements of worth in his public and private character: it is a very small performance to call

him as does Wilamowitz "a major on half-pay": ridicule here is merely the twin-sister of sophistry, muses outside the canonic Nine, muses, these two, which presume on every theme, and dispose of none. Don't you think, "is it not altogether palpable to you ('Mem.,' 1, 4, 14) that, compared with the other living beings, men have a life like the gods, being eminent in their nature both in body and soul?" One could often see Socrates sacrificing both at home and at the common Altars of Athens (1, 1, 2). He advocated in the important transactions of life to ascertain whether the gods were adverse or not (2, 6, 8); specifically: "where we are unable to comprehend in advance, what is advantageous to us, in concerns of the future, at this point (it seems altogether likely that) they co-operate with us, through mantic art telling those who make enquiries, what the results will be, and teaching them how (these) might best be realized" ("Mem.," 4, 3, 12): few passages in Greek letters are more significant than this one. "No one ever saw Socrates either doing anything irreverential or unholy, or saying such" ("Mem.," 1, 1, 11). For it is virtually impossible for us who live *now* and here, in the United States, to feel to the full how civil and religious duties were all but coterminous and convertible: the mutilation of almost all the Hermæ in Athens, in a single night, in the year 415 B.C. not only startled but shocked the entire body politic of Athens, as though a veritable earthquake had threatened the very substructure of the commonwealth: not only was the occurrence felt as an evil omen, happening as it did, just before the date set for the departure of the fleet for Sicily, but it seemed also to be a project of a conspiracy to overthrow the extant government, and to bring about the dissolution of the democratic polity of Athens (Thucydides, 6, 27).

But to return: it would seem that Socrates in referring to the gods abstained quite uniformly, and I am sure not without conscious design, from the more than questionable and vicious legends — legends which were indeed part and parcel of the genealogical pride of many an aristo-

cratic family: he was, I say, silent on myths, clearly also because he strove honestly to demean himself respectfully towards the Attic religion. The greatest things in human life, he claimed, were beyond human ken and human skill: the gods reserved such things for themselves — for the results and ultimate consequences of all human enterprise really were beyond the determination of man ("Mem.," 1, 1, 8). Clearly Socrates sought to conceive the "gods" in a loftier way than the actual and current way: "for he held that gods were concerned for men not in the fashion in which the general public hold: for these think that the gods know some things, and some they do not know; but Socrates held that the gods knew all things, both what was said and what was done and what was deliberated in silence and were present everywhere and made signification to men about all human affairs" ("Mem.," 1, 1, 19). "And he prayed to the gods simply to give him *the good*, as the gods best knew what kind of things were good; but those who prayed for gold or silver or for the power of a prince, he held, prayed for something that differed in nowise from throwing dice or from a battle . . ." ("Mem.," 1, 3, 2).

The argument of design was one of the foremost things in his soul — he claimed here the manifest revelation of a divine providence; *e.g.* in the collaboration of the human hands, feet, and eyes (2, 3, 19): "And he who arranges and holds together the entire universe, in which all the fair things and all the good things are, and whoever renders the universe unworn and sound and unaging to those who use it, and performs service swifter than a thought faultlessly, he is perceived in his performance of the greatest things, and (at the same time) while administering these things is invisible to us" ("Mem.," 4, 3, 13). Little indeed did that soul owe to books, and in his culture clearly those things predominated which were spiritually significant. Libraries as yet were rare (4, 2, 8). Socrates himself cited Theognis, Hesiod, Epicharmos, Sophokles: the Æsopean fables were to his clear utilitarian vision a veritable affinity; even in the last weeks of his life he

was engaged in versifying Æsop: but of Homer he made by far the largest use. And still we may assume with great confidence that the gross anthropomorphism of that most widely used book of the Greek world was quietly ignored by him. Plato, we will see, was more sensitive and more radical. Pointing once more, then, to the great though noble error of Socrates (viz., that the clear insight of the intelligence takes sovereign possession also of will and conduct), let us go a little further. For life and death are much greater than cogitation, and much of the spiritual sincerity and earnestness of this man was so revealed. The Stoics, later, never forgot to tell how he defied the illegal order of the Thirty Tyrants (404 B.C.) to be one of a number who were to arrest Leon, a rich man of Salamis. He, however, went away and ignored this utterly, because he deemed it unrighteous to obey. And as he there withstood the oligarchy, he opposed the enraged democracy with no less firmness. It was after the naval battle of the Arginusian isles, 406 B.C., when the treacherous cunning of the Attic enemies of Attic democracy was striving to drive the citizens to abrupt and illegal measures in condemning the accused generals (Xen., "Hellenica," 1, 7, 15). On this memorable occasion all the other *prytanes* were intimidated into consent, but Socrates, the son of Sophroniskos, withstood the clamor of the sovereign people.

As to his death, we cannot here do a foolish thing. We cannot recount the catalogues of valuations and revaluations. We must turn, first, to the commonwealth that compelled him to drink the statutory hemlock. We are then rudely arrested and almost shaken and shocked by this observation. Much and incessantly as he labored among them, the Athenians, as a whole, really understood him not, cared not enough for him to understand him. It is demonstrable that at least a quarter century he dwelt and strove among them, and but a little band clustered about him, and loved him to the end and forsook him not. At fifty-four, as I write these lines,

I feel the shallow obtuseness and the stubborn unrighteousness of his fellow-citizens much more profoundly than I felt at twenty-one the worth and genius of the famous victim.

The weak coddling directed at every eminent name in letters has made no exception of Aristophanes. The outrageous and deeply mendacious caricature of the "Clouds" lies before us — clearly no melioration of the play actually given in 423 B.C. Socrates is charged with idle curiosity about astronomy, with teaching sophistical perversion of truth for pay, cosmic ideas of Anaxagoras are credited to him, he denies the gods of Athens, he subverts all moral principle. The cocky youth who wrote these plays posed even as a great power for good and a reformer: academic youth (and sometimes academic age) takes him seriously. But if it was a mere harlequinade it was also a serious thing for Socrates. "Ill-will and traducing" clearly did their work thoroughly: it was really impossible for Socrates at his trial to call those by name who had so prejudiced public opinion again, unless it was Aristophanes (Plato, "Apology," 18, c). This long-established ill-will, rather than the indictment of the petty politicians of 399 B.C., was the real cause of his condemnation.

I have said that it was but a little band that followed him and knew him. And this little band, in the main, consisted of men who were well born, who were aristocratic indeed. The people at large had a keen dislike to reflect deeply about themselves or to examine their motives and design in conduct, a keen dislike, too, to have their self-love and their conceit punctured by any one. Most people lacked leisure even: it is absurd, therefore, to felicitate Athens as a community and endow it with a fictitious cult of culture which spread its illumination through all the strata of the population. Not only Socrates thought more highly of Sparta, the social and political antithesis of Athens, but his greatest pupils as well. After the death of Socrates, we are told (Diog. Laer., II, 43) there was great remorse among the citizens. I do not think so. The

elaborate book of Xenophon, the glowing dialogue of Plato, prove it that traducing and ill-will were still active, and that the master's popular image was but a miserable caricature. As for his *daimonion*, what was it? Clearly a voice to him of power transcendental and absolute — categorical, if you like, more, a good deal more, than mere practical tact as to those things which he must avoid.

Socrates then, in facing death, soberly and gravely, not in a rapture of enthusiasm, but, if I may say so, with supreme intelligence and with no transcendental consolation or spiritual support, is a grave figure. We can readily subscribe to the words of Grote: cool and analytic as the English Scholar is, special pleader too, of the *demos* as the most precious constituent of human polity, Grote still wrote his admirable chapter 68 with a glow and a lively feeling rarely met with in his sober pages. "No man has ever been found strong enough to bend his bow; much less, sure enough to use it as he did."

It is significant of that Greek habit excessive and all-pervasive — I mean the valuation of comeliness and bodily excellence — it is significant, I say, that Socrates compares himself and his services with those who had brought great honor on the commonwealth by victories at Olympia.

A more incisive denial of the Greek immersion in the bliss of the mere surface, in the felicity of physical nature, a more trenchant negation, also, of that satisfaction with outward comeliness and with this transitory world of sense and seeming, than we meet in the words and work of Socrates, it were hard to conceive.

And still the aristocratic youth who was the most eminent of the followers of Socrates, Plato, in a certain way, emphasized still more this denial. Absent as he had to be from pallet and stone-flags on that day when his beloved teacher and guide drank the hemlock, the high-born and highspirited man consecrated himself in a measure to the honor of that soul.

But we must be concise here and make an election.

We must bring forward a few great features in Plato's utterance: the Idea of the Good, the Immortality of the Soul, his theories as to the Regeneration of human society.

Early in his intellectual life Plato despaired of satisfying his soul with this material nature of sense and seeming. The incessant flux of the physical universe in the doctrine of Heraklitus, had made a deep impression upon him. The phenomena of matter gave him no definite basis of intellectual and rational rest. He ascended to a world of "Forms" — strictly that is the meaning of *Eidos* and *Idea* — : a world eternal and before all time, of which the actual things of this terrestrial life and sense-perception are but copies; these latter perish and pass away, while the other world is eternal and imperishable. It is this, which is the true object of the quest of the soul of man, and among all possible occupations of man, this quest is the highest. Those men who give their life and striving to this are the foremost men, their life the worthiest and most precious of all lives. It was the felicity of the most perfect soul, in the period of the preëxistence, to dwell there where this essential and Eternal being could be viewed and enjoyed ("Phædrus," 247, c): "For that being which has neither color nor figure, which is impalpable, indeed —this is visible for the mind only, the pilot of the soul. . . ." In that cosmic, circular movement the soul "beholds righteousness itself, it beholds self-control, it beholds knowledge, not that which is associated with the production of organic things nor one which differs in the different individuals on whom we now bestow the appellation of beings, but the knowledge which is in that which has essential being . . ." (*ib.*, d).

It is this *being* which knows neither genesis nor destruction, neither increase nor diminution, which knows no relativity of circumstances or time, which cannot be comprehended by mere subjective opinion ("*Symposion*," 211, a). The objects of sense-perception are always in a stage of *becoming*, they never *are*. In this world and in this life, there are many individuals with an identity of

form, but only *one* genus or Idea. Now the craftsman (*demiurgos*) fashions in accordance with the idea, while he does not create the idea itself. "For this same craftsman is not only competent to make all utensils, but also all the things which grow from the earth does he make, and all animated beings are wrought by him, *both the others and he himself;* and, in addition to these, heaven and earth and gods and all the things that are in heaven and those in Hades below the earth, all are wrought by him" ("Republic," 596, c).

Plato feels and freely admits, that, in extolling Mind and Intelligence in their view and vision of the Universe, philosophers really magnify themselves and their office: and that therein they are in harmony ("Philebos," 28, c). And we have ample warrant both here and elsewhere for believing that he withheld the name of philosopher from those, who like Demokritos, were content with mechanical and material causes, and an accidental aggregation of atoms which somehow passed into organic and self-reproducing forms. He goes on (*ib.*, 28, d): "Shall we, Protarchos, say that all things and this so-called Universe have for their guardian the force of that which is irrational and proceeds at random and as chance had it, or, quite the opposite, just as those before us (Anaxagoras?) said that a kind of Mind and Intelligence of wonderful nature composed and piloted it?" (*scil.* the Universe). "*Protarchos* . . .: The statement indeed which you now make does not even appear to me to be compatible with religious respect (*ὅσιον*); but to say that Mind arranged them all in orderly fashion is postulated also by the sight of the Universe and of sun and moon and stars and all the circular movement, and not in any other way would I ever speak or opine about them. . . ."

"What we have often said, Infinity is in the Universe in abundance, and the Infinite also, in goodly measure, and there is associated with them a Cause of no mean character, arranging and composing years and seasons and months, a cause which most properly might be designated as Wisdom and Intelligence" (*ib.*, 30, c).

The hard problem was presented to Plato's soul, to understand how omnipotence and goodness could be conceived as being consistent with the actual sin and evil in the world. And as for the essential goodness of God, he maintained it with categorical affirmation. The Homeric myths of rancor and lust and other foibles of the Olympians found no mercy before his eyes or abode in his regenerated political society ("Republic," 2, 378, c *sqq.*), a matter to which we have adverted in a previous chapter. Poets in the new commonwealth then must speak of God as essentially good, and as harmful in no respect whatever, as causing no evil, but as causing good only.

"Not then (379, c) is God, since he is good, the cause of all things, as the many say, but of few things is he the cause for mankind, and of many not the cause; for much fewer are the goods than the evils; and of the goods none other must be made the cause, but for evils divers other things must be sought for as causes, but not God" (*ib.*, 379, c). Clinging as he does to his purer and nobler idea of a potent and governing divinity, active in life and world, but in no wise identical with it, Plato cannot fairly be called a Pantheist. And as to the new life and reproduction of forms in this Nature which we see, he claims that "through the handicraftsmanship of God (*θεοῦ δημιουργοῦντος*) they became later when formerly they existed not . . ." ("Sophista," 365, c), and he regrets the tenet (*δόγμα*) of the many, "that Nature begot them from some automatic cause and one which caused growth without intelligence," but holds that they came from a cause "originating with God, a cause associated with reason and divine knowledge." And further and even more eloquently does he claim the divine concern and providence as directed at man — and here he ascends to noble heights not attained in the Hellenic world before him, I believe. For on the whole, the outward and material prosperity was sincerely viewed as the palpable and unmistakable standard of divine favor — the rich, the strong, the comely were admittedly god-beloved. But the pupil of that Socrates who drank the hemlock

could not very well satisfy his soul and mind with this doctrine, popular though it was, and deeply lodged in the very fibre of Greek conviction. Is it well with the soul, the primary part of man? — this was to Plato the criterion of life and happiness. Speaking of the righteous and the unrighteous man, Plato says in his noblest and most comprehensive work, the "Republic" (10, 612, e *sq.*): "Therefore first you will grant this, that each of them does not escape the notice of the gods, as to what kind of a man he is? We will grant it, said he. And if they do not escape their attention, the one would be god-beloved, and the other god-hated, just as we agreed in the beginning. That is so. Will we not agree, that to the god-beloved one, whatever comes from the gods, all happen as well as possible, unless some evil necessarily belonged to him from some former sin? By all means. Thus then must we assume concerning the righteous man, if he pass into poverty or if into diseases *or into any other of the apparent evils*, that, for this one (*i.e.* the righteous man) these things will terminate in some good during his life *or after his death*. For not is he ever neglected by the gods whoever wishes to become righteous, and in the pursuit of virtue, as far as is possible, to assimilate himself to God."

And this, too, Plato maintained in the work of his old age, the "Laws" (899, d), where likewise he refuses to honor the popular standard of outward and material prosperity. "But him who holds that there *are* gods, but that they have no concern for human affairs, one must admonish. My good man, let us say, that you believe that gods are, perhaps a certain divine kinship leads you to honor that which is of common origin with yourself and to believe that it exists; but the fortunes of evil and unrighteous men privately and publicly, these are not in reality happy, but vaunted as happy in opinions, strongly but not consistently do they lead you towards impiety, not rightly chanted both in poetry and in all kind of accounts. . . ." And so, too, Plato entertained a keen repugnance against the doctrine of the subjective, the much-cited dictum of Protagoras, that man is the measure of all things. "What

deed then is dear to God and follows in his footsteps? . . . God indeed for us would most be the measure of all things, and much more so, than I dare say any particular man, as they say. It is necessary therefore that he who is to become beloved to such a one as much as possible, that he even himself must become such a one, and by this rational postulate the man of self-control among us is dear to God, for he resembles him, and he who has no self-control is unlike him, and different and unrighteous . . ." ("Laws," 716, c–d).

The highest thing in the Platonic world is the Idea of the Good. This furnishes truth and gives the faculty of understanding to him who understands. It is, indeed, the cause of truth in us.

The sun is indeed *not* our vision, but still, among our senses, sight is most helioform ("Rep.," 508, a) — sun-like: withdraw the orb of day and all objects are dark; so too the Idea of the Good is as the sun to soul and mind. But life and growth does the sun furnish to our material world: likewise Being and Substance come from the Idea of the Good. "God, desiring all things to be good, but nothing to be bad as far as possible (*κατὰ δύναμιν*), thus then taking in hand all whatsoever that was visible as not maintaining rest, but being moved in an unharmonious and disorderly fashion, brought it into order out of disorder, thinking that the former was altogether better than the latter.

"And it neither was nor is right for the Best to do aught but the fairest. . . . On account of this computation then composing Intelligence in Soul, and Soul in Body, he kept construing the Universe, having now wrought it completely that it might be the fairest and best possible work within the capacity of Nature" ("Timæus," 30, a–b). "Thus then in accord with plausible reasoning must we say that this Universe has become a living being endowed with Soul, endowed with intelligence, in truth, on account of the forethought of God" (*ib.*, b).

The motive of creation: "Let us say for what cause the

composer composed birth and this Universe. He was good, and in the good there is bred no envy at any time about anything whatever . . ." ("Tim.," 29, d). This same book, his "Timæus," the philosopher closes with a survey of orders of animals, a scale and hierarchy of being, birds of the air, quadrupeds of soil and earth, and those animals still lower which crawl and creep, and still more inferior, the fishes, and crustaceans. "And now indeed let us say that our discourse of the Universe has a conclusion: for this Universal order (*κόσμος*) having taken mortal and immortal beings and having been completed, a visible Being comprehending (containing) the visible things, a divinity perceptible by the senses, image of that deity which is perceptible by the intelligence, has come to be greatest and best, fairest and most perfect, one heaven this one, being only-begotten."

As for *evil*, or to be more exact, *evils*. These "cannot perish; for they must needs always be the antithesis of the good. Nor can they find settlement among the gods; but they traverse mortal nature and this space, from necessity. Therefore also we ought to try to flee from here thitherward as quickly as possible. And flight is an assimilation to God as far as possible. And it is right and holy that the assimilation be accomplished with intelligence" ("Theætetus," 176, a–b). He abominates the shallow moralizing of the practical politician, who actually rejoices in the reproach of cunning (*ib.*, 176, d). "From their stupidity and from their utter lack of perception, they, without being aware of it, are assimilated to ungodliness (practical atheism, *τοῦ ἀθέου*), assimilated on account of their unrighteous deeds, and also become unlike the other (the divine). Thereof they pay the penalty in this, that they live the life resembling that to which they are assimilated; and if we say that unless they cut loose from their particular puissance, even after death *that place clean of evils will not receive them*, and here they will always have a resemblance in their conduct consistent with themselves, evil men associating with evil men . . ." (*ib.*, 176, e *sq.*). And the statute of local utility, adopted by some

particular commonwealth, is but rarely related at all to the idea of the Good. For the former in the main determined the practical conduct and morality of most Greeks. Now all utility-statutes are determined by a regard for the future, we anticipate practical advantages. And here again we see the poet-philosopher's deep antipathy for the subjectivism of the Protagorean dictum, viz., that man is the measure of all things (*ib.* 178, b). As to physical perception, this may indeed be so: what impression on him is made by white, by light, by heavy objects; on these he may base his own belief of such forms of truth, having indeed the criterium within himself, but has he that device of determination within himself also as regards the future? Anticipations and judgments there may widely differ, but the actual result will only be *one* and of *one* kind.

Even in this brief survey we see continually the tenet of the primacy of the soul, and of its supremacy in the hierarchy of being due to its essential resemblance as to its source and as to its aim, to God: — to whom also led the call and path of the soul as to conduct, so that righteousness creates likeness to him, and sin unlikeness to him. For the soul is the imperishable within the perishable body. To get at Plato's deep conviction here, we must remember that he fully assumed the doctrines of Pythagoras and of his followers in Italy and Sicily whom he visited and with whose noblest possessions he became closely acquainted. We must, then, speak, not so much of an immortality of the soul, but rather of an *eternity* of the same both of past and of future.

In Plato's literary style there is a characteristic blending of the simple and of the noble, of the candidly urgent and earnest tone, coupled with a certain majesty. And this strain in his innermost fibre often finds expression in simile, in myth, in allegory — as though intuition on strong pinions soared to altitudes beyond the ken of sense and seeming, and beyond this little experience of our life and our world.

Thus, too, Plato delineates the source and composition of the soul in a famous passage in the "Phædrus" (245, c *sqq.*).

The soul — every soul — is immortal, because self-moved, self-determined, not receiving life from any source outside of itself; whatever is moved or stirred by another, experiences sometime a cessation of movements, or life.

Now this, which is life and movement in itself, as an immanent property, must be uncreated, from eternity. And since non-created, this soul-substance must also be incorruptible. This then is the rational theory (λόγος) of the soul, and the principle of animation.

As to the form or shape of the soul, Plato goes on to compare it to a winged span of steeds and a charioteer. It is the latter, then, who symbolizes the dominant element in the soul. Of the steeds, one is noble and obedient to the reins, the other vicious, balky, and hard to manage.

In its preëxistence, then, the soul is winged, so to speak, and, traversing the highest altitudes, — *i.e.* feeding itself with the noblest concerns of its nature, non-material truth, Ideas: traverses and dwells within the entire universe: but that soul which has shed its plumage sinks downward: in short, incarnation in some body follows: it enters into a casement of clay. A compound being thus presents itself to our gaze, called mortal, though that pertains to the body only.

Why did the soul lose its plumage? The vicious steed is at fault interfering with the calm and perfect gaze of the charioteer — the soul cannot permanently maintain itself in that perfect existence of the contemplation of absolute and immutable truth: in short, some form of incarnation follows. And this birth itself is determined by the amount of ideal vision gained by the particular soul in that primal state of being: and Plato at once reveals his own scale of human valuation. The highest incarnation that of the philosopher: then follow in rank and order the constitutional king, the man active in public

life, administrator or banker, next comes the hardy athlete and the physician, the fifth rank is held by soothsayer and the man active in mysteries of religious initiation, then comes the poet or other devotee of reproductive art, further on the farmer and craftsman, followed by the sophist and popular politician, and lowest and last is the tyrant or autocrat that knows no limitations of law. Now divine retribution operates in such a way, that in the next incarnation the righteous receives a better lot, that is, we may understand, a nobler character: the unjust, a worse.

Favored is the soul of him who loved wisdom with sincerity: he, after three thousand years, if thrice in succession he chose this life, is blessed with the original plumage, *i.e.* he passes into that divine contemplation of the world of Ideas. "But the other souls (249, a *sq.*), when they have completed the first life, get their judgment, and having received their verdict some pass into the places under earth where justice is executed and there they pay the penalty (*δίκην ἐκτίνουσιν*), and the others are raised by Justice into a certain locality of the heavens and lead a life worthy of that life which they lived in human shape." After a thousand years new incarnations are allotted — even of animals, or of animals ascending to human incarnation. Pythagoras, indeed.

Much later than the "Phædrus," Plato wrote his "Republic," — which carries man from birth to the Last Things, — though here, too, is the grave ring of Eternity — no Rest, no final and definite Consummation. A myth in form, and still a postulate of the human soul.

An Armenian, Êr by name ("Rep.," 614, b), who was among the corpses of a battlefield and on the twelfth day even laid on the funeral pyre, recovered life and consciousness.

He told of what his soul had seen: two passages below, two to heaven; judges marking and sending souls, the righteous to the right, upward, the unjust to the left, downward.

Some came up from the Earth shrivelled and dust-covered,

others came down from heaven, clean and pure, the ones from great suffering and tribulation, the others from ineffable bliss and glory — both periods of time having been for a thousand years — a tenfold retribution or reward. One particular tyrant was condemned to unending tribulation (615, d). Such souls Plato conceived as being *incurable*. The Platonic vision of Bliss I cannot present in any detail — the movement of spheres and their celestial harmony. Practically, this heaven is only a temporary abode, where eventually the souls were to choose new lots of life: and this act of choice indeed was the great issue and the concern of concerns. For the new Lives were taken by each soul from the lap of Lachesis, daughter of Necessity. "For responsibility was of him who chose. God was without responsibility" (617, e).

The great and grave thing, then, in this our present life on earth, is to gain a faculty of judgment, a true vision of the moral bearings, of the final achievements and attainments of the things sought and prized, of comeliness, wealth, poverty, noble birth or mean birth, high office or private station, physical brawn or feebleness, not indeed in themselves, "*but coupled with what kind of attitude of soul* (μετὰ ποίας τινὸς ψυχῆς ἕξεως) they be." Let us note, then, that not until we come to Socrates, and indeed, in the highest degree, not until we come to Plato do we recognize a distinctly and expressedly spiritual scale of valuation, to which all the current objects of men's striving are subjected. We meet it late, but we meet it. Such felicity is not indeed a worldly felicity, it is not of this world, nor is there any infelicity of things, but of the soul alone.

In the glimpse which we may take at the ideas of social regeneration such as Plato cherished and uttered, we will be met by some startling and some puzzling things.

In his ideal state Plato establishes an aristocracy: not indeed one in which birth and wealth endow a given class with political preëminence. In the human soul

dominant intelligence, *normally*, should be sovereign, while the Will and that more vicious steed, Concupiscence and all other craving for pleasure, are equally subject to reins and whip of the charioteer. So Plato would build his political society, and construct a system in which Justice should rule, nay in which that noble virtue should be the very essence of the whole structure. His state indeed is Justice writ large. And first and foremost we observe that Plato at the outset abandons the effort to place all citizens on a level, to value or rate them alike. It is after all the magnifying of his personal ideals when he allots to the friends of wisdom the specific duty and privilege of administration, as though they were, among men and in the body politic, the rational element, reason socially incarnate. It is just that they should rule.

There is a second class who are the "defenders," endowed with courage above their fellows, and who force the execution of all decrees issuing from the ruling class. The maintenance of order at home, of the state's integrity in foreign concerns, police and the military establishment — these are their peculiar spheres of service. Guardians, Custodians, (φύλακες) Plato calls the former, assistants, these latter ones. And further it is these, who are to be the nursery of the first class, their ablest and most promising members are to advance and become rulers, after fifty. The third class, by far the most numerous, is made up of those who merely crave and covet pleasure and profit. Their dominant element is the striving after material things, they accumulate wealth, pursue some craft or trade. Plato with his radical anti-Hellenic depreciation of the body and of the surface of all material things, has even gone so far as to place the physician in this lowest stratum, nor, with his elevation of absolute truth does he assign a high rank to reproductive art which is fashioned after those things which are perishable, transitory, and have no relation to absolute truth. As he reprobates the domination of passion in the human soul, he would clearly have made short shrift in his commonwealth in dealing not only with an Archilochos and an Anacreon, but no less with

the verse of Alkaios, and Sappho, where the lower and more vicious steed sways and turns from its proper course the chariot of the soul. There are indeed ethnic limitations even in this, the most gifted son of Attica's wonderful soil, there are such limitations, but no Greek soul strove more nobly, none has gained a greater claim upon the ear of the world, none was so nearly free from the incrustation of practical paganism, none so little warped and dwarfed by the vicious elements of Hellenic life and living. How vast a portion of modern literature and art bound up with giving rein to the more vicious steed of the chariot of the soul, and devoted, simply, to the emancipation of the flesh, would have been banished from his state! How often do the stencil-plated formularies of culture-phrase, to-day, like a whitened sepulchre, enshrine ordure and rotting carcasses under the inscription of Art and the absolute right of æsthetical postulates! Man is always *one* in the innermost essence of his being, no matter what academic discrimination and psychological map-drawing may pretend to have achieved. There is indeed no way of yielding equal rein to the two steeds of the soul.

In one way Plato's ideal State involves the poet-philosopher's utter rejection and condemnation of the Attic democracy. That government had put to death Plato's beloved master; it held in reprobation the thirty tyrants and their leader, Plato's aristocratic kinsman Kritias. And with burning indignation he scorned the current doctrine of the practical politician of his day that the demos can do no wrong. Evidently the cultural influence enjoyed by that demos, from the *bema* of the highly trained orator, or from the stage of Dionysos, was vaporous at best, slight and elusive: I am not ecstatic on this score: clearly the fellow-Athenians who judged of their own demos were not: not Euripides, not Aristophanes, not Thucydides, not Socrates, not Plato, not Xenophon, not Demosthenes, nor the great critic from abroad, Aristotle. First and foremost, then, the demos (people, *plebs*)

is not fit to govern, for the multitude is swayed merely by pleasure and pain. Only when subordinate to those who know, is it well placed. It is right ("Leges," 690, a) that the Noble should rule the Ignoble, the Reflecting the Ignorant.

It is immaterial to us how much there was in Plato's soul of a deeper affinity for Doric and particularly for Spartan institutions.

The main point is that he considers the multitude and mass in civil society as gross and beyond the concern or range of any genuine uplift. Let them fill their bellies, make money and obey the Guardians, *i.e.* the ruling philosophical class. Both these and their military and order-keeping assistants (ἐπίκουροι) shall live exclusively so as to maintain their kind, that is, their superiority of breed, character, and ruling intelligence. To this end, and for these two small classes alone, Plato shrinks not from an abandonment both of the private family, perpetual monogamy, and of private property. But of modern socialism there is here no vestige. This class and their executing adjuncts are to be the dominating element, the Intelligence of the quasi-political person, the State.

It is odd and puzzling to observe how radically Plato conceives Love as merely a political and zoölogical device: he hesitates not to bring in the parallel of fowls and dogs: how only the finest individuals are allowed to mate ("Republic," 5, 458, e *sqq.*). Plato himself was never married.

It is a matter exceedingly difficult for us to realize the laxity and looseness of precepts of conduct of the Greek world. Let us learn one grave matter. Apart from a general reprobation of such misdeeds as murder, incest, perjury, parricide, Greek worship furnished substantially no rules of conduct. The usages of the state bound all its members and also furnished concrete Ethics to the members of the commonwealth. The question was not what was good or evil in itself, but what was permitted or prohibited in this particular *polis:* everything at bottom is institutional; at Athens you could marry your half-sister, *e.g.*, and a husband acted entirely within his

rights if he refused to rear a new-born child, although he acknowledged it his own, his own, as a pullet or a poorly glued chair might be his property to deal with as he chose. I fail to see in the entire range of Plato's utterance any incisive precept or monition of radical reform or call to goodness, for the people at large. He, too, was an Attic Greek and in his old age (in his "Laws") there are abundant utterances in which, in a way, he is a conformist with his country's institutions, inclusive of her gods. Still he urges that they are gods of a curious limitation, viz., created gods. And people must also hold to the lower ranges of superhuman beings, viz., the *daimones* and the *heros* who may injure or bless the citizen. In such matters the citizen must follow the law ("*Timæus*," 40, e). At bottom, then, all these generations of Greek gods are under-gods and creatures of the One, Eternal, and Uncreated (*ib.*, 41, a). And he who begat the Universe speaks to them as follows: "Ye gods of gods, whose craftsman I am and father of their achievements, which having eventuated through me are indissoluble if I will not. That, then, which at one time was bound is all soluble, but it is the part of an evil one to wish to dissolve that which was well fitted together and is in fair state; wherefore, also, since you have come to be, immortal indeed you are not, nor indissoluble at all, still you are in no wise to be dissolved nor will you obtain the lot of death, since you obtained by lot my volition, to wit, a bond greater still and more sovereign than those elements with which you were tied together when you were born." Prolix and still of monumental and imposing grandeur, too, moods bitter or smiling, seriousness or irony — all these and many more strains are revealed from the soul of Plato in his dialogues, to which we here bid a farewell.

Aristotle of Stageira (384–322 B.C.) was of a long race of physicians. The medical art was a craft pursued through many generations from mythical Asklepios and Machaon. His father was at one time physician in ordi-

nary to King Amyntas of Macedon, father of Philip and grandfather of Alexander. Envy, academic and otherwise, has bedaubed the ancient biographies with vile or mean things. But we have his Testament also.

Among the salient traits of this marvellous mind are, perhaps, three which arrest mankind most. These are, in my estimation, his universality, his incredible industry, his profundity coupled with logical procedure: for when one has gained a certain sympathy with his assent-compelling advance from thesis to thesis, one feels an almost sovereign force of pure thought. The very absence of all those literary graces which issue from the free play of the imagination and the emotions in his great but narrower teacher Plato—this sterility, I say, in the æsthetical side of literature permits us with a curious entirety of devotion to follow the Stagirite in his keen pursuit of knowledge. What the microscope, the telescope, and the retort have enabled mankind to achieve since, we know . . . but the imperishable honor of Aristotle is in no wise reduced thereby. When Dante in his initial steps through Inferno saw "il Maestro di color che sanno," "the Master of those who *know*," he uttered a winged word not to be reduced or belittled by any revaluation of mediæval scholasticism. Make allowance as we may, for his faithful pupils and co-workers, Theophrastos, Herakleides Ponticus, or Aristoxenos, Dikaiarchos, the mere sum of knowledge gathered sifted and arranged is wonderful.

The psychological analysis of passions and emotions, the reviewing of all political forms furnished by history, the scientific basis of grammar, the essentials of the theory of human conduct, body and soul, matter and spirit, eternity and the mathematical aspects of astronomy, all these are found in the body of his writings. Hermann Bonitz spent a quarter century from 1845 to 1870, to prepare a Greek concordance of the words occurring in Aristotle's writings: but even so he had to use the coöperation of other scholars for the zoölogical part. Curious and unique monument of faithful and unrewarded industry and deep reading!

Theory of Classification and all Logical processes, — the time of gestation of the lizard, the essence of Justice, or the anatomy of the eel, the physiology of sleep, the constitutional type and history of one hundred and fifty-eight distinct commonwealths, winds and weather, the state-records of the production of Attic plays, the conger-eel or the analysis of sophistical syllogisms, the rhetorical function of metaphor — all these and such universality: but profound, exact, original, and searching, no compilation, nothing at second hand: this is Aristotle.

When he first came to Athens, his father was dead. The eager youth was but seventeen and Plato, then sixty-two, was for a while absent in Magna Græcia. There was the brilliant author and thinker, an elderly man over against the lad. Clearly for a number of years the youth was a Platonist. Aristotle's first stay — his *Lehr- und Wanderjahre* — at Athens was comprehended in the period of two decades, 367–347, to Plato's death: a period of gradual transition from discipleship to originality and independence.

Aristotle's beloved friend, Eudemos of Kypros, perished before Syracuse, a follower of Dio, probably in the summer of 353, when Aristotle was thirty-one. The dialogue composed by the young philosopher soon afterwards was entitled "Eudemos, on the Soul": clearly still strongly in the thraldom of the great Athenian and perhaps, specifically there, of Plato's "Phædo." Aristotle (Fragm. 36, Rose) spoke of the connection of body and soul, comparing it with the exquisite cruelty sometimes practised by Etruscan pirates, who tightly laced together, face to face, a living prisoner with a corpse. Coupled with a general affirmation of the immortality of the soul, there seem to have been many observations of actual phenomena of psychical data. As to the graver aspirations of mankind, I cite two passages from Fragm. 40 (Rose): "Therefore they cross over (die) most efficiently and most blissfully. And in addition to the fact that the dead are blessed and happy, we also hold that it is not pious to utter any lie about them or a slander as against those who now

have entered into a better and a stronger estate. And these things endure with us as established beliefs (*νενομισμένα*) so primeval and ancient, that no one altogether knows either the beginning of the time nor him who first established it, but it turns out that they have so held during boundless time throughout."

Further on the answer extorted from Silenus by King Midas: "Seed of a laborious daimon and heavy Fortune, why do you force me to say that which it is better for you not to comprehend? For coupled with ignorance of one's own evils, Life is most untroubled. But for men altogether to be born is not the best of all, nor to get a share in the best nature: best then for all men and women is not to be born: that, however, which follows after this in order, and is first of the other things, capable of accomplishment, but second (in rank), is, to die as quickly as possible after having been born. . . ." Aristotle in this early book also opposed the thesis that the soul was merely a harmony of bodily functions.

In this stage, Aristotle also wrote a dialogue on Prayer, in which (Fragm. 46) he said "that God was either Intelligence or something *in the neighborhood of* Intelligence."

The most notable of these Dialogues seems to have been that "On Philosophy," a hortatory discourse imitated by Cicero in his "Hortensius." Here, however, he seems to have dropped the senile doctrines of his master's last years, the Ideal Numbers and the like.

From two principles (Fragm. 12), Aristotle held there the notion of gods had arisen among men: from the things that happened in connection with the soul, visions, and from prophetic impulses. Men thus inferred that there was something, God, a being which in itself resembled the soul and which had the greatest capacity of knowledge of all. Further also they derived the notion of God from the things above us: "for having viewed in the daytime the sun revolving and at night the well-ordered movement of the other stars (*τῶν ἄλλων ἀστέρων*) they gained the belief (*ἐνόμισαν*) that there was some divinity who was the cause of such motion and good order."

A noteworthy fragment also is No. 14 (preserved by Cicero, "De N. D." 2, 95): "If there were (beings) who had always dwelt under the earth in good and well-lighted abodes which were fitted up with sculptures and paintings and were equipped with all those things with which those people are abundantly supplied who are deemed very rich (*beati*) and yet had never gone out to the surface of the earth, but had been informed by rumor and hearsay that there was a certain power and force of the gods, and then at some time, after the chasms of Earth had been opened and so they had been enabled to make their escape from those hidden domiciles, when suddenly they had seen the earth and the seas and the sky, had become acquainted with the greatness of clouds and the force of the winds and had beheld the sun and realized both its greatness and its beauty as well as its power of production, the fact, that, when its light was spread in the whole firmament it produced day, but when night had darkened the world, then they clearly mark out the heavens studded and adorned with stars, and the vicissitudes of the lights of the moon now growing, now declining, and the risings and settings of all these and their courses set and immutable in all eternity: when they saw these things, forsooth they would both believe that there were gods and these so great works were the works of divine beings."

But all these earlier utterances and aspirations were in the main reverberations of his master.

We will now take up the mature and definite elements of his own thought and speculation.

Aristotle was by no means content with the description or classification of the phenomena of the actual world. An explanation satisfied with mechanical and material elucidation was to his mind utterly inadequate. He elevates the principle of *aim*, *end*, *design*, as axiomatic and primal. Hence his trenchant dissent also from Demokritos of Abdera, the scientist who dispensed with cause and design in his view and reconstruction of the

Universe. "Demokritos, having cast off the task of stating the *wherefore* (*τὸ οὗ ἕνεκα*), attaches all things which Nature uses, to necessity, things which indeed are of that kind, but at the same time exist *for the sake of something* and on account of the better in connection with each object. We may therefore freely assume that development and result *so* transpire (*i.e.* with necessity) but not on account of these things (*i.e.* mechanical causes), *but on account of the end*" ("De Animalium Generatione," 5, 8, p. 789, b, 2 *sqq.*). The fact that experience shows an unvarying sequence of certain phenomena, does not satisfy Aristotle: Demokritos improperly disdains finding a cause for this *always* of sequence. Being appears to us as a steady process moving from the potential (*τὸ δυνάμει ὄν*) to the form and essence (*τὸ ενεργείᾳ ὄν*).

Let us advance even more closely to Aristotle's peculiar and specific convictions. Matter is eternal. That which "moves" (influences) it, is the first mover. That, into which it is moved or changed, is the *form*, the essence or substance of being.

There must be one finest or primary substance which is one, and is itself unmoved ("Met.," 12, 6). This must be from eternity. "It is impossible that movement should either come to be, or be destroyed; for it was always. Not that Time; for it is not possible that Earlier and Later should be if Time were not. And movement, therefore, is thus continuous. . . . Nor will it even if we assume eternal substances, as those who do so with the Ideas, if there will not inhere in them a principle having the power to effect changes." This first Mover is God. His pursuit (*διαγωγή*) is comparable to that which we human beings have but a little while at a time, but he eternally and always, viz., pure insight and contemplation. It is his Intelligence, nay it is Intelligence Absolute which is there at work. "And" (this Intelligence) "possesses Life; for the realization of Intelligence is Life" ("Met.," 12, 7), "and he (God) is the realization: now his own life in itself is the best and the eternal realization. And we say that God is an eternal best being, so that God

possesses life and duration continuous and eternal: for this is God. And all those who assume, as do the Pythagoreans and Speusippos (nephew, and successor to Plato), that the fairest and best is not in beginning, on account of the fact that the beginning of the plants and animals are indeed causative, but that fairness and perfection are in those things only which come from these, they believe not correctly. For seed is from other prior perfect beings, and the First is not seed, but it is the Perfect; as one might say that man is earlier than the seed, not the one begotten from this, but another one, from whom the seed came. That there is then some substance eternal and unmoved (*i.e.* not influenced or determined by agencies outside of itself) and separated from objects of sense-perception, is clear from the statements made. And it has also been shown that no measurable quantity (μέγεθος) can have this Being, but it is non-composite (ἀμερής) and indissoluble. For it moves during the boundless time, but nothing limited has boundless power." He holds further ("Met.," 12, 8) that the nature of the stars is some eternal substance: (though it is difficult to follow his thought here: for the mover who is himself unmoved, and who moves that which is moved, and who is eternal and is earlier than that which is moved, could not very well be more from eternity than that which is moved by him). The stars, then, are eternal. All motions celestial are for the sake of the stars: the design is immanent in them. There is no starred Universe but this one. "And it has been handed down from those of old and from the very ancient ones, left to posterity in the form of a myth, that these (the stars) are gods, and that the Divinity embraces All Nature. But the other things have been advanced in a way actually mythical for the persuasion of the Many and for the enactment of laws and utilitarian ends: for they state these as being anthropomorphic and like to some of the other animals, and they make other statements sequential to these and resembling what has been said."

"From these (tenets of popular religion) sever the first and comprehend it alone, to wit, that they believed the

first substances were gods, one might hold that it was stated divinely, and, as is likely, each system of accomplishment (τέχνη) and philosophy having oftentimes been devised and destroyed again as far as was possible, (it is probable that) these tenets of those men like relics have been preserved up to the present time" (the conclusion of "Met.," 12, 8).

The astral motions suggest "that there is one who marshals them" (ὁ διατάσσων, Fragm. 13). Further, God needs no friend: bliss is in himself. His essence and perfection is the only object of his cogitation. But what? For he will not be asleep. Inasmuch as the contemplative life is the highest — an Axiom for the thinker Aristotle — that will be the divine life.

An academic and cosmic God, but singularly and utterly severed from human beings by his essence. There cannot be any affection, Aristotle holds, directed toward God or gods: for friendship postulates a certain measure of equality: "the gods" so utterly exceed men in all good things, that there cannot be any friendship between them and men ("Eth. Nicom.," 9, 9). The love directed to God does not receive (is not capable of receiving) any counter-love: "*for it would be preposterous if one were to say that he loved Zeus*" (Magna Moralia, 1208, b, 29); "hence we neither strive for love of the god nor of inanimate things." It would be ridiculous if one censured God if he failed to requite love in proportion ("Eth., Nicom.," 8, 3).

God does not propose to do the evil things ("Topica," 4, 5, 126, a, 35); *i.e.* it is in the power of God to do the evil, but it does not conform to his nature. God is better than Virtue, stronger than knowledge ("Magn. Mor.," 2, 5). As we designate extraordinary badness as bestiality, so the counterpart is something God-like, something beyond expression, as being beyond man.

What is the beginning of "motion" in the soul? "Now it is evident that just as God is in the Universe, so the Universe is in God. For somehow the divinity within us moves everything. And the beginning of reason is not

reason, but something better. But what is better than knowledge unless it is God?" ("Eth. Eudem.," 1248, b, 24 *sqq.*). It would be absurd to define the bliss of "the gods" as action, whether in the domain of righteousness, or of bravery, or of generosity, or of continence.

What then remains but contemplation (*θεωρία*)? ("Eth. Nicom.," 10, 8). It is Aristotle's personal ideal: his confession of faith: his God absorbed in contemplation, the Intelligence of the Universe: therefore the searching and thinking philosopher is nearest to God. Plato thought in lines and circles not greatly different. The practical moral robustness of Socrates is somewhat greater than either.

The life and conduct of man is to be determined by himself alone. There is no anticipation of a life to come, nor any divine law imposing itself upon man. The "Soul" (really animation) is omnipresent in the body: as the form to the wax so is the specific soul related to the specific body. Man is the aim and end of visible nature: the body existing for the sake of the soul: Reason is imperishable, whereas memory, desire, love are bound up with a bodily function. And while the powers of the soul are developed one from the other by gradations, Reason is untouched and independent of all of these.

As to conduct Aristotle denies that we need to establish any alternative between the pleasurable and between rational action — these do not mutually exclude one another. Pleasure is the crown and result of all normal or perfect action.

In virtue there must be pleasure in goodness.

There is a curious and painful lack of absolute and universal law in Aristotle's ethics.

Virtue or specifically "Ethical Virtue" (*i.e.* excellence in specific forms of human character) is greatly varied according to sex, age, occupation, a man's virtue, a woman's virtue. Children and slaves, strictly speaking, have no virtue. And here we realize the desperate difficulty of all translating, for it is nothing but a tentative

and very imperfect substitution not merely of words for words, but of notions for notions. Now this very word *aretê'* to which we particularly referred in our discourse on Pindar, this very term *aretê'* is not at all our "Virtue," but really it is power, perfect attainment, excellence. So, with Aristotle, the blackmailer, the thief, have their specific *aretê'*.

But Aristotle assumes a general ἀρετή of man at large, and man without it is "a most wicked and savage being" ("Polit.," 1, 2).

Now this positive virtue, or better, *excellence* of man is revealed in many specific forms, all of which have this in common that they maintain a certain *intermediate* point or attitude (μεσότης) between extremes. An enumeration, *e.g.* in "Eth. Eudem.," 2, 3, where first are named the two vicious extremes and then their middle-point, the correlated specific virtue.

Irascibility,	Stolidity,	Gentleness,
Recklessness,	Cowardice,	Bravery,
Shamelessness,	Stupor,	Respect,
Dissoluteness,	Callousness,	Continence,
Envy,	Obscurity,	Giving each his due,
Gain,	Loss,	Justice, and so forth.

More and more, even in the narrow limits of this sketch it grows clear that the essence of Aristotle's thought is analytical, descriptive, driving stakes and drawing maps in this actual world of men such as they are. For is it not after all merely a supremely clever psychological classification, this ethical theory? there is no clarion voice equally calling upon all; one may say that Aristotle has not discovered the Conscience as yet. After all, the full measure of truth is made dependent upon culture and social station. The curse of slavery is revealed even here, in the acutest and most universal Mind of the ancient world, I mean revealed in his profound contempt for manual labor. They who till the soil, who are craftsmen and who trade on the market-place, are below his sympathy

and concern. A great many crafts or mechanical trades were actually carried on by slaves under the direction of their masters. "The barbarians are more slave-like in their types of character by nature than the Greeks" ("Polit.," 3, 14). "Non-Greek and slave is the same thing by nature" ("Polit.," 1, 2). Even before the Stoics, it would seem, nobler voices had been raised among the Greeks which called slavery an institution contrary to nature. Now Aristotle undertakes to determine this problem both by reason and actual experience ("Polit.," 1, 5). Certain beings from their mother's womb are set apart for being ruled. It is a rule pervading animate nature. In the best man the soul rules the body, a rule essentially masterful. So, too, domesticated animals owe their very preservation to human rule. Similar is the relation of male and female, the one stronger, the other weaker, the one ruling, the other, ruled. Now there are certain human beings, whose intrinsic inferiority by a parity of reasoning is as manifest as soul to body, as beast to man — beings whose sole function and purpose is bodily, and these are *naturally slaves:* in social function and worth differing but little from domesticated animals. And it is profitable to them and it is right that these should be slaves.

And here, in our concern for Aristotle's humanity and for his estimation and valuation of actual mankind as he saw it, let us append his delineation of the character-types of the successive ages of man ("Rhetoric," 2, 12 *sq.*), particularly youth and old age.

"The young, as to their character, are given to desires, and so endued as to realize whatever they desire. And of physical desires they are most inclined to follow the sexual ones, and they are without self-control as to these. And they easily veer about, and are dainty about their desires and maintain their desire with intensity, but quickly cease. For their acts of will are keen but not of large measure, like the thirst and hunger of those who are ailing. And they are emotional and of keen feelings and qualified to follow their impulse. And they are subject

to their feelings, for on account of ambition they cannot endure being slighted, but they are aggrieved if they believe they are wronged. And ambitious indeed they are, but in a higher degree lovers of victory. For youth desires preëminence, and victory is a kind of preëminence. . . . And they are not malicious, but good-natured, because they have not viewed many acts of badness. And trustful because they have not yet been often deceived." But this must suffice from this chapter. There follows (chap. 13) the characterization of the elderly and those who have passed the zenith of life. These in all ways form the direct counterpart of youth. They have often been deceived and they have learned "that the greater part of things are poor" and so they "maintain nothing with unswerving firmness . . ." "and they surmise, but they know nothing." . . . "And they are malicious; for malice means to put the worst construction on everything. Further are they suspicious of evil on account of their distrust, and distrustful on account of their experience. . . . And they are mean-spirited because they have been humbled by life; for they desire nothing great or extraordinary, but merely livelihood. And they are illiberal: for one of the necessary things is substance; and at the same time experience has taught them how difficult it is to acquire, and how easy to lose. And cowardly are they and fearful of all future things; for their disposition is the counterpart to that of the young; for they are chilled and the young are hot. . . . And fond of life are they, and especially near the last day. . . ." "And they are selfish more than they ought; for this too is a kind of smallness of soul. And they live with a view to the useful, not to the noble, more than they should: because they are selfish. . . . And shameless are they more than delicately-minded; for on account of the fact that they are not equally concerned for the noble and the useful, they neglect appearances. . . .

"Therefore, also men of that age appear continent; for the passions have relaxed; and they are slaves to lucre. . . ."

"And compassionate old men too are, but not for the same cause as the young; . . . for they (the old) believe that everything is close at hand for themselves to suffer; and this was an element of compassion. Hence they are given to lamentation. . . ." The utter nothingness of the æsthetical bliss of Greekdom of which the *conoscenti* have raved particularly from Winckelmann and Goethe to Shelley and Walter Pater — I say how as nothing was this fictitious bliss in illumining that decline of life.

Exposure of children is entirely a matter of convenience. And not only this: but ("Polit.," 7, 16) if pregnancy occurs contrary to the fixed number convenient to the interest of the given commonwealth, then abortion must be performed.

As to the *Venus Canina*, the ever growing ulcer of the Grecian world. Where he actually does not hesitate to ascribe it to Minos as a deliberate and primeval institution of *Crete* — economic at bottom, to limit the population ("Polit.," 2, 10) — he falls unspeakably below the lofty and burning condemnation of his master, Plato; condemnation, it is true, only penned in that thinker's old age, for the discussions in the "*Symposion*" and in the "Phædrus" are indeed lax enough. One shivers at the coolness with which the tutor of Alexander refers to the death of Philip, and the specific personal circumstances ("Polit.," 5, 10) which caused the death of Periander.

Aristotle was generous in his will towards several of his slaves. He provided that, wherever his tomb was to be made, there also the bones of his wife Pythias were to be laid. For his concubine Herpyllis also he provided — "because she proved to be devoted to me" ("Diog. Laer.," 5, 13). Also, his son-in-law Nikanor was to dedicate a sacred gift which Aristotle once had vowed when Nikanor was in peril, marble figures of four cubits to Zeus the Saviour and to Athena the Saviour.

NOTE. — It is clear that, as regards Socrates, Xenophon must remain our chief authority. It is clear, too, that there was a quasi-spiritual discipleship in the souls of the nobler of the pupils of Socrates. Character and Soul are vastly greater than learning: Socrates will go on to stir mankind more than the acute and cyclopedic Aristotle. What Zeller, the erudite, means in the subjoined utterance is hard to understand: that Socrates brought about "an irremediable breach in the plastic unity of Greek life" — a somewhat absurd phrase, in which the Hegelianism of the earlier Zeller stands revealed. There is a slight resemblance with Franklin too, in Socrates, viz., that his vision of *culture* is limited by utilitarian considerations, Xen. "Mem.," 4, 7, 1 *sqq.* On the unwritten law and the immanent morality of the regulations of Nature, 4, 4, 19. As to Plato, the footnotes of Zeller contain substantially all the available material. Dying Paganism endowed (in the Neo-Platonists) the great Athenian with quasi-divine inspiration; similarly they clung to and magnified the Homeric epics.

What we may call the intuitive and transcendental element in Plato's thought is by him often invested in a myth, and Plato sometimes combines with the myths moral exhortations which he never would have grounded on uncertain fables. Plato had contempt for manual labor.

Plato's voyages to Sicily were partly determined by his profound interest in Pythagorean doctrine and history, partly it seems by an aspiration that he might find political conditions promising some hope of reconstructing human society through some sympathetic autocrat, perhaps.

On Prosperity of the Wicked, "Legg.," 849, d.

We learn that in Plato's day also "*the many*" held that Nature begot men from some automatic and mechanical cause, "Soph.," 265, c.

His delineation of materialists in "Soph.," 246, a–b, remains suggestive even for us. On Heaven and Retribution, *v.* "Gorg.," 523 *sqq.* — death, the judgment: souls stripped of all irrelevant properties, *ib.* Reincarnation as a distinct form of divine retribution, "Phædo," 81, e *sqq.* Like a true Socratic, Plato rates lower the virtue that goes with tradition and practical effort than that associated with conscious and deliberate reflection, "Phædo," 82, b. Motives for purity, *ib.*, 82, c.

Concupiscence in man bound up with his corporality, *ib.*, 82, e; cf. Hermann Bonitz, "Hermes," 5, 413 *sqq.* Pindar cited for immortality of the soul, "Meno.," 81, b. Sins and death, "Gorg.," 522, e.

Plato makes the gymnasia responsible for unnatural lust, "Leges," 636, b.

Athenian goodness less communal (and institutional) than that of other commonwealths — we may say less community-made, *ib.*, 642, c. Keep slaves in their place, *ib.*, 778, a.

Jowett forgets often that Plato wrote and lived in a *pagan* world. As for *Aristotle*, it is obvious that probably more than a decade elapsed before the younger man began slowly to emancipate himself from

Plato: younger indeed Aristotle was: how overwhelming must have been the prestige of the elder man at first: he being forty-five years the senior. See on life and letters of Aristotle, also the article by Gercke in "Pauly-Wissowa." As to Aristotle, we may say that probably never has there been such a combination in one person of the man devoted to metaphysics no less than to exact study of mathematics and science.

But we must go on to the descent and decline, though Stoicism presents many noble elements.

CHAPTER XII

HELLENIC DECLINE. ATTIC MORALITY. THE SOCIETY DRAMA OF MENANDER. EPICURUS AND ZENO

Our interest in the political history of Greece is due, in the main, to that other one, namely, in the culture of that gifted nationality. The time of Plato's dusk of life and of Aristotle's establishing of knowledge as chief end of man, — that epoch, I say, witnessed also the rapid decline of the freedom, at least of the self-determination, of the Hellenic commonwealths. A hostage in Thebes in his own youth, Philip, son of Amyntas, fully grasped the true measure of the political morality of his southern neighbors. The narrow spirit of those commonwealths had remained narrow, or become narrower. A scholar and stylist pure and simple, attaining to a great age with undiminished powers of expression, entirely free from personal ambition and the rancor of the practical politician, Isocrates of Athens witnessed the entire span of things from the death of Pericles to the establishment of Macedonian supremacy. In the year 340 the Attic observer completed his "*Panathenaikos.*" This political essay mirrors the political consciousness of the highly cultivated Athenian, it mirrors no less what we may call the political morality in that eventide of Greek independence. Sparta had never recovered herself after her collapse at Leuktra, 371. The squabbles at the political congress preceding the catastrophe of Sparta's leadership are noteworthy in our present design. It was at Sparta, too (Xen., "Hellen.," 6, 3), where, at a Greek congress, the legends of primal times were still as potent as ever: Triptolemos and Demeter, Hercules, Castor, and Pollux were arguments in political debate, Thebes still darkened by the shadows of Œdipus, and the fear or hope of Persian money a very vivid matter. And

so even the old Attic man of letters, Isocrates, after these events, directs a bitter passage against Thebes unnamed (121 *sq.*), a record of unspeakable crime which they must still, and justly, bear. Even more intense is his aversion for the Spartans. Their unfriendliness to culture and progressive civilization is scored again and again. Culture and the arts: "from which they keep away more than the barbarians; for the latter may seem to have been both learners and teachers of many inventions, but the former have fallen short of the common culture and philosophy to such a degree that they do not even learn letters." . . . Decisive is the fall of the Spartan spirit away from the immortal sacrifice at Thermopylæ, for *now* "they look towards nothing else than how to obtain the greatest amount of the possession of others." But we Athenians strove to obtain a good name in Greece at large. — Every one is possessed with the spirit of covetousness towards his political neighbor (244). Much vaunted indeed is the self-control and the subordination of Spartans, but they are and abide as impervious to ideas and monition coming from non-Spartan Greece as though such voices were uttered beyond the pillars of Hercules. In a word, the elements and forces that made for separateness, for narrow pride, for exaggeration of the particular and specific in Greek politics, greatly outweighed those that made for harmony, compromise, or union. We may confidently assume that the majority of Greek politicians had an itching palm and that King Philip's gold bought a definite number of these patriots in pretty nearly all the Greek city-republics. And it was entirely without consequence that Demosthenes, the Attic champion of a decadent electorate, named these commercial men in his splendid speeches. Arnold Schæfer presents the following summary ("*Demosthenes und seine Zeit*," II, 40): "It was Philip's system to raise up individual dynasts, whom he supported with favor and funds, and if necessary with mercenary troops. And whenever a Greek community crossed his purposes, Philip knew no mercy: of the towns he allowed no stone to remain on the other and the people

he sold into slavery. So had Potidæa fared, Methone not much better: a similar fate was to strike Olynthos and the Chalkidian towns, and the entire people of the Phocians Philip in cold blood abandoned to the vengeance of embittered foes." This matter of the Phocians has some concern for us. The Phocians in their distressful condition, unable further to hold the field against their Bœotian neighbors, were induced to plunder the sanctuary of Delphi (after 354 B.C.) and turn the gold and silver *anathemata* into a war fund and to other purposes. This was the "Sacred War," so called, which afforded Philip the welcome opportunity to gain power in central Greece.

Onomarchos, their leader, really desired to save his desperate private affairs — hence the looting of Apollo's shrine and the desecration of the "Navel of the Earth." And the willingness with which Greeks everywhere accepted coin from melted sacred gifts, proves a certain palpable demoralization of religious sentiment such as it was. Even from Athens and Sparta came mercenaries who eagerly took this Delphian gold. And some time before these events, when the Athenian commander Iphicrates was stationed in the Ionian Sea near Corcyra (Diodoros, 16, 57) and Dionysius, ruler of Syracuse, had sent gods' figures (*agalmata*) wrought from gold and ivory destined for Olympia and Delphi, Iphicrates happened upon these sacred ships and despatched to Athens for information as to what he should do. And the demos ordered him "not to analyze religious problems, but to investigate how to furnish enduring support to the troops." Thus the Athenians, who prided themselves on their own institutional piety, did, in the taunting phrase of the enraged West Greek autocrat, "commit sacrilege against the gods by land and sea."

As for the Phocian looters, some of the treasures had a particularly atrocious destination. For even the gold of Krœsus now was melted down, and the wanton and wilful impulses of the leaders were gratified to the uttermost. Onomarchos gave lavishly of the Delphian treasures to

his boy-favorites: Theopompos, a contemporary historian, wrote of these unspeakable things with full and specific detail ("Athenæus," 605, a). These boys were all comely, their age, their beauty, their own names, and their fathers' names were blazoned through the Greek world. And Athenæus himself, who compiled his "Scholars' Banquet" about 200 A.D., devotes one entire book to the subject of (Ἔρως) Eros.

It is with humiliation and sadness that we comprehend the enormous extension and the cancer-like persistence of unnatural lust as a veritable institution among the Greeks. And those who came later always could point to a splendid gallery of men of genius, the very pride of Greece, so named, so known. The friendships of the heroic legends were thus explained, and Minos whose righteous life made him a judge of the dead, Minos it was whom Ganymede served. Rhadamanthys was similarly dragged from his high estate by the lyre of the impure Ibykos. Ion of Chios in detail presented this vicious trend in Sophokles, the same Sophokles who wrote the "Antigone" and "Œdipus at Kolonos." Saddest of all is this, that Epaminondas is so remembered and so named. And the Sacred Band of Thebes.

But most wretched of all is the fact that a Welcker, a Preller, have not been merely mealy-mouthed about the matter.

And if the men of light and leading were so seized by the national plague, what of the vulgar folk? Now the Solonian laws of Athens forbade such a one to speak before the demos. But the peal of Aristophanic guffaws over and over screams out to his amused fellow-citizens that this vice was the veritable preparation for distinguished success on the bema.

About 345 B.C. Æschines at Athens, in playing his game of Philippian politics, sought out an active man of affairs and public orator, Timarchos, and endeavored to bring about his elimination from public life under the Solonian statute. The foe of Demosthenes frankly admits that he is not impelled by moral indignation, but by

the motives of a personal political feud. Æschines' phrase is decorous, and he speaks of the former lovers of Timarchos with an air of distinguished consideration and profound social regret, of a matter fairly venial. We will, however, give the unscrupulous ex-actor credit for one or two phrases, *e.g.* as "sinning against their own bodies" (22), "outrage against his own body" (116) : on the whole, however, we are made to feel that notoriety would make such a one an object of ridicule rather than of moral indignation or censure.

And the purchasers or seducers are hardly visited with any serious strictures at all. We learn also that the chief import of the peculiar term of Greek ethics (*sophrosyne*) is, primarily and essentially, *continence*, abstinence from lewdness.

Even more significant than the details of this case against Timarchos are some Attic statutes. It was provided by Solon (9), *e.g.* at what hour the free boy must go to his classroom; then, in company with how many boys he must enter and when he must leave. The teachers of letters as well as the instructors in bodily exercise were forbidden in the same statutes to open their classroom or wrestling school before sunrise, and enjoined their closing before sunset, "rating solitude and darkness with much suspicion" (10). The very "paidagogos," or boy's slave-escort, is the object of Solon's concern.

The chorus-leader who undertook out of his own purse as a public service (or *leiturgia*) the training of a boys' chorus, must be not less than forty years old. The causes of such statutes need no further exegesis from the present writer.

But we must follow Æschines one step further. The worship of physical comeliness, the craze of the gymnasia, the mandatory ecstasy spent on these things from Winckelmann to Pater, — Walter Pater, — all these things which your Philistine will dogmatically assert as culture, very high culture indeed, all these things we see in the actual life of the Greeks were bound up, inextricably bound up, with this blackest cesspool of Hellenic paganism. I will

transcribe further from Æschines (13 *sq.*) ! "After these things, then, ye Athenians, he (Solon) lays down statutes about misdeeds which are indeed great, but, I believe, are taking place in the city; for it is from the fact that certain things are done which it behooves should not, it is from this cause that the men of old established their statutes. In specific terms certainly the statute says, if father or brother or uncle or guardian or altogether any one of those who have authority, hire out any one to submit to a meretricious relation, against the boy himself he (Solon) does not permit an indictment for meretricious relations to lie, but against him who hired out and him who paid hire in his own interest. . . . And he has made the penalties for both alike, and that it shall not be obligatory for the boy when full-grown to support his father nor to furnish him residence, he shall not do it who has been hired out to sustain meretricious relations, nevertheless when (the elder) has died, he shall bury him and show him the other customary honors."

While anxious to pass on and away, we pause for one further antiquarian observation. It was a condition and not a theory with which Athens was here confronted. The state in no wise endeavored to extirpate this evil. Nay, it went so far as to farm out, annually, the tax for sexual immorality (the *πορνικὸν τέλος*) to the highest bidder.

In his old age ("Laws," 1, 636, 1), Plato wrote of the Athletic Schools of Greece as partly wholesome, partly noxious. And the beginning of this perversion he ascribes to the institutions of the Doric race, — the associations there established, he claims, bred this practice.

Alexander, that rare genius, began his meteoric career nobly; nobly too in maintaining at first a continence rare in that time of Hellenic corruption, but during his Asiatic campaigns this virtue was abandoned. I will record for him these nobler beginnings only. "When his admiral Philoxenos wrote to him, that there was with Philoxenos a certain Theodoros of Tarentum who had for sale two boys of surpassing comeliness, and inquiring whether he

should purchase them, in a fit of annoyance, Alexander shouted many times at his friends, asking whatever baseness Philoxenos knew of him (Alexander) for squatting there and sheltering such opprobrious things. And Philoxenos himself Alexander in a letter abused roundly and bade him send Theodoros together with his wares to perdition" (Plutarch, "Alex.," 22). Maximus Tyrius, a Greek essayist and philosopher (fl. ab. 200 A.D.), wrote a number of long-winded essays discriminating between pure and impure love, particularly among the philosophers, for these, from Socrates downward, were the object of constant innuendo and imputation on the part of the general public or from the sectaries of other schools.

Xenophon has immortalized Socrates: but he also makes him the centre of a banquet where (as with Plato) *love* was the chief theme. But always in the same direction, at best an apotheosis of comeliness. And so Kritobulos says there ("Symp.," 4, 12): "For now I take more pleasure in gazing on Kleinias than upon all beauty in the world; and I would be content to be blind for all others rather than for him, and him alone; and I am distressed at night, and in my sleep, because I see him not, and to the day and the sun I am very grateful because they reveal Kleinias to me. And indeed we fair ones have a right to be proud of this also, that the strong man must acquire his boons by exertion, and the chivalrous man by facing danger, and the wise man by discourse: but the comely one even when at rest can accomplish anything. I, at least, although I know that money is a pleasing possession, would more gladly give my possessions to Kleinias than accept a second estate from another, and more gladly would I be a slave than free, if Kleinias were willing to rule over me."

Into this Attic society came Menander, an Athenian of the Athenians, with his society plays, standard and model of the New Comedy as the Alexandrines reckoned the chronicles of Greek letters. Rather more than a generation

after Xenophon's old age, he began to produce plays under the public system of dramatic production. Born in 342 in the very eventide of Attic autonomy, he began to present dramas in the Dionysiac theatre completed by the worthy Lykurgos (son of Lykophron). His "Wrath" was his first production, given in 321, when both Alexander and Demosthenes were dead, and the sympathies of his countrymen were turned away from political concerns. Menander seems to have mirrored the life of his town and time with admirable fidelity, nor are there lacking notes of his own soul. Most of our insight into his matter and art we owe to Terence. But his range, in the one hundred and five plays produced in thirty years, must have covered every detail of Attic life and sentiment. We are grateful to him that he seems to have kept his pen away from the cancer. The moralizing extracts of Stobæus, the cyclopedic interest of Athenæus in the surface of things, these and a few other preserving factors are too narrow to permit much real grasp of the plots of these perished plays. It is clear that the variety of his themes was vast, and that the strains of social interests were equally catholic and comprehensive:—"The Brothers," "The Fishermen," "The Girl from Messenia," "The Girl from Andros," "The Man-woman or the Cretan," "The Cousins," "The Distrustful Man," "The Arrephoros (carrying certain sacred objects in procession), or The Flutegirl," "The Shield," "The Self-mourner," "The Feast of Aphrodite," "The Bœotian Woman," "The Farmer," "The Ring," "The Craftsman," "The Twin Girls," "The Grumpy Man," "The Self-tormentor," "The Heiress," "The Eunuch," "The Man from Ephesos," "Thais," "The Woman from Thessaly," "The Girl Possessed," "The Treasure," "Mr. Lionbold," "The Priestess," "The Men from Imbros," "The Groom" (or Stableman), "The Basket-bearing Girl" (of sacred procession), "The Carian Woman," (professional mourner), "The Carthaginian," "The Woman's Headdress," "The Lyre-player," "The Woman from Knidos," "The Flatterer," "The Pilots," "Drunkenness," "The Woman-

hater," "The Ship Owner," "The Legislator," "The Woman from Olynthos," "Wrath," "The Babe," "The Concubine," "The Woman from Perinthos," and others.

A mirror of Attic life, I said. Life of the cultured classes, in the main. But we harvest little; we glean, in this field, merely a few ears, or grains even.

Everything in the plots and plays seemed to revolve around the family. The son and heir yields to his appetites, and is entangled in some intrigue with a courtesan or mistress. His former paidagogos slave is his chief counsellor in the ever recurring task of outwitting the suspicious father, or in raising money for such amours, or in postponing the inevitable day when his father presents him with a marriage pact arranged and made for him. The essential disruption and demoralization of filial virtues is the chief and salient feature of these plays. Love is chiefly appetite, and romance, if romance there be, is perhaps this, that the girl to which the stripling clings awhile, is really an Attic girl, shipwrecked once, or exposed, but saved: when ring or bauble aid in the task of identification.

When fathers utter their woes or worries, their point of judgment rests merely or mainly on profit and loss, social or pecuniary disadvantage: the moral judgment is drifting on the ocean of life without compass, rudder, or chart.

Woman, mother or daughter of Attic citizens, appears in narrow spheres. The mother, particularly, unless she is a great heiress, is presented almost invariably, in a humiliating fashion. Menander, it is true, takes a certain delight in bringing into final discomfiture easy-going moralists, fathers such as Chremes in the "Self-tormentor," or Mikion in the "Brothers." Be easy with your son, be diplomatic, close your eyes at the right time, open your purse, remember your own youth. Still fathers are entitled to some consideration.

"Scortari *crebro* nolunt, nolunt *crebro* convivarier,"

these things may be done in moderation, but the drafts upon the father's purse must not be excessive.

The same self-complacent philosopher, when he realizes how wasteful his son's intrigues are, determines to make him the pensioner of the proposed son-in-law, and turns furious and desperate.

This same gentleman's demeanor to his wife is rudeness and contempt. The poor lady, in turn, fairly falls at his feet, when she confesses that she found it hard to have her baby daughter perish by exposure ("Hauton Timorumenos," 626 *sqq.*). "You remember that I was pregnant and that you laid down the law to me very strongly, that if I were to give birth to a girl, you did not want it reared? *Chremes:* I know what you did: you reared it. *Sostrata:* Oh no, no; but there was here an old Corinthian woman, not so bad: to her I gave (the babe) to expose. *Chremes:* O Zeus, the idea that you should be so stupid! *Sostrata:* I am undone. What have I done? *Chremes:* You ask? *Sostrata:* If I have done wrong, my dear Chremes, I did it unwittingly. *Chremes:* Indeed I know that matter indeed, for sure, if you were to deny it, that unwittingly and without being aware of it, you say and do everything: so many misdeeds you exhibit in this matter. For now, in the first place, if you had been willing to carry out my orders, you should have killed her, not pretend death with words, actually, however, to give hope to life. But I pass that by: pity, a mother's feeling; I let it go. But how well you carried out my will, reflect on that. For abandoned to that old woman by thee was our daughter, downright so, I tell you, as far as you were concerned, that either she should become a professional courtesan, or sold into slavery openly. I suppose your thought was this: 'anything at all is better, if only she live.' . . . *Sostrata:* My dear Chremes, I have done wrong, I confess it, I am defeated. Now I make this entreaty: since your spirit, my dear husband, is naturally more prone to forgiveness, that there be some protection for my folly in your love of justice. . . ." But enough of this. The gloom and misery of the Attic woman's apartment was rarely illumined, and

then by some religious anniversary or celebration rather — for if we were to call Decoration Day or Fourth of July, with us, in the United States, religion, it would not be very apt, as *we* feel the import of the word. The Attic lady was not given to read Plato or ponder on the matchless symmetry of domestic sculpture: the futilities of the toilet filled her life, too. The husband of your typical heiress was largely concerned with settling tradesmen's or shopkeepers' bills: "Now wherever you come, more carriages you may see in (the courts of) mansions than in the country when you visit your farmhouse. But this also is a fair thing, far more so than when they demand expenditures. There stands the fuller, purple-dyer, goldsmith, linen-draper: the restaurant-keepers, embroiderers, upper-tunic makers, bridal-veil makers, dyers in violet, dyers of wax yellow, long sleeve-makers, or perfumers, the sitting shoemakers, slipper-makers, the sole-makers wait, the makers of woman's robes from mallow-fibre, the baggage-carriers want their pay, the bosom-band makers wait, the makers of half-belts are waiting. At last you may think they are despatched. Endless the string of watchmen in the pillared courts: the weavers, border-makers, the manufacturers of little jewel-cases. . . ." (Plautus, "Aulularia," 505 *sqq.*).

We must not pass on without noting the bald fact that the procurer throughout the Greek world on both sides of the Ægean plied his trade in buying, selling, or exchanging his wares, even by the cargo, according to local market demands, and that he made time-contracts in legal form, and further that the governments everywhere enforced these contracts, as they did the others.

I cannot dwell on these things any further.

The New Comedy, I have said, presents Attic civilization old and in a way finished: it has indeed reached a certain consummation. Its presentation of decay is more cool and deliberate, when we study extracts from Philemon or Menander dealing with mockery of philosophy and philosophers, with the problems of Fate and Tyche (Fortune — Accident), Providence, the Social order, worship, the

value of Life. Through it all runs, like a red thread, the Attic love for problems, and the *pruritus disputandi*, the nimble readiness to enter upon any subject whatever in a dialectic and discursive way. The fact is, Menander is the new Euripides, but there is all over him a calm and a withholding of his inner man, quite different from the restlessness and querulousness of the older dramatist. Otherwise, both pursue that which Matthew Arnold (quite absurdly) ascribed to Greekdom at large, "to let their intelligence play around everything." Plato had attempted to determine the essence of the *Good*. But clearly it was caviary to the Athenian Philistine. "Just as Aristotle always used to relate (viz., to his students) the experience of those who heard Plato's lecture or Course *about the Good;* for every one approached him assuming that he would get something about the conventional human goods. But when the discourse appeared as dealing with learning, with numbers, and with geometry and astronomy and the Finite, that the Good is one, I believe it utterly impressed them as odd."

As to the grief of that community for the execution of Socrates, I am sceptical. Was that great character really ennobled in Attic concern? More than fifty years after the philosopher had drunk the hemlock administered by the Athenians (in 345 B.C.), the politician Æschines referred to Socrates as the well-known "Sophist," whom the people once made responsible for Kritias ("contr. Timarch," 173).

"The philosophers inquire, as I have heard, and on this they consume away much time — What is Good, and not one has yet found what it is. Virtue and Intelligence, they say and they name everything rather than What is the Good" (Philemon, Fragm. 67). As for the essence of the supreme God: "He whom no man deceives in anything he does, nor in that he will do, nor what he has done long ago, nor God nor man, this am I, *Air*, whom also one might name Zeus. And I (a God's achievement this) am everywhere, here in Athens, in Patrai, in Sicily, in all the towns, in all the domiciles, and in you all: there is no place

where Air is not; and the omnipresent must needs know all things for his being everywhere" (Philemon, Fragm. 84). A slave, it seems, is the speaker in the following passage dealing with universal dependency: "For one man is my master, but of these and thee and others numberless, 'tis law; of others, autocrats, and these have for their master, Fear: slaves are the possession of kings, the Kings, of gods, and God, of Necessity" (Fragm. 31): we see the fundamental ideas of the Homeric world still prevailing. And Homer still is the poet incomparable (Fragm. 93). On the problem of that which we would call *conscience:* "For whosoever of himself is not ashamed, himself that conscious is (*συνειδότα*) of having perpetrated evil things: how will he be ashamed of him that knoweth nought?" (Fragm. 146).

Attic soil was thin and poor: we seem to hear the tiller's voice as to the niggardliness of Earth: "with difficulty, barely, as in debt the principal, doth she pay the seed, but interest she robs, forever devising some pretext, to wit, some drought or killing frost" (Fragm. 86). Still more keenly pessimistic is this utterance: "O blessed thrice and thrice endowed with wealth the beasts, who of these things hold no discourse, nor any of them resorteth to convincing proof, nor have they any other evil of this kind brought from abroad; but nature such as each brings on, this straightway also has for law. But we, mankind, we live a life not worth the living (*ἀβίωτον βίον*); we are enslaved to opinions, statutes have we found, in thraldom to our ancestors and to our offspring. There is no way of missing trouble, but ever some pretext we do devise" (Fragm. 90). We see there were Rousseaus before Rousseau. The essence of moral goodness is freedom: we append these lines, which do credit to Philemon's judgment: "A righteous man is not he who does no wrong: but he who *can do wrong, and does not will it;* nor he who did refrain from taking petty loot, but he who takes his stand like steel, not taking large things, who could possess and hold control, and know no loss; nor he all these things maintains alone, but he who has a nature free from guile, both righteous will be and seem to be"

(Fragm. 92). Fine lines, I trust my clerical readers will admit, if such readers I may have. These may be interested to learn that Hugo Grotius, in his day deeply impressed with their lofty moral tone, claimed for them Christian authorship. As for *God* and his essence — God, mind you, not gods — we owe the following to Stobæus too: "Believe in God, and worship him, but do not search; for nothing but the searching hath thou for thy pains. Whether he be, or be not, do not wish to learn, as being do thou worship him and ever being by "(Fragm. 112).

And now for Menander. We have many reasons for believing that this literary leader held a philosophy not differing greatly from that of his friend and fellow-pupil Epicurus. "For good men Intelligence is god, ye wisest of the wise" (Fragm. 14). "Fair reasoning — all things are sacred for it: for Intelligence is the god who will give utterance" (Fragm. 71). Even more do we feel the affinity in the following lines: "Ever do thou drive out of life the thing that doth annoy; our span of life is little and a narrow time we live" (Fragm. 401). Be master of thy soul: "a human being as thou art never demands from gods the painless state, but enduring spirit. For if thou wouldest painless be throughout, thou either must be God or soon a corpse. Console thyself for thy evils through alien evils" (536). But again: "While all mankind by nature many evils has, pain is the greatest evil" (642).

Reserve in judging of riches: "A sightless thing is wealth, and blind it renders those that fix their gaze upon itself" (83). "Of wealth thou talkest, unabiding thing. For if thou knowest that these things will remain with thee for all the time, guard it, give no share of it to any other, thyself its master; but if not your own, but all you hold as fortune's fief, why shouldest thou begrudge, my father, any one of these," etc. (130). "I thought the rich, friend Phanias, who know not borrowing, they did not groan of nights, nor tossed on their couch and uttered cries of woe, but slept a sleep of sweetness and of calm, — but beggars

did these former things. But now I see that you too whom they call the rich, are troubled just as we. Is there, then, some affinity 'twixt pain and Life? It dwells with life luxurious, abideth with a life of high renown, it groweth gray in equal pace with poor man's life" (274). "None did enrich himself with speed and hold to righteousness; one gathers for himself and stints; the other lies in ambush for the one who guards it all along, and thus with one fell swoop he holds it all."

Menander never married, and his whole philosophy is counter to the troubles of matrimony, to the anxieties of paternity. "You'll marry not, if you have sense, and leave this life behind; for I myself have wed; therefore I warn you not to marry. *B.* Decided is the matter: let the die be cast. *A.* Complete it, then. May you be saved now. Into a veritable sea you'll plunge, of troubles, not Afric, not Ægean Sea: where of thirty craft not three are saved; but not a single one who married, has ever had complete salvage" (66). "What sort of thing it proved to be, to become the father of children! pain, fear, concern, nor is there any consummation" (408). To which we add the bitter sneer: "The mother loves her offspring more than father does: she knows her son to be her own, and father merely doth suppose" (631).

The old cry and question: is Life worth living? is man really the crown and apex of this world of being? this old problem of the pessimist seems to have not rarely been discussed in that weary and surfeited civilization. Thus we read: "If of the gods one should approach and say: 'Kraton, when you have died, you will again exist, from the beginning; and you will be whatever you do choose, a dog, a sheep, a goat, a man, a horse; for two times must thou live, for this is fate's decree, choose what you will. . . . All things rather' — I think I then would promptly say, 'make me but human being; this animal alone is wrongly prosperous, and wrongly fares it ill. The finest horse has more careful keep than other; if thou be a good dog, more honored art by far than worthless cur. A high-bred cock has other feeding, but the low-bred even fears

the finer one. If a man be good, well-born, of great nobility, it helps him nothing in the present generation, best fares the flatterer, blackmailer next,' " etc., etc. (222). A similar note: " Him deem I favored most of fortune, who speedily departs to whence he came, when he has viewed these things of majesty: the common sun, the stars, and water, clouds, and fire ; for even if thou livest a hundred years, these always will thou see abiding by: and if thy life be but a narrow span of years, more stately than these thou never wilt behold " (470).

What of worship, then? " As the house-breaker's sacrifice, bearing along couches, jars of wine, not for the gods' sake, but their own ; the incense belongs to piety, and the sacrificial cake here the god received, cake wholly laid upon the fire; but they lay upon (the fire) the edge of thighbone and the gall and bones they cannot eat, for the gods, and they themselves always gulp down the rest " (131). The essential point of a thoughtful critique of popular religion is well presented in the following lines: " No god saves one man through the other, woman! for if with cymbals man drags the god to what he wills, then he who does this overtops the god. But these are instruments of livelihood and daring, designed by shameless men, Rhodê dear, and formed for laughing stock of human life." Thus on the Attic stage: perhaps of private or foreign sacrifices, but really, the judgments seem to be sweeping and universal (" Men.," Fragm. 237). Still bolder the following ritual on the stage, a very part of the play: " Libation! — (you keep behind me and hand me the entrails; whither do you glance?) Libation! (slave Sosias bring on!) Libation! (very good, pour in). Let us pray to all the gods and goddesses of Olympus (take the tongue in this, d'ye hear) to give salvation, health, many blessings, fruition of now existing blessings to all; this let us pray for" (287). A scene, as we learn from the excerptor Athenæus (659, d), occurring at the celebration in honor of Aphrodite Pandemos, in Athens. Men were more tied down to attendance on ritual after they married, that is, their wives would certainly go and there was no other

escort but the husband: "The gods grind us to powder, us mainly who have wed, for always is there need to keep some festival. We sacrificed five times a day and seven servant maids encircling the timbrels rang again." Strabo the excerptor suggests that it was the expense that was so ruinous for the married man ("Men.," 317). Nowhere do we gain a closer vision. Another view: "Then, how *we* fare and how we sacrifice, 'tis not alike. When for the gods I bring a small sheep (enough for them), purchased for ten drachmas ($1.80), flute girls and ointment, harper women, and wine from Mende, Thasos, eels, cheese, and honey, the total sum amounts to a small talent (I read *μικροῦ ταλάντου*), 'tis worth our while to get a blessing for ten drachmas if also well-omen'd sacrifice has been made for gods: but to consume the killing cost of these in adding to the other — how is not the misery of the sacrifices doubled?" (308). Compare also St. Paul, 1 Cor. 8, 4 *sqq.*

And now for Providence and Plan of world and life. "Do you believe that the gods have so much leisure as to assign to each one their daily trouble or blessing?" (176). "Chance I dare say it seems is god, and he doth save many of the things which none perceive" (284). Again: "Do stop, ye who have sense; for man's intelligence is no more, nor aught, than Chance, whether this be breath divine or be intelligence. This 'tis that pilots everything and twists and saves, but Providence of mortality is smoke and empty talk. Believe me and do not censure me: all that we think or say or do, is chance . . ." (461). "O man, sigh not nor grieve excessively. The money, wife and offspring — many children, which chance has loaned thee, these it took away" (559).

"Impossible that there exists a palpable body of chance; but he who did not bear his affairs conforming to nature, he dubb'd as Chance what was his own bent of character" (561).

But a friend of Menander builded and joined together a philosophy — a system of thought, which mirrored the declining generations of Hellenism and endured long,

Epicurus. A quietism this system, quite different from that of Port Royal, in Pascal's time, but still a philosophy of rest, of a search after rest and after a soul unperturbed. Epicurus (341–270) was the son of a poor schoolmaster. The latter went to Samos to get a land-allotment there. The bitter sneer and the professional vanity deeply bound up with academic careers has added some dusky splashes to the portrait of Epicurus handed down by the Greek world. Some later Stoic scholars told of him, that as a young lad he went about with his mother to the dwellings of the poor and recited formulæ of religious purification (*καθαρμοί*): he who made it his life work to disestablish and destroy what power popular religion and traditional cults had on the souls of the Hellenic world. After trying his pinions for didactic flight in several towns of Asia Minor, he settled himself at Athens and gathered around his person a school of fervid adherents, in 306 B.C. A little more than for a generation he was the first head of the school named after him. A little park ("garden") outside of the walls he purchased for eighty minæ. It remained in the possession of the school, and was one of the spots shown the traveller. Critical and contemptuous as was the attitude of the Epicurean schools towards all theses non-materialistic or purely dialectical, your genuine follower of the Garden learned by heart the master's chief tenets. The "chief tenets," or "sovereign precepts" (*κύριαι δόξαι*), were inculcated and transmitted like a catechism of positive revelation. We have reason to believe that the school found its best bulwark in ignoring, or in genuine ignorance of, other schools.

Even in his life, he was idolized by his sect: and the twentieth Gamelion was a high holiday: every twentieth was an Epicurean sabbath. For his people saw in him not a great investigator of scientific facts, not a great dialectic hero, not a brilliant author — he was none of these — but a spiritual deliverer and saviour — if I may use the noble term to elucidate the warm admiration of his fold — a veritable saviour of souls, they claimed, from the yoke and thraldom of Fear, Care, and Unrest.

He borrowed heavily from the tenets of Demokritos of Abdera — greatest investigator of actual phenomena before Aristotle. Demokritos lived from 460 B.C. to beyond 373, a man of large mould — never mentioned by Plato, whose antipathies for the Abderite's uncompromising materialism and mechanism were stirred and wounded to the quick. But Aristotle studied him critically. Demokritos taught in his "Diakosmos" (Survey of the Universe) that all being was resolvable into the two principles of the Atoms and Vacuum: both infinite and eternal. There is no evolution out of nothing, but matter is eternal. The atoms constitute things living or otherwise — through contact, and their position and combination account for all concrete things. The spherical movement of atoms is from eternity. All life so-called is but a transitory combination of atoms. It is futile to ask after the Why and Whither of our world: there is but one object of our concern, viz., necessity.

"The men of old, beholding the phenomena of the sky (*τὰ ἐν τοῖς μετεώροις παθήματα*), such as thunder, lightning, and thunderbolts, and the meeting of celestial bodies, eclipses of sun and moon, were filled with fear, believing that the gods were the causes of these things" ("Sext. Emp. adv. Mathem.," 9, 24). There are innumerable worlds made in time and perishable.

Sweet and Bitter, Hot and Cold, Colors all — these things or qualities are merely subjective and by human convention. We do not indeed know anything infallibly and actually, but are only aware of physical changes or dispositions in ourselves. And still he postulated an image or perception of things *true and genuine:* while the image furnished by sight, hearing, smell, taste, and touch is darkish or obscure (*σκοτίη*).

Water, Air, and Earth are developed one from the other. There is a homogeneous material relation between the perceiving and the perceived, an affinity of substance. Combination and dissolution make birth and death, rearrangement of position of atoms makes that which men call change. But enough to point to the fountain from

which the philosopher of the Garden drew his beakers of the beverage of wisdom.

Your follower of the Garden was not asked to study first geometry and logic, empirical, psychological, or literary criticism. Erudition as erudition was tabooed. I had almost said shooed from the Garden.

Consider the *aim* (τελος). This system did not propose to rival with the scholarship and with the science of the Lyceum. The claim was that they aimed at the highest thing in this world and in this life: simply Happiness — as all living beings did — it was both the Unity and the Truth of living. A school of Happiness at one (in this striving) with the Universe and with all History and all experience. Futile is mathematics: it contributes nothing towards accomplishing this wisdom of Happiness. The learned labors of astronomers are fit for slaves, drudgery contributing nothing to Happiness. Definitions, Classifications, and Syllogisms are mere lumber of the schools.

Even the study of Nature as matter propelled by purely mechanical causes — even this were worthless and dispensable, did it not contribute so decisively to Happiness and thus to the Aim of Living. And here we have crushed the shell and come upon the kernel of the nut: "After all these things (viz., the purely materialistic exposition of the phenomena of the sky) we must perfectly comprehend that the most sovereign disturbance realized in human souls lies in this, that people opine those things (the phenomena of the sky) to be blessed (μακάρια, Diog. Laer., 10, 81) and that (people) have desires and at the same time both doings and motives which are set against (this belief) — and in this, that men always look forward to something awful of eternal duration or suspect it in accordance with the myths, dreading also the non-sentient condition which is inherent in being dead (τὴν ἀναισθησίαν τὴν ἐν τῷ τεθνάναι), as though it had any bearing on them. . . ."

There are no underlying causes other than those of matter: the chief function of philosophy as well as of

all other processes of research is this: to eliminate, nay, to eradicate, those fanciful opinions that "frighten the others to the uttermost" (*ib.*, 82).

This peace of soul, then, Epicurus promises to his sect, a boon that mere erudition and all its works cannot accomplish or bestow. It is to this end that "genuine Nature-love," that the Atomistic speculation is really directed.

Phrases like these were ever recurrent in the numerous works of this thinker: "The Imperturbability of the soul," "Freedom from disturbance and from pain," "Freedom from annoyance," "Blessed life," "Imperturbability and firm Faith," "to live without disturbance," "genuine Imperturbability."

As one's comfortable state of being is the principal consideration of the wise man, it is clear that the concerns of others cannot, nay, must not, be brought overmuch to our attention.

Pleasure, indeed, and its various categories, at once looms up into great prominence. It is not the longest but the pleasantest life that we should prize most.

Of the desires (127), some are natural and others empty, and of the natural, some are necessary and some are merely natural. Of the necessary ones, some are necessary towards happiness, others, for the disannoyance of physical man, and still others for life itself. It is for men to determine what to choose and avoid (*αἵρεσις καὶ φυγή*). But the best part of this book is to consist in the presentation of material for the reader's own induction. I do not desire to substitute my measure of judgment for the reader's own.

Let us hear the *scholarchos* of the Garden still further on this central theme. "We do everything for the sake of this, viz. (128), that we may feel neither pain nor suffer fear."

Pleasure we recognized (viz., in all human experience) (129) as the first good and kindred to us; . . . "Sometimes we pass over many pleasures, whenever greater annoyance follows from these. . . ." Living, wise conduct, we see, is largely an experience in weighing and testing,

in sifting and selecting, in avoiding and declining. It is the system of the *Ego*.

The greatest pleasure is afforded, in the enjoyment of luxury (130), to those who are least in need of it, and "because all that is natural is easily provided, but the boon of vain conceit is provided with difficulty. . . ." "When, then (131), we say that pleasure is the End of living (τέλος) we do not mean the pleasures of the dissolute and those pleasures which are based on the act of enjoyment, as some hold in their ignorance or their disagreement with us, or taking it in a bad sense, but the not enduring pain in the body nor being disturbed in the soul; for not drinking-bouts nor continuous (132) revelry, nor the enjoyment of boys and women, nor of fish and the other things which the luxurious table bears, not these things beget the pleasant life, but a computation endowed with sobriety and one that searches down for the causes of every choice and avoidance, and one that drives out mere opinions, out of which comes most of the disturbance that lays hold of souls. . . ."

There is a god or gods in the system. The word "atheist" was intolerable to the Greek consciousness. The Olympus, indeed, is merely a snow-capped geographical point, and the firmament a passing configuration of matter. With the periodicity of celestial bodies the god of Epicurus is unconcerned: "The divine nature must not by any means be brought into connection with these things, but it shall be preserved as not subject to service and in all its bliss" (97).

The highest bliss is in possession of God alone: a bliss (121) incapable of any increase. "God (123) is a being imperishable and blissful, . . . do not ascribe to him anything foreign to his imperishable essence, nor antagonistic to his Bliss. Entertain of him every opinion which is able to maintain Bliss coupled with Incorruptibility.

"For gods there are: for manifest is the perception thereof. But such as the Many hold them they are not;

for they do not guard of them the character in which they conceive them, . . ." (memorable words on actual Hellenic religion and worship . . . which we must treasure). "And impious or godless (ἀσεβής) is not he who does away with the gods of the many, but he who attaches to the gods the opinings of the many" (123).. But gross as were the myths of tradition, Epicurus would rather have and hold them than the (Stoic) conception of an inexorable *Fate* of Nature (134). God is utterly unconcerned with this work of ours: "The Blessed and the Imperishable neither has any trouble (πράγματα) itself, nor does it cause them to another . . . it is not determined by Anger nor by Favor" (139) . . .

Civil righteousness and political justice: "The righteousness of nature is a contract of utility that men shall not injure one another or be injured. All beings (150) that were not able to execute this treaty (of not injuring or being injured) to these the principle of just or unjust has no application. . . . Justice was nothing in itself, but in the mutual agreements, a contract in given localities, not to injure or be injured."

As to matrimony, the theory of the Garden was in harmony with the life and conduct of the master. Love-passion the wise man is to eschew (118). Sexual life is more apt to be injurious than beneficial. As a rule (119) the sage will abstain from marriage and the begetting of children: special circumstances only will cause an exception. Political life he will avoid: intolerable physical suffering he will terminate by his own act.

Finally, as to death, the end of all and all to the philosophers of the Garden. "Accustom thyself to the settled conviction that Death (124) is nothing to us; since all good and evil is in sense-perception: and deprivation of sense-perception is death. Hence the right understanding of the fact that Death is nothing to us renders the mortality of life enjoyable, not in adding interminable time, but removing the craving for immortality. For (125) there is nothing in the living awful for him who has genuinely seized the idea that there is nothing awful in not-living.

Consequently foolish is he who says that he fears death not because it is going to annoy in presence, but because it is now troublesome as something of the future tense." Clearly somewhat oracular here, our philosopher, in these epigrammatic antitheses.

His own last Will and Testament is recorded by our compiler, Diogenes Laertius, 16 *sqq.* A kindly spirit towards his own is everywhere apparent. The one thing (apart from his concern for the preservation of his own name) that puzzled me a little was the provision that *enagismata* were to be brought to his father and mother: a consoling periodical sacrifice to the shades of his parents. Obvious comments are unnecessary for the intelligence of my readers.

Some three hundred and seventy years after the death of this philosopher, Plutarch of Chæronea penned these words: "but that visage of death, visage fearful and truculent and wrapped in darkness which all secretly dread, the state of non-sentience, and of oblivion and ignorance: and at the phrases 'He has perished,' and 'He has been taken away' and 'He is no more' they are disturbed and are ill at ease when these things are said. . . ." (*Non posse suaviter vivi*, c. 26). "The phrase 'that which is dissolved is non-sentient and the non-sentient is no concern of ours,' it *does not* remove the fear of death, but adds, as it were, a demonstration of it, for that is the very thing which Nature fears —

'But you all may turn into earth and water' —

it *does* fear the dissolution of the soul into that which has no intelligence and which has no perception (a dissolution), which Epicurus construing as a scattering into Emptiness and Atoms even more eradicates the hope of incorruptibility, . . ." (*ib.*, c. 27) (ἔτι μᾶλλον ἐκκόπτει τὴν ἐλπίδα τῆς ἀφθαρσίας).

The Stoics present to us the most virile and in some respects the most admirable—spiritually admirable—reve-

lation of the Greek mind: and still they exhibit a body of thought and a system of conduct which, as a boreas sweeping down among the zephyrs of Capri and Sorrento, seems to draw down rudely from its pedestal the very incarnation of Hellenic happiness and the sunny contentment with this world of sense and seeming.

But let us look for some cause and reason for this valuation. Zeno was a Greek of Kittion in Cyprus, island where Greek and Oriental were fused in many ways. We will not conjecture vaguely of Phœnician lines or lineaments in the physiognomy of the founder of Stoicism: nowhere in Greek civilization was Astarte-Aphrodite so slightly regarded as in Zeno's system. Futility to pore over the meagre data as to his physical person, thin, of dark complexion, and other accidents. He came to Athens as a skipper or trader and finally determined to abide there. He heard the wisdom of other schools for many years. The emancipation from the world's coveted boons such as the Cynics practised with uncomely rudeness — the principle of it all, at least, gained his approbation. Megarian acuteness of logical analysis had much to do also with his making.

The colonnade, or Stoa, in Athens where he taught has given to the world the stern word we all know. Right by the bustle and turmoil of the market was this painted porch — clearly the Stoics were not a coterie of soft men and advanced women like those of the park of Epicurus. The very background of the colonnade was adorned with paintings, stirring, warlike, legendary, or patriotic: an association or environment not antipathetic to the founder of the school, who took his turns there with his followers — Trojan scenes, Attic legends, but Marathon and Platæa as well — the spirit of Theseus and of Athena and Hercules over it all.

He was a local celebrity at Athens in his lifetime, and declined an invitation from Antigonos Gonatas of Macedon. Zeno survived Epicurus some eight to ten years, dying in 264 or 263, when Rome was beginning to grapple with Carthage. One or perhaps two decrees were

passed by the citizens' general meeting, or ekklesia: the Athenians gave him the honors of golden wreath, of statue, of burial in their most distinguished Avenue of tombs, the Kerameikos. And this was the cause assigned (Diog. Laer., 7, 10), "Since Zeno, son of Mnaseas of Kittion, having lived for many years while engaged in the pursuit of wisdom, in our city, has throughout been a good man in the remaining things and particularly in calling those youths who came to be introduced to him, to virtue and self-control and gave them an impulse, having set forth his own personal life a pattern for all, a life which was in agreement with the precepts which he produced in his discourses. . . ."

Quite Attic, too, was this provision that one column engraved with this decree was to be placed in the Academy, the other in the Lyceum — the name of Zeno to be thus enrolled directly with the names of Plato and Aristotle: the quondam head of a naval and insular empire had become a peaceful academic town and a Museum of the Hellenic past.

Zeno, if the anecdotes in Diogenes are truthfully or exactly transmitted, craved not a large following of disciples, nor treated with excess of comity those who came to him.

To a youth who was very talkative, he said (Diog. Laer., 7, 21): "Thy ears have fused with thy tongue."

To a comely youth he said: "Nothing is more wretched than you fair ones. . . ." And here he forsook the spirit of the Hellenic world, ascending to a higher plane of judgment. Of judgment, but his personal biography (*ib.*, 113) is not without stain, for there was no law of conduct objective or categorical, but at bottom no man had any judge beyond himself, unless the polity and civil statute determined. Besides this, there is the salient fact that both the followers of specific sects eagerly bespattered the leaders of the other sects with foul matter, and that the broad level of Hellenic consciousness, complacent in its view of their cancer, claimed that none were better than all, the sages no purer than the rank

and file; or, if they seemed to be, that was but a hypocritical pretence.

As a fact, during his own career in Athens, there grew up around him certainly that elusive though most real thing, a reputation: and in that reputation he appeared to the people of Athens as superlatively endowed with the quality of *self-control* (*ἐγκράτεια*): his name here became veritably proverbial; his school was held as of those who led the simple life in food and drink (*ib.*, 27). The memorial verses of those who had had some feeling of his life work and personality, laid stress on his sanity of mind and conduct (*σωφροσύνη*): thus he attained to Olympus. Or they pointed to his sturdy self-sufficiency (*αὐτάρκεια*), his contempt for the empty boasts of wealth, the essential virility of his philosophical thought, Fate, Freedom that knows no blanching or tremor. Or this, that Virtue is the only asset of the Soul, or of commonwealths, too. Still, when Zeno, being then very old, broke a finger in an accidental collision, he departed from life voluntarily. In time suicide became an important article in the sum of the Stoic creed.

The pupil who succeeded Zeno as head and lecturer of the stern sect was Kleanthes. The data of his life are luminous for our purpose, he was worthy of headship because he was a rare virtuoso in the practice of the precepts, and this school was more sincere and earnest in the practice of its professions.

To hard wax Zeno compared the *ingenium* of Kleanthes, to a substance resisting impression, but preserving such with much endurance. Kleanthes came to Athens from Assos in the Troad with four drachmas, his entire worldly possessions. Like some of our American students who "work their way through college," he worked at night, carrying water (Diog. Laer., 7, 168) in the gardens, and, later on, the glib Attic tongue made a fair pun on this. Antigonos of Macedon — often a sojourner at Athens — asked him once why he carried water. And Kleanthes answered: "Why, I merely carry water. But why don't I ply the spade, too? Why don't I irrigate and do every-

thing for the sake of philosophy?" Even greater, it seems, was his moral endurance and his immobility of purpose in the face of belittling and abuse. His equipoise under uncommon provocation, such as a personal gibe from the Attic Stage, arrested the attention and won the admiration of the town. His lecture courses he took by using shells and the broad shoulderbones of cattle to write on, for he lacked the small coin to provide himself with the necessary bits of papyrus material.

Among his writings were three books on *Duty*. As for this word or the concept of the term, it is claimed for Zeno (Diog. Laer., 7, 25) that he coined the term (*τὸ καθῆκον*), a matter we will now leave to the registrars of things academic. Among his other titles our compiler records these: "On Impulse" (or on the vigorous assertion of Will) (*περὶ ὁρμῆς*); three books on "Duty," on "Freedom," on the "Aim of Life" (*περὶ τέλους*), on the thesis that the "Virtue of Man and Woman is the Same" — clearly a great step forward beyond Aristotle — on "Pleasure," — this no doubt against the School of the Garden. At eighty he was stricken with ulceration — perhaps with gangrene — of the gums. He refused food until he died.

The vernal clover leaf of this great school had for third in its triad the name of Chrysippos of Soloi in Cilicia. He laid deeply the basis of erudition and of academic detail for this system. He devised the proofs and demonstrations (Diog. Laer., 7, 179). His literary production was so enormous that any finish, or even any concern for style, was out of the question.

A polyhistor, in a way, he browsed on every mead, and particularly was an adept in discovering matter in general literature, fortifying Stoicism from the Classics of the Hellenic world. He died in 207 B.C., at Athens, and his ashes were entombed in the Kerameikos. What he and others of this sect did for logic and all the range of study concerned with human understanding, is not in my province, and may be found in Prantl's learned volume.

But God and the world, man and conduct, and all the

Vistas of the Infinite, towards which the human soul always seems to be impelled or propelled by a force of kinship and eternity — these themes concern us in the Philosophy of Freedom.

Is the world from eternity? Or is it made, has it become? Is it animate or non-animate? Is it perishable or imperishable? Is it administered by providence?

The passive element in nature (Diog. Laer., 7, 134) is matter: uncreated matter, but the active and productive element is the Reason in it, God. He does the creative acts throughout the whole of the material universe. And this principle, divine Reason, is from Eternity. There is a process in the mechanism of coming and going accomplished through Heat — it makes organic things and dissolves them at the end. And this primal and eternal Being is one, though men name it with various appellations (*ib.*, 135): God, or Intelligence, or Fate, or Zeus, and many other names.

The universe they designate also in three ways: "God" is identical with this specific and qualified Cosmos which we perceive and in which we too have our being — we see readily the large pantheistic drift of the System. This "God" dissolves the material universe into himself in certain periods of time, and again begets it out of himself (137).

A second appellation of this divine universe is the astral system, and a third the combination of these first two.

Now this Cosmos is administered with Intelligence and Providence, and there is a Soul or Animation in the universe as it is in human bodies. These are a tiny exemplar of the Cosmos which is a living Being, animate, rational, and intelligent. Its dominant element is the Ether. But at this point, perhaps, we must make a place for the famous Hymnos of Kleanthes, preserved by Stobæus ("Ecl.," 1, 2, 12). "Most renowned of immortals, much-named one, omnipotent ever, Zeus, leader of nature, pilot of Law amid all, hail! for Thee all mortals are permitted

to accost. For of thy race are we, alone have we had allotted to us some of Thee, alone of mortal beings which on earth do live and creeping go. Therefore to thee my hymn I'll raise and ever thy puissance sing. Thee obeys this Cosmos revolving around the earth wheresoever thou leadest and willingly is under thy power. Such thunderbolt Thou holdest in thy invincible hands, thunderbolt subservient, two-edged, fiery, ever living. For from its blow all parts of nature are numb, by which Thou directest the common reason which permeates all and is mingled with lights great and small . . . being so great Thou art highest King through all. Nor is any deed achieved on earth without Thee, O divine power, nor in the ethereal divine firmament, nor in the deep, excepting what bad men do in their own folly. But Thou knowest how to make the crooked straight and to order things disordered, and things not friendly (to us) are friendly to Thee. For thus hast Thou fitted together into one the good things with the evil, so that there is made one rational system (λόγον) of all things enduring forever which fleeing relinquish all those mortals who are evil, the ill-fated ones, who, ever yearning for the possession of boons, neither behold the common law of God nor hear it, which obeying they might have excellent life attended by understanding. But they, on the contrary, bound forward without the honorable, one for this, one for that goal: some on behalf of reputation having a zeal of evil rivalry, and others turning to lucre without any seemliness, others to relaxation and the pleasing deeds of the flesh . . . some (then) are borne at one time towards this, at another time towards this, striving throughout to have the reverse of these things come to pass.

"But Zeus, All-giver, gatherer of dark clouds, sovereign of thunder, save thou mankind from their grievous lack of experience, which, Father, do Thou dispel from their soul, and grant that they may happen upon wisdom, relying upon which thou governest all things with justice, to the end that having been honored (by Thee) we may make requital to Thee with honor, singing thy works perpetually,

as is seemly for one who is mortal, since there is no greater privilege either for gods or men, than ever to sing the common Law of righteousness."

From the Stoic god, in due order, we pass to Stoic man and to Stoic humanity. Free is man as over against any other man, but at the same time his essence and his strength and his destiny are that he shall live "in accordance with nature." Now in my academic youth and vernal time, reading much in Cicero's treatises on Greek philosophy, I incessantly came upon this axiom of "*consentire naturæ*" "*secundum naturam vivere*"; and that we "shall so live as to attain all things which are in accordance with nature." But I knew not what nature they meant, for that nature of which I had the irrefragable and positive test of actual experience was a different power and force from this Stoic Nature; it was irascible, vain, selfish, impelled towards concupiscence; it was envious, proud, impatient, and one which I often sighed about in the privacy of sincere self-communion. What nature, then, was that of Zeno? Clearly something akin to Perfection, to an Absolute Law, something endowed with qualities before which the purer and nobler aspirations of this soul of ours must prostrate themselves, and in conformity with which it must seek its highest happiness; something, then, it must be, quite different from what we in common parlance call "Human Nature."

Man is the apex of the hierarchy of those beings which are constituents, and also works, of this "Nature," this Universe, this "God." Now man is made to contemplate and to imitate the Universe, man, not at all perfectly wrought, but a certain tiny portion of the Perfect. "You cannot," said Chrysippos (Plut., "Moralia," Vol. VI, p. 220, ed. Bernardakis) "find any other (principle or) beginning of Righteousness than that from Zeus and from Common Nature; for from this source all such must have its beginning, if we are to take any ground on Boons and Evils." And on the same page says the same high authority of the Sect: "For one cannot otherwise nor with more intrinsic propriety reach the rational

explanation (λόγος) of the Boons and Evils, nor the Virtues, nor Happiness, but from the Common Nature and from the administration of the Cosmos." And therein men must be content; — to be good, to eschew evil, is the very purpose of this divine and Universal Nature, it is here that man may, come what may, believe himself in harmony with the Eternal and Imperishable. Says Chrysippos: "For otherwise no particular thing can come to pass, not even the least one, than in accordance with the Common Nature and the rational plan (λόγος) of the same" (*ib.*, p. 259).

As to life and happening nothing is isolated; everything is determined by antecedent necessity: here is revealed the living and basic Reason which dominates the Universe and should dominate us and in us, if only we are wise enough to be in absolute conformity, harmony, and loyal subordination — to the Universe, Nature, God. Thus normal actuality proceeds with Reason and thus justifies itself to our soul as divine, as Fate, as Providence; in common parlance the Hellenes call it the Will of Zeus. In the rebirth of living beings and in the continuation of organic life this Providence or Fate reveals itself as the seed-providing Reason (λόγος σπερματικός).

The conception of *Design* is deeply interwoven in all the texture of the Stoic system of thought, and with it there goes a certain postulate of gods.

And now we come from their academic and pantheistic god to the popular and traditional gods of Hellenic worship.

It was the beauty and marvellous order, the Stoics held, that roused and kindled in the souls of men the assumption of God (Plut., "Placita Philos.," 1, 6, 8 *sqq.*): "For always sun and moon and the remaining constellations moving in their orbits under the earth" (*τὴν ὑπόγειον φοράν*) (and back again) rise alike as to tints, and even as to measures, both as to identity of spaces and times. Therefore those who established the tradition of the worship concerned with the gods (*τὸν περὶ τῶν θεῶν παραδόντες σεβασμόν*) did bring it forward for us through three

forms: first, through the form of Nature; second, through the form of legends; and third, from that form which has derived its evidence from (communal usages) laws. And the Nature-form (of worship) is taught by the philosopher, and the legendary (or mythical) by the poets, and the statutory is enacted (*συνίστανται*) by each commonwealth." And herein lies a world of significance for this book and the author's and his readers' quest. The school assumed a conservative, nay a conserving, attitude towards the created gods of popular or national worship; some element of moral good there might be there, and some check or bar on dissolute living or upon the passions: but in concrete detail the Stoic scholars resorted to the device of allegory and speculative etymology. But the narrower measure of these essays and sketches compels us to be content with one weighty citation. (Homer and Hesiod they knew had come to stay and were more abiding elements in national culture than any speculation or dogma of the schools.) "Therefore the firmament seemed to them (*i.e.* to those who established the tradition of popular religious usages) to exist as Father, and earth, Mother. Of these, the former, because it poured out the waters and so had the disposition of seeds, while the latter was Mother on account of her receiving these seeds and bringing (them) to birth; and beholding the celestial bodies ever running and causes enabling us to view, they named Sun and Moon gods. A second and third classification of gods they instituted, viz., the noxious and the beneficent element: and as the beneficial ones, Zeus, Hera, Hermes, Demeter, and the injurious ones, the Poinai, the Erinyans, Ares; appeasing these latter as being difficult to bear and fraught with violence. A fourth and fifth class they have added through practical concerns and emotions; of emotions, Aphrodite, Pothos (desire); of practical concerns, Elpís (hope), Dikê (Justice), Eunomia (good government). A sixth place is assumed by those moulded by the poets. . . . And seventh and after all is that element which has been eminently honored on account of its benefactions towards common life, an element of human

birth, like Hercules, like the Dioscuri (Kastor and Pollux) like Dionysos (Bacchus). And they said that they were of the form of men (*ἀνθρωποειδεῖς*) because, of all being, divinity is the most sovereign, and of living beings (organic life, we would now say) man is the comeliest, being adorned with virtue in a distinguished manner in connection with the organization (*σύστασις*) of Understanding" (Plut., "Placit. Philos.," 1, 6, 11–15). And thus, too, the Stoic lecturers had much to say of Hercules: he defeated boar, lion, steer, *i.e.* the appetites and passions of human kind: he destroyed the many-headed hydra, that is to say, the endless forms of illicit desire.

The school earnestly strove to preserve these legends, but sought to ennoble them by steeping them in the brine of Stoic doctrine.

But, at last, man himself, man alone, so determined and predetermined by the links in the adamantine chain of eternal necessity, what should he do? What is his aim? What is he here for?

Self-love and self-preservation are the first ordinance of Nature, a law of the Universe: certain things are sought, while others are avoided. Later on in each life comes the mature use of reason, the finer grasp of what is fair and honorable. And here they were not far away from the somewhat overestimated categorical Imperative of Professor Immanuel Kant — a kind of *semper et ubique* too: an obligation far transcending, in fact, utterly unconcerned with, nay defiant of, all motive bound up with comfort and convenience. What is the Good? What is good? What is the Aim? A happy Life. To be in harmony with the Universe, of which we men are parts. We must therefore eschew all things which the upright Reason forbids, a law, mind you, which is binding on that supreme Divine Force no less than on you and me, on Achilles no less than on Thersites, on autocrat no less than on slave. You must do that which your reason will tell you is the universal law. Your reason knows, and particularly is it fitted to guide you when it has acquired the true canon of valuation. Let this be briefly outlined.

Virtue is a practical disposition or faculty (ἕξις) consistent with itself and one which must be chosen "for its own sake (Diog. Laer., 7, 89), not on account of any fear or hope or anything without" — the externals, unrelated to the human soul. In such virtue lies the happiness of life.

Moral evil there must be, otherwise how could we recognize the moral good? (*ib.*, 91). The primary virtues are: Understanding, Fortitude, Justice, Self-control.

There is a reaction of the good on him who does it — virtue ennobles those who live it. An implied and involved result of virtue is joy, a cheery soul, and the like.

Of boons (ἀγαθά) some concern the soul (*ib.*, 95), others are external or foreign to it, and still others are neutral.

There are boons which create or make for those other ones which are ends in themselves (τελικά): still others *are* ends in themselves, as, *e.g.*, courage, wisdom, freedom, joy, cheerfulness, freedom from distress. Virtues alone are both means and ends in the determination of happiness. Everything worthy of the predicate of a good is also advantageous, profitable, useful, necessary, worthy of choice, righteous.

The only evils, on the other hand, are moral evils, because these only concern the soul and the essential being of man, as folly, unrighteousness. Thus the neutral are those objects which neither benefit nor injure, *i.e.* the soul: such are, life, health, pleasure, beauty, strength, wealth, fame, noble birth, and the like. And neutral also are the opposite, as death, disease, pain, ugliness, feebleness, poverty, obscurity, low birth — the far-famed *adiaphora* of the school.

For there was in this school a joy and a defiance, which made them love consistency and a certain rigor of logical sequence, and a spirit which glorified in paradox.

As a man of sound bodily health is well in all his parts, so the truly virtuous one whose soul is truly whole. The concrete virtues are indissolubly connected and bound up

with one another — there is here nothing partial or eclectic. Nor is there anything (here they faced sharply against the followers of Aristotle) midway between virtue and moral evil. There are no degrees: you cannot logically speak of something more righteous or unrighteous, as a piece of wood is either straight or crooked.

Let no one rob the school of their coinage of the term which we English as *duty* (*καθῆκον*).

It is that "which, when done, has a certain rational defence" (*ib.*, 107). Such acts are "postulates of Reason" (*ὅσα λόγος αἱρεῖ ποιεῖν*), *e.g.* to honor one's parents, brothers, commonwealth, etc.

After all, Stoic goodness is for an intellectual aristocracy: the highest category of right action (*κατόρθωμα*) none but the Sage can accomplish or do, axiomatic or absolute goodness.

Emotions are a form of evil in the main: the Stoic, utterly anti-Hellenic here, pleads the Reason of Nature in his rigorous opposition to that soul-weakness and that soul-perversion which we call passion, and which sways the multitude of the unwise.

Like his antagonist of the Epicurean School, the Stoic aimed at a certain happiness, but *his* demand that the soul-ocean be unruffled by fear, by lust, by desire, nay even by ambition, the Stoic's postulate, I say, of a certain peace of soul, is infinitely more virile than the other, and he alone has taken steps leading towards that difficult goal: the conquest of the world.

Of humility it is true we see nothing either here or elsewhere: the spiritual pride of the genuine Stoic is gigantic — a self-sufficiency which moves him far away from the essence of Christianity — it is in the bliss and immortality of God alone that he, God, is above the Stoic Sage: this is their boast.

But in our Roman section we will find the practical strength, the incarnation, we may say, of this system, which consummates and, in a manner, terminates the nobler movement of Greek thought, while it denies the ideals of the Hellenic world at almost every point.

NOTE. — Praxiteles, the sculptor and lover of the courtesan Phryne, was of this period of decadent Greek life, flourishing about 352–336, in the age of Philip and Demosthenes. His technical skill indeed was marvellous: the limbs of his figures so soft that you seemed to see the pulse of life and the quivering muscle. The disciples of mandatory ecstasy repeat with dogmatic positiveness the familiar phrase of Pliny ("N. H.," 34, 10): "nil velare Græcum est." As though it were a canon of Art: when even the gesture of Praxiteles' much-vaunted Knidian Aphrodite proves a last vain symbolism of the utterance of Herodotus (1, 8): "for as she puts off her tunic at the same time also does a woman doff her sense of shame."

As for Aphrodite it was not until down to the time of Praxiteles that all drapery was dropped from her figure: and it was felt an act of supreme boldness. The simple question will instinctively rise to our lips: Why then was not Hera presented as undraped? Why not Artemis? Athena? Why not the Nine Muses? The noted archæologist Heinrich Brunn says of the Knidian Aphrodite: "Here it is . . . the merely sensuous appearance, which by itself and alone is to rouse pleasurable acceptance. The older idea of an Aphrodite Urania has been dropped; with the drapery also there fell the higher intellectual conception" (whatever that may have been) "of the goddess." We recall the unveiled contempt in Homer for this Oriental importation. The general movement was from chaster conception towards freer: so of the painter Polygnotos we are told by Pliny ("N. H.," 58): "qui primus mulieres tralucida veste pinxit" first painted women with transparent garment.

Of Pheidias we are wont to think as a sovereign artist who knew how to fuse a certain majesty with canonic truth of sculptural lines. The ecstatic, however, should not forget that Pheidias placed the figure of a lad Pantarkes near his much-vaunted production of the Homeric Zeus — the youth represented as tying his head with a fillet (Paus., 5, 11), and they say "that he was a boy-favorite of Pheidias." This was the "religion" of beauty. Elsewhere Pausanias (10, 3, 6) calls him "the beloved" (τὰ παιδικά) of Pheidias.

There is a curious testimony of the soul in the vague and evasive phrase coined by the Greeks: the neuter-plural (τὰ παιδικά): "the boy-concerns" of such or such a one. On the Greek Cancer or the Venus Canina, Professor M. H. E. Meier has written a monograph of some forty pages quarto, in Ersch and Gruber, and we must acquit him of any palliation of this monstrous evil.

I have already deplored the fact that even the virile Æschylus conceived of the friendship of Achilles and Patroklos in this unspeakable mode: also we must here add that the *Niobe* of Sophocles had this matter for its central theme. No, Meier fully and fairly deals with "*Knabenschändung*," as such. Still he, little acquainted with the measure of complete harmony subsisting in the Italy of the Humanists between wonderful culture and utter moral corruption, I say the Scholar of Halle says near the end of his treatise: "Our

delineation has indeed shown that the vice of sexual violation of boys was practised among the Greeks to so deplorable an extent, as must be quite incomprehensible on the part of a nation so highly cultured." If only culture — æsthetical culture — made in the slightest degree for righteousness! Cf. also Deut. 23, 17: "There shall be no whore of the daughters of Israel, nor a Sodomite of the sons of Israel."

The citations from Philemon and Menander are made from Meineke's edition. As for Epicurus and his school, the entire tenth book of Diogenes Laertius is devoted to them. The famous Polyhistor of Bonn, H. Usener, has published anew the most important portions of these texts, viz., the direct utterances of Epicurus himself. As for the so-called letter to Pythokles, I see no cogent reason for doubting its authenticity. Further, Usener publishes all attainable fragments (so-called) ascribed to Epicurus. The index is particularly valuable: "*Epicurea*," edidit Hermannus Usener, Lipsiae, in ædibus B. G. Teubner, 1887.

On all matters of theological speculation among the Greeks, consult the learned volume of Krische: "*Die theologischen Lehren der Griechischen Denker*," etc. *v.* Dr. August Bernhard Krische, Göttingen, 1840.

On Stoics *v.* esp. Book VII of Diogenes Laertius, and several essays by Plutarch, essays rich particularly in direct citations from Chrysippos. (*De Stoicorum Repugnantiis: De Communibus Notitiis.*) Ritter et Preller, "*Historia Philosophiæ Græcæ et Romanæ ex Fontium Locis contexta*," Gotha, Perthes, 5th ed., 1875. Zeller's footnotes are even more valuable. For the allegories of Greek Religion, see "*Cornuti Theologiæ Græcæ Compendium*," ed. C. Lang, Teubner, 1881.

CHAPTER XIII

ACTUAL WORSHIP IN GREEK COMMUNITIES. THE VOICE OF TOMBS

THE wonderful perfection of Hellenic sculpture and of their architecture is so impressive that their religious worship, too, has been idealized by many who stand remote from the real labor of the classicist. We must hold fast to the following: in the main the concern of their worship was not for spiritual things. As the community lived through sun and moon and weather and seasons, it besought certain Forces of Nature for their blessing and protection. Such acts of worship were largely communal, nay political, acts. They commemorated the crises and fortunes of the past, they glorified often a legendary dependence of the particular community on some act of founding and beginning — ancestral joy and pride dominated such anniversaries. These the Greeks called ἑορτή (*heortê'*), and in the celebration thereof many a little valley of Arcadia, or narrow plain, or strip of land along some river, felt almost all the sentiment both of nature and state-feeling which gave dignity and purpose to their whole range of living within those orbits of the sun which men call years. In the time of Seneca and St. Paul there began to move and stir a new drift, not ignoble in aim and design. This was a movement to lay hold of noble things in Greek thought, — particularly as worked out by Plato and in the Soul-doctrines of Pythagoras, — and, at the same time, to maintain the popular worship.

Plutarch stands as the embodiment of this Renaissance. Let us hear some of his utterances on Greek Religion. In his essay entitled "That one cannot even live pleasantly when following Epicurus," — cap. 20, — he says: "And I

do say . . . , that Atheism is no smaller evil than rudeness and vain conceit, into which we are led by those who remove Grace as well as Anger from God. For better were it that there should subsist and be fused with the idea of gods a common emotion of reverence and fear, rather than fleeing from this we should leave for ourselves neither hope nor gratitude towards them nor any trust in the blessings we actually possess nor any refuge to the Deity for those who are in distress."

Plutarch's own hopes were for a life after the dissolution of this body, a life where the soul is by itself, escaped from the trammels of the flesh. Death indeed the beginning of the truer and the nobler life — whereas now (*ib.*, c. 28) we live, as it were, in dreams. "If then sweet from every point of view is the recollection of a friend deceased," as Epicurus said, " then even now can we perceive of what kind of a joy they deprive themselves, believing that they receive and pursue spectres and images of deceased comrades, who possess neither intelligence nor perception, but there will be associated with themselves again truly both their dear father and their dear mother, and perhaps they will see a good wife, not expecting it, nor having hope of that association and cheer, which those have who hold the same views about the soul as Pythagoras and Plato and Homer."

The same thinker, Plutarch, outlines thus the drift and attitude of actual, popular, religious feeling (*ib.*, c. 21): " But the disposition of the many and unlettered but not altogether bad people toward God has indeed a certain shudder and awe blended with the element of reverence and honoring: wherefore also it is called superstition (δεισιδαιμονία); but in numberless instances it possesses in a larger and greater proportion the element of exceeding joyousness and good hope, and something that prays for, and accepts as being from the gods, all fruition of prosperity. And this is clear by the greatest proofs. For no form of sojourn causes more enjoyment than that in sanctuaries, nor any occasions more than those connected with the recurrent festivals, nor other deeds or spectacles

give greater satisfaction than those which we ourselves behold or enact in connection with the gods going through ritual acts of pantomime (*ὀργιάζοντες*) or dancing or attending sacrifices or initiations." And now follows the interpretation of the Platonist: "for not as though associating with some tyrants or awful chastisers at that season is the soul exceedingly grieved, and humble and cheerless as was to be expected: but where most it supposes and intelligently holds that God is present, there above all other occasions thrusting away from itself griefs and fears and worry, (the soul) yields itself to pleasurable emotions which are carried as far as intoxication and laughter and sport. . . ."

"Rich men and kings always have at their service certain feastings and banquets; but those connected with acts of worship and sacrificings, and whenever they seem to come into the closest contact through their consciousness (*ἐπινοίᾳ*) with the deity (*τοῦ θείου*) a state attended with the sentiment of honor and reverence, — then they have a pleasure and a grace (*χάριν*) which differs much. And in this shares no man who has abandoned the conviction of Providence. For not the abundance of wine nor the roasting of meats is that which causes enjoyment at the religious anniversaries (*ἑορταῖς*), but also good hope and assumption that the god is present with good-will, and receives what transpires (*τὰ γιγνόμενα*) graciously." Thus the nobler soul of Plutarch of Chæronea would maintain the rites and ritual of popular religion.

Now it happened, that some fifty and sixty years later another man studied Greek religion as it was maintained in the communities, big and little, of old Hellas. And in that vigorous current trend of the second century this traveller also was wholly absorbed. I mean the concerted effort to search out and to repristinate what was fair, or old, or classic, in letters, usages, art, religious customs, — let us simply call it the Hadrianic renaissance. The traveller and antiquarian I have in mind was Pausanias. In an age when all worked after some classic pattern, he chose, not unfittingly, for himself, Herodotus of Halicarnassus.

The latter's manner, and much more, he gained, as he wished to gain, and certainly was praised for gaining. And we may safely say that Pausanias in a way and in a measure looked out upon human and divine things in the spirit of Herodotus. Artificial? Perhaps so, but infinitely less so than the renaissance of Petrarch, of Bruni and Boccaccio and Politian and Poggio and Beccadelli, which your Goethe and Wolff bid us all venerate, imitate, and consider a consummation.

But let us permit Pausanias to speak for himself. The chief community of Arcadia, once the proud metropolis of the same, was then mainly in ruins (8, 33, 1). But, says he, "I marvelled not, knowing that the daimonion always wills to enact certain things subversive in their nature, and that Fortune changes alike all that is strong and all that is weak. . . ." And in the celebrities that have seen desolation in his time he even includes *Delos:* "Delos indeed, if you subtract those who arrive from time to time from the Athenians to be guards of the sanctuary, as far as the Delians are concerned, is desolate of human beings. . . ." It was the time when Alexandria and Antioch utterly excelled. Wretched was the end of Kassander, who consistently had rooted out the dynasty of Philip and Alexander (9, 7, 2): "for he was filled with dropsy, and from it maggots were bred in him while he was living. . . ."

Philopoimen, the great statesman of the Achaian league, paid the penalty for his pride (8, 51, 5). Sulla once carried off the sacred-figure (*agalma*) of Athena in the little hamlet of Alalkomenai in Bœotia: "Him who had wrought such deeds of insanity on Hellenic communities and gods of the Hellenes, him seized a distemper the most joyless of all: for lice broke out all over his body, and his former seeming felicity changed into such an end for him; but the sanctuary at Alalkomenai was neglected thenceforward inasmuch as it had been deprived of the goddess" (9, 33, 6). Men must not excessively punish their fellows: "envy-producing somehow always on the part of the gods are the exceeding measures of punishment" (9, 17, 6). Philip, son of Amyntas, restored Minyan Orchomenos:

but "the influence of the *daimonion* was bound for them ever to depress the scales towards greater weakness" (9, 37, 8). On the mass-tomb of the Thebans who fell at Chaironeia there is no inscription: because, "as it seems to me, because the results from the daimon that followed were not in harmony with their brave onslaught" (9,40,10).

The Phocians listened and accepted the counsel to loot the sacred treasures of Delphi, "whether God injured their understanding or whether it was in their own native disposition to set profit before piety" (10, 2, 3). — This is the spirit of the traveller, and clearly not his own alone. Why, then, do men turn to certain gods? Primarily, because certain communities and certain regions claim a specific tutelary relation and nestle, so to speak, under the favor of certain divinities.

Springtime and its blossoms: here came the *Anthesteria:* the blessings of the grape and all its works had their recurrent celebration in spring, also: Theseus, the founder of Attic Union, Marathon, the day of Attic glory, had their stated anniversaries: the restoration of popular government through Thrasybulos was commemorated every year. Of the esoteric worship of Demeter and Kore, I have written before. In the main, however, this life of seasons and weathers, of fruits and flowers, determined the various forms of public worship.

Zeus, in all, at Athens ranked lower than his daughter Athena. When foul weather brought in the beginning of winter, expiatory sacrifices were offered to the god of the canopy over fields and farms. "For," says Schoemann, "if the heavens were unkind, the god of the heavens certainly was so, and because his unkindness might have been excited through the fault and sins of men, one must strive to appease him through purification and atonement. "As the farmer's specific patron, Zeus was worshipped, plainly as "Zeus the Farmer," "*Zeus Georgos.*"

But greater than these and other anniversaries were the Panathenæa, which Pheidias and his craftsmen have so nobly commemorated — Elgin Marbles —: here mandatory ecstasy is prescribed. But this is not our concern.

Athens was, in genuine truth, felt to be the commonwealth of Athena herself. The exclusive patriotism, nay particularism of the Athenian was fused with sentiments which, in a way, we may call religious. Under the Ægis of the Incarnation of Understanding your Athenian begrudged not to his duller, if brawnier, neighbor 'yond Kithairon, the genealogical local legends of Dionysos and the son of Alkmene, nor the Ismenian Apollo.

No, Athens and Attica belonged to, in fact, *were*, in a certain definite and privileged manner, the possession of the virgin goddess. And all the art work in the foremost sanctuary of the commonwealth bore on the legend of her genesis. To recount amid joyous celebration these local legends in art, in verse, in hymnos, nay in pantomimic reproduction — these things constituted not a small part of the worship, so-called, of the Hellenic world. "Sacred to Athena is both the rest of the city and all the land (the Attic peninsula) likewise — for all those also who have an established usage to worship other divinities in the country districts (the "Demes"), in not any less degree do they hold Athena in honor" (Paus., 1, 26, 6), "and the most sacred in common, established many years before they were united out of the country districts, is the statue of Athena in the present acropolis, but then called polis; and rumor has it that it fell from Heaven," as did that of Artemis in Ephesus, Acts 19, 35.

But this is not an antiquarian book. In all of Pausanias I have found few utterances as significant for our common purpose as this one, of a sanctuary of Pan at Megalopolis (8, 37, 11): "And like unto the most powerful of the gods this Pan also shares in the power of bringing the desires of men to fulfilment and to practise on the wicked such retribution as is meet." A perpetual fire is kept burning before this Arcadian deity.

This utilitarian view at once brings us to the oracles: where people ascertained what was profitable to do, and what wise to leave undone. Were they all mere antiquarian curiosities in the time of Pausanias? When the giants of the dying Roman republic were struggling for

the control of the Mediterranean world, Pharsalos-time 48 B.C., Delphi was virtually closed (Lucan, "*De Bello Civili*"). Men were wont to repair thither in times of drought or failure of crops, childlessness, chronic disease, or the problems of new enterprise, and large political issues.

In 150 or so, A.D., when Pausanias recorded things, these oracles, in the main, were memories and antiquarian matter for local *conoscenti*. A few, however, seem to have survived in a practical way.

One of these was that of Patrai on western opening of the Gulf of Corinth: "An oracle is there free from deceit, not indeed for every kind of matter, but in connection with the ailing. They attach a mirror to a string of the fine ones and then let it down, computing that it shall not enter the spring any further but only as much as to touch the water with the disk of the mirror. Thereafter, having prayed to the Goddess (Demeter) and having burned incense, they look into the mirror and the mirror shows to them the sick person either living or dead" (7, 21, 12).

Still also there survived an oracle of Apollo at Argos in the day of Pausanias (2, 24, 1): "A woman gives out the utterances to the public, a woman who keeps from the couch of male persons: and when a ewe-lamb is sacrificed at night, each month the woman tastes of the blood and becomes possessed of the god."

At Lebadeia, too, it seems the oracle of Trophonios was still at the service of those who sought it (9, 39, 5 *sqq.*). The visitor keeps himself pure and bathes in the river Herkyna — warm baths are forbidden — he sacrifices to Trophonios and to the sons of Trophonios, also to Apollo and to Kronos and Zeus the King, and to Hera, holder of reins and to Demeter, surnamed Europe, nurse, once, of Trophonios. And at every sacrifice a professional soothsayer inspects the entrails, and then he prophesies to him who descends, whether Trophonios will receive him benignantly and graciously, and so forth.

But let us briefly traverse Hellas, guided by the travelling and pious antiquarian.

The chief object in worship was the *agalma*, or figure of the deity worshipped. From the first meaning of the word clearly it is an object which causes men to rejoice, or a splendid and beatific object; here it was that thing which bestowed on the place of worship its beauty and its joyfulness — essentially images, types, forms, representations. The temple was conceived ("Pollux") as an abode in which the god dwells, sacred, holy, consecrated, not to be profaned. Groves and sacred precincts were similarly set apart. Often they had the right of asylum.

It seems the setting up or establishing of the agalma was the essential thing. Sometimes it was brought from afar, and the worship, may we say, migrated with it.

Sculptors of these idols the Greeks ("Pollux," 1, 12) sometimes called "god-makers," "god-moulders."

Gods are said ("Pollux," 1, 23 *sq.*) to be "above the heavens, in the heavens, on the earth, in the sea, under ground, holding the hearth, holding the city, ancestral, of the clan or kin, of the market, of the harvest, of the camp, propitious, who turn away evil, who free from trouble, who cleanse and purify, who put to flight, saviours, who bestow safety, who attend birth, who attend espousal and wedlock, who protect the grape." To Zeus alone belongs the epithet "bestower of rain" (*ὑέτιος*), "the descending one. . . ."

And in worship men "wash themselves (*ib.*, 25), they purify themselves, they come forward in new garments, pray to the gods, raise on high their hands, are said to call down the gods, to call up the gods, to ask boons from the gods, sacrifice, sing pæans, sing hymnos, give initial portion, burn incense, libate, hang up garlands, myrtle branches, bring cakes." Joyous "screaming" is permitted to women only. And the victims must be "sound, straight-limbed, not mutilated, twisted, nor disfigured. . . ."

In all this I said the figure of god and goddess is the principal thing. And if I read Pausanias aright, it was not always the most perfect productions of Greek art that were the most holy or most highly honored by the wor-

shipper, but these were the older or oldest one, originally carved out of wood, scraped and polished, hence the name Xoanon (*ξόανον, ξέω*).

In the Academy (says Pausanias) (near Athens) is a small temple of Dionysos, into which they carry the agalma of Dionysos of Eleutherai (1, 29, 2) every year on stated days: perhaps the grape came into Attica from Bœotia through that hamlet.

The Acharnians in Attica call Dionysos also *Ivy* (Kissos), saying that the plant ivy first appeared there (1, 31, 6).

Peaks and tops or crests of mountains or mountain ranges often had *altars* under the open sky, to Zeus: on Hymettos there was an agalma of the Hymettian Zeus, and an altar of Zeus Ombrios, who sheds rain (1, 32, 2). A similar altar on Parnes. On the highest points they felt nearest to him: high places.

The people of Oropos on the Sound first established the custom to consider the prophet Amphiaraos a god, and later all the Greeks took up this belief (1, 34, 2).

In Sikyon our traveller found a very old temple of Apollo Lykios (of the wolves), quite decayed then. "For when once upon a time wolves made visits to their sheepfolds so that there was no profit from the latter, the god having named a certain spot where lay a dry piece of wood, of this piece of wood he gave them oracle that they should expose the bark and some meat at the same time for the beasts. And them immediately as they had tasted, the bark destroyed; and that wood lay in the sanctuary of Lykios, but what kind of tree it was, not even the exegetes of the Sikyonians understood" (2, 9, 7).

A temple of Asklepios was at Sikyon: the local legend was that the god of healing, in the shape of a serpent, was transported from Epidaurus, on a chariot drawn by a team of mules (2, 10, 3). The priestess of Aphrodite there (*ib.*, 2, 10, 4) must keep herself sexually pure: she is attended by a virgin who serves for one year: these two alone are permitted to enter in. The worshippers must be content with seeing the goddess from the entrance and directing their prayers to her from that point.

In a grove some miles from Sikyon there was a sanctuary of Demeter and her daughter: the men keep the anniversary festival by themselves, and the women have set apart for their worship a separate apartment (2, 11, 3).

Of venerable Tiryns but the walls were then standing, cyclopean walls. On Mount Arachnaios near by, there "are altars of Zeus and Hera: when they have need of rain, they sacrifice there" (2, 25, 10). Epidauros is the chief abode of Asklepios. Within the sacred precincts of the grove certain things are forbidden: both childbirth and death defile the place, as in Delos. Inscriptions abound of men and women who have been healed, the diseases also recounted, and the fashion of the cure accomplished (2, 27, 1 *sqq.*). The serpents there are perfectly tame.

At Hermione in Argolis there is a temple of Aphrodite where maids and widows must sacrifice before the nuptials (2, 34, 12).

From Helos in Lacedæmon, not far from the mouth of the Eurotas River, they carry a wooden idol of Demeter's daughter annually on stated days to the Eleusinion (3, 20, 7).

Near Eleusis in Attica they showed the spot where Pluton descended to the lower world with the ravished maiden (1, 38, 4).

At Megara they show a stone on which Apollo laid his lyre when he assisted Alkathos in building the walls of that city (1, 42, 2). The temples often contained a number of *agalmata* of the same divinity, where, as I have said, the more or most ancient seem to have been considered and honored with more awe than later productions, though sculptured or cast by the foremost artists, such as Pheidias, Myron, Praxiteles, or Lysippos.

In Megara Hadrian the emperor had, not long before, restored the old brick temple of Apollo in marble: our traveller saw three wooden idols (*xoana*) of Apollo there: all were carved of ebony.

At Corinth there is a subterranean shrine of the marine

deity Palaimon: whatever Corinthian or stranger here swears a false oath, he can in no wise escape the fatal consequences (2, 2, 1).

Even when the ancient wooden idols decayed, the veneration of local religion preserved whatever portion was sound, and replaced the other portions with marble or other enduring stuff. So at Corinth: "Athena of the Bridle" (who assisted Bellerophontes in putting the bit on Pegasus) was a wooden agalma, "but her countenance and hands and extremities of feet are of white stone" (2, 4, 1).

And this, too, is notable: that no æsthetical enthusiasm displaced these ancient objects of worship — nay that even cruder and ruder figures of still greater antiquity were in no wise removed. In Corinth Pausanias saw an idol of Zeus Meilichios (the Gracious) and of "Artemis of the Fathers," "made with no art whatever; for to a pyramid is Meilichios likened, and she to a pillar" (2, 9, 6), idols long antedating the destruction of the Isthmian emporium by the legions of Memmius in 146 B.C.

The insinuating worship of Sexual Pleasure, as antiquarians abundantly know, came into the Hellenic world through Tyrian traders, particularly where the marts and the factories of their commercial ventures carried their merchantmen. So at Corinth there was an Aphrodite of gold and ivory made by Kanachos of Sikyon (fl. 480 B.C.) — an Aphrodite carrying the starred heavens (πόλος) upon her head: in one of her hands she carries a pomegranate, in the other a poppy, matters of obvious symbolism symbolizing fecundity.

At Phlius, Hebe was particularly worshipped: on their castle-hill there was a grove of cypress and in it a "very venerable sanctuary of old," in honor of this daughter of Hera; Hebe before was called Ganymeda (2, 13, 3). In the great Heraion, or sanctuary of Hera, at Argos, there were two idols of that sister and spouse of Zeus, both more ancient than the colossal figure of gold and ivory wrought by Polykleitos: this oldest one once placed as anathema at Tiryns, and brought back by the Argives when they

destroyed that town. This oldest of the three idols was of wood of the pear tree. Hadrian dedicated in this noted shrine a peacock of gold and precious stones (2, 17, 5).

On the highest point of the citadel of Argos (the Larisa) Pausanias observed a shrine of Zeus (Larissæan Zeus): the roof had disappeared; the wooden idol of the god was no longer standing upon its base.

At Troezen in Argolis the spot was shown where Dionysos brought his mother Semele up from the lower world (2, 31, 2). Near Troezen, on the seacoast, the spot was shown where once Aithra submitted to the embraces of Poseidon, having been lured to a ritual errand by a deceptive dream sent by Athena (2, 33, 1).

This fusing of local pride and legend in the tenacious marking of these spots is a veritable feature in the account of Pausanias: they showed the precise locality where Heracles came back from Hades bearing the Hell-hound, where Pluton descended with Demeter's fair daughter, where Dionysos went down to bring his mother to Olympos, the spring where Hera once a year took a bath and became a maiden once more; the spot in Laconica where Castor and Pollux were born: where Rhea gave birth to Poseidon, where Hera was reared, viz., at Stymphalos in Arcadia; — where Zeus was nurtured.

At Thebes were shown very old wooden idols of Aphrodite, assigned to the Tyrian founders themselves (9, 16, 3). I close this section with some notice of the pantomimic element in the anniversary celebrations, an element which contributed greatly to the perpetuation of the local worship of Hellenic communities. At Tanagra annually the comeliest youth is chosen, and this one on the anniversary celebration in honor of Hermes walks about the entire circumference of the town walls, having a lamb on his shoulders: why? Because once upon a time Hermes turned away a pestilence from Tanagra by carrying a ram around the walls (9, 22, 1).

At Platæa they represent once in six years how the reconciliation between Zeus and Hera was at one time accomplished. Hera, as often, was estranged on account of his ever recurrent amours: Zeus, advised by Kithairon (then ruler at Platæa), wrapped a figure and concealed it on a cart drawn by oxen, saying that he was bringing home a new wife. Hera, informed of it, overtook the team, but discovered to her great satisfaction merely a wooden figure. Hence the Platæans call their commemorative celebration "Daidala." They place meat, driving off all other birds but the crow: and upon which tree in a certain oak forest the crow alights, from the trunk of this tree they take wood to make their "Daidalon." The figure is adorned, conveyed to the Asopos River, and set upon a wagon: then there is a procession up Kithairon, where sacrifices and feasting were made.

But why go further? Spiritual elements? Hardly. And we see that spirit, in which the epics of old were sung, prevailed and persevered somehow. The people themselves were not touched by the sterner and nobler movements of Greek philosophy, particularly as it found expression in the soul-theories of Pythagoras and Plato, or as the moralizing analysis of Stoic allegory dissolved the figures of Olympus into cosmic elements. A small elite followed Plutarch. One of the last deities in the penumbra of Hellenic worship or religion was Hadrian's favorite concubine, Antinoos. This boy, a native of Bithynia, perished in the Nile, in 130 A.D. His imperial master founded in his honor the town of Antinoupolis: had idols bearing his portrait set up throughout the Roman Empire, and even called a star by his name: Zeus himself could not have done more for Ganymede. All of which was entirely germane to and profoundly consistent with the spirit and essence of Greek religion, so-called. There never was a very great chasm between the Greek men and the Greek gods such as the men had made from their own image (cf. Paus., 8, 9, 7) mere outriggers in the ship of life and living.

A closer vision now of certain elements of Greek ritual. Clearly these *acts* are everything, as Bacon tersely put it — one could hold any notions as to the substance of these anthropomorphic forces and legends, provided one shared in the ritual. And here, I take it, tradition was much, if not everything, determined largely by the particular given community. The priest was, then, an expert in ritual, chiefly. Even the Stoics in their definition seem to have followed closely in the lines of what always and everywhere had been established in the Greek world (Stob., "Eclog.," 2, 122): "And they (the Stoics) say that the character of Priest also was held by the Wise Man only, and by no worthless man at all" (as ordinarily no doubt it often was). "For the priest must be an expert in the established usages concerning sacrifices and prayers and purifications and installations and all such things, and in addition thereto also an expert in other things, on account of the need of piety and experience of the service (*θεραπείας*) of the gods, and to be within the divine nature" (lit. *ἐντὸς εἶναι τῆς φύσεως τῆς θείας* — to hold an intrinsic or intimate knowledge of the essence of the given god, I take it).

But we are even more fortunate than in our possession of the antiquarian data gathered by the traveller Pausanias — a still closer vision is possible for us: we may still read the records chiselled by direction of communities, brotherhoods, families, officials, — dealing with their own concerns, bringing before us their point of view, and permitting us to employ a real historical consideration.

I have availed myself of Wilhelm Dittenberger's "*Sylloge Inscriptionum Græcarum*," Vol. 2, Leipzig, Hirzel, 1900. And I believe I will serve my readers best by contenting myself with a certain arrangement and orderly presentation.

The usages of rites and ritual offer no new revelation: the supreme consideration is that men must conserve, and faithfully reproduce and reënact, all sacred forms, and ceremonies must be "in accordance with the ways of the

fathers" (*κατὰ τὰ πάτρια*, No. 560), "the paternal rites" "to the gods, to whom" (to sacrifice) "was ancestral usage" (635). Thus sounds the voice of Eleusis in Attica, of the isle of Chios, or where Doric Rhodes worshipped her Sun god; so they ordained at Kos, at Delphi, navel of the world, in the emporium of Attica's Piræus, everywhere.

The worshipper should consider his fitness: at Kos proclamation shall be made (No. 616) that the worshipper shall "keep himself pure from female and from male for a night. . . ." Into the sacred enclosure of Alektrona (daughter of Helios and of the nymph Rhodos) (No. 560) it is unholy that there should enter horse, ass, mule, "nor any animal whatever that has a bushy tail, nor shall any one bring into the sacred enclosure any of these, nor shall he bring in shoes, nor anything pertaining to swine. And whenever any one act contrary to the law, he shall cleanse the sanctuary and the sacred enclosure, and offer sacrifices besides, or he shall be liable for impiety." On the isle of Astypalaia: "Into the sanctuary there shall not enter in whosoever is not pure nor of perfect body, or it will be in his mind" (563).

Again, at Pergamon (566): "They shall keep themselves pure and they shall enter into the temple of the god, both the citizens and all the others, from their own wives and from their own husbands the same day, but from the wife of another man or husband of another woman for two days, having bathed themselves; and likewise also from mourning for the dead and from a woman in childbirth for the duration of two days; but from burial and the exequies of the dead after they have been sprinkled with holy water (*περιραίνομαι*) and after they have traversed the gate where the means-of-purification (*ἁγιστήρια*) are placed, clean the same day."

On a slab found near Sunion the following was once carved (633): "And shall bring on no one uncleaned; and he shall be purified from garlic and pork and females; and having bathed head-downwards they shall come in the same day. And woman not less than seven days after her

monthly flow, having bathed from her head downward, shall enter the same day, and from a corpse after lapse of ten days, and from spontaneous abortion forty days. And no one shall sacrifice without him who established the sanctuary: but if any one does so by force, the sacrifice is not acceptable at the hands of the god."

In the elaborate statutes (653) for the cult of Demeter at Andania in Messenia the following may be noted: the men and women tested and approved for participation in the mystic rites, even in the procession — these are designated as *sacred* or *consecrated* (*ἱεροί*). They must swear in advance that they will conform to the written regulations. Those initiated in the mysteries shall stand *unshod* and they shall be garbed in white; *the women shall not wear robes of transparent texture.* Women who wished to qualify for participation had to swear to their marital fidelity.

Girls, too, must not wear anything transparent. Golden trinkets, face paint, and ribbons for binding up tresses were forbidden. The whole festal season is called a *panegyris* — a kind of fair, indeed. Tents must be pitched in such a way that they may be freely inspected. No couches are permitted in the tents. Silence must prevail during ritual acts. Twenty staff-bearers must be obeyed by all. The furnishing of the victims to go to the lowest bidder.

In no case do we learn that the prayers had any spiritual concern: often they were *in behalf of the crops* (*ὑπὲρ καρποῦ*) or, on behalf of people and senate, for their health and well-being (636).

The victims must be sound, well-grown, without blemish, or they must even excel by positive fairness or beauty; the choice often delegated to a specific commission.

As to priests and their perquisites: at Pergamos (592) the priesthood of Asklepios is decreed, by people and senate, to belong to Asklepiades and his descendants forever: to them also should belong the priesthood of the other gods established in the same temple. The priest in active service always to wear a wreath. The per-

quisites (γέρα) to be the right thigh and the skins and certain other portions. Also he receives immunity from all communal burdens or services.

In an inscription of Asia Minor, if we follow Dittenberger's restoration (594) even a boy may purchase the priesthood there discussed. Priest to keep the inner temple in order. Income to begin with a month named. The purchase price was named. At Kos the treasurers (of the community) shall sell the priesthood of the wine-god on the sixteenth of a stated moon: "and she who purchases shall be healthy and whole, and not younger than ten years: and she will be priest for life . . . she shall be permitted to appoint a subpriestess, who is of the commonwealth. . . ." (598).

To another town "he who purchases the priesthood of Artemis of Perge will present as priestess a woman-citizen descended from citizens on both sides for three generations both from father and from mother; and she who shall purchase shall be priestess for her own life and she shall perform the sacrifices both private and public, and she shall receive of public sacrifices from each victim a thigh and what goes regularly with the thigh, and one-fourth of the inner parts and the skins; and of private sacrifices she will receive a thigh and what goes regularly with the thigh, and one-fourth of the inner parts" (601), . . . "and the priestess shall make supplication every first of the month in behalf of the commonwealth, receiving a drachma from the commonwealth." These economic details are often given with great explicitness.

The oracles were not much resorted to during the inclement season: "The priest of Amphiaraos (598) shall attend the sanctuary when the winter has gone by, until the time of ploughing, making no intermission of more than three days, and shall remain in the sanctuary not less than ten days in each month. . . ." At Dodona there were leaden tablets passed in by the inquirers: on one of these (794) a husband would know "about offspring, whether there will be any child from his wife Aigle, with whom he is living at the present time. . . ."

A woman (795) asks to which god she was to sacrifice to be freed from her ailment.

A father would know of Zeus and Diona (797) whether he is not the father of the child with which Annyla is now pregnant. Another would ascertain whether sheep raising will prove a profitable venture (799).

Three written forms of disposing of certain temple-land at Eleusis: these shall be sealed in three jars, and then three delegates (789) shall go to Delphi and gain from Apollo there a determination as to which of the jars contain the direction which the commonwealth of Athens shall follow, to the end that the commonwealth shall act in the premises "in the most pious way as regards the two goddesses. . . ."

Worship is, after all, a form of communal utterance and a species of membership in a given commonwealth. The spirit often is that of jealous pride, nay of a certain exclusiveness. Thus at Kos there are maintained not only the three tribes of pristine Doric ascription, but a new list is to be prepared of those who possess the privilege of sharing (614) in the sacred rites of Apollo. Only such may draw lots for the priesthood.

To exhibit the local pride of given communities in certain forms of worship and certain specific deities, one example must serve for many. At Ephesus, even under Roman sway there is no abatement of the ancient feeling concerning Artemis (Acts 19, 24–41). "She who is the tutelary power of our community" (656), so that even the Roman proconsul voices this in an official edict, of the time of the Antonines. The Roman proconsul in this manifesto determines the days of sacred peace when all litigation must slumber. That goddess, then, is "not only honored in her own ancestral community (ἐν τῇ ἑαυτῆς πατρίδι) which she has rendered more famous than all the cities through her own divinity, but also among Greeks and Barbarians, so that in many places sanctuaries and sacred enclosures have been consecrated to her . . . on account of the palpable acts of epiphany (self-revelation to men)

which have been enacted by her . . ." therefore the entire moon bearing her name shall be particularly consecrated to her, with games and a fair.

A word as to the brotherhoods or sodalities devoted to specific forms of worship or ritual. But we must not take them too seriously, these *orgeones* (workers of ritual) or *θιασῶται*, sharers or members of a processional band, as those of Aphrodite (726), who probably, with not a little of mimic acts, reproduced the love of the Cyprian and Syrian goddess — Shakespeare's "Venus and Adonis" (726). They were clubs, too, with fixed contributions and officials. The treasurer of the Dionysiastai repaired the temple of the Wine-god. A sacrificial fund (728) was endowed by them. They voted priesthood (729): they paid for an agalma. Some had a burial fund for members, and praised (731) a treasurer for paying it out promptly. They constituted units of ritual influence and usage, and seem to have done not a little canvassing and wire-pulling in landing their man in some sacerdotal office, as we would say in the United States.

At Kos there was made a bequest of property (834); there was to be maintained annually a mimic enactment of the espousals of Herakles — figures and a dramatic presentation — the chief celebrant seems to have held the rôle of Hercules: behold the vigorous love for local legend, forms of family pride comparable to the Potitii and Pinarii of ancient Rome, the Eumolpidai of Eleusis. No bastard should ever share in the annual celebration.

The monthly fee of the Jobacchoi (737) of Athens went for wine. Why did they call the meeting-place *mattress* (*στιβάς*)? Because many reclined in this drinking club after the ritual of poculation had progressed somewhat?

Members were warned against "entering a strange tent" — they were exhorted to abstain from abuse and backbiting at anniversaries. They were to settle their own litigation privately, outside of the public courts. Wreaths were brought for deceased members.

They also *heroized* distinguished deceased members by votes and inscriptional dedication — honored of musing wayfarers.

And this brings us to the tombs, limits of life and joy and, for the Hellenic spirit, of hope. My citations are taken from the epigraphic collections of Kumanudes, the antiquarian of modern Athens. Greek Catholic Christianity and the voices of the Kerameikos: I for one crave no palingenesis of these notes of gloom. Futile or eclectic must be the suspiria of such Renaissance. So, to attach our material to the concluding item from Dittenberger's collections, we learn that a splendid mausoleum was the chief thing for "heroizing" the departed: "I, Antonia (No. 2578), also called Socratike, builded for my sweetest husband Antiochos this herôon, an end of his labours. I hand over to the subterrestrial gods this herôon to guard: to Pluton and Demeter and Persephone and to the Erinyans and to all the subterrestrial gods. But if any one will dismantle this herôon or open it or cause any other change whatever, either personally or through another, to him the earth shall withhold base for his footstep, the sea for his navigation, but he shall be uprooted with all his stock — of all evils shall he make test, of ague and fever tertiary and quarternary and of elephantiasis and whatever evil and pernicious things occur in the world, these shall befall him who dares to make any change from this herôon." — Of brave Attic men who perished before Potidaia (No. 9) the Elegy says that "Aither received their souls, their bodies the earth. . . ."

Often the dead warn the living (131): "Live thou well the remnant of time in life, knowing that below, the manse of Pluto abounds in wealth, though needing none at all." "Having had much sweet sport with comrades of my own age, having (1002) sprouted from earth, earth have I become again."

"Never cool the wailing tears (1148) of my parents, for they have lost the cheer of their life and the hand that was to nurse them in age."

A note of hope: "Bone and flesh of the charming boy has the earth, but (1825) the soul has departed to the chamber of the Pious. . . ." "Ye Spinners of Fate, alas! laying on miserable children of mortals the yoke defying escape through necessity, what for did ye bring me forth, after I had fled forth from the bitter pangs of childbirth of her who bore me, — to the light of the Sun yearned for? Now I, leaving unending griefs to those who begot me, at twenty I descended to the awful abodes of those who have perished."

Frequently the deceased recorded his own curse against those who should injure the place of repose: or if in a change of title to the land should remove the bones: "Before gods and Heroes, whoever thou art who holdest the plot, do thou not at any time shift any of these things, and as for the images of these agalmata and honors, whoever should destroy or remove, from him let neither the earth bear fruit, nor the sea endure his navigation, and wretchedly shall they perish, they and their stock; but whoever would preserve (my remains) in their place, and persevere in giving and increasing the customary honors, many boons shall be his, both his own and his descendants'": a current formula.

A husband thus records the physical charms of a wife — the spirit of Hellenism this: "She who (3388) once bore herself proudly with blond tresses upon her head, and gleaming with eyes ravishing like those of the Graces distinguished with face and cheek like snow, and uttering delicate speech from sweet mouth with scarlet lips through ivory teeth," — a lover-husband's farewell, manifestly.

A child of seven (2987): "and all those rites which are a care to the merciful divinities, he (my father) did not omit: for the sacrifices of Eum[*enides*] provided a crown and so bestowed great fame on me and a garland of ivy the processional brethren of Dionysos amid torches which they bore, carried to this my tomb. Verily a fair object of honor am I, if not false is the saying of men, that those children die whom the gods love. . . ."

NOTE. — The work of Pausanias, more markedly so than that of his exemplar, is cyclopedic, but antiquarian, too: like Gellius the Roman purist and devotee to archaic lore, Pausanias ignores in the main post-classic objects and matters: it seems rash to infer from this that he compiled his work from books (as Wilamowitz assumed as a young man).

His description everywhere deals with actualities: the enumeration of temples with roofs fallen in, is particularly impressive. Generally his first concern was as to the Founder. It is impressive also to realize how small was the ecstasy of contemporary notice of the greatest Greek sculptors — in fact, Greek art was more of an efflorescence of a spirit singularly devoted to comeliness than a perpetual, let alone an ennobling or didactic, force bearing on Greek culture. The caterpillar dresses not in the silk spun from its own substance.

The strongest single impression that passes from the work of Pausanias to the comprehension of the reader is this, that the actual worship of the communities was embellished, but was not essentially elevated by the chisel of Skopas and Praxiteles, Pheidias, Myron, or Polykleitos. If anything, Pausanias tones down the fine frenzy of your possessed archæologist. The mimic ritual of circumscribed worship was, in the main, still practised, in his day. The washing or bathing of the idols was a noteworthy ceremony.

As to mimic reproductions actually gone through with on anniversaries, *v.* Paus., 8, 53, 1 *sqq.*

Isis of Egypt had overrun Greece at that time. The dusk of gods is also the Blending and Fusion thereof.

It may be maintained as a thesis of Greek cultural practices that the oldest idol as a rule was the object of the chief acts of devotion: how meteorites came to be so honored is not difficult to perceive, *e.g.* at Orchomenos (9, 38, 1). Orchomenos in Bœotia was once great and rich: its vanishing and passing reminded Pausanias of the decadence of Mykenai and Delos (9, 34, 6). It was here where the "worship" of the Charites or Graces — personifications of what is winsome — was established. Here first sacrifices (9, 35, 1) were offered to them.

The progression from drapery to nudity among the Greeks came not out of any "religious" movement as the hierophants of Æstheticism sometimes hand down from their various tripods, but through the influence of the great artists, such as Praxiteles (as noted), before whom even the goddess of sensuality was not entirely nude.

Dittenberger's Inscription No. 588 contains an account or inventory of treasures of Delos as made by the passing officials of that sanctuary or found by those entering upon office. Many of the gifts were from royal persons, the sacred presents being costly rings, golden wreaths, bars of melted gold, gold coin, goblets, jewels of all kinds. Among the givers were King Demetrios, the women of Delos, a Carthaginian, Jomilkas, Antigonos, sovereign of Macedon, admirer of Zeno the Stoic, Pnytagoras, a prince of Cyprus, Greeks of the penin-

sula in the Black Sea, peninsula now called the Crimea, Queen Stratonike of Syria, the people of Kos, men from Rhodes, an Apulian Greek, Perseus, last King of Macedon before his accession, King Attalos of Pergamon, a man from Chios, a giver resident of Philadelphia, a citizen of Syracuse, Demetrios, son of Philip III of Macedon, Roman officials and provincial governors, among them T. Quinctius Flamininus, Scipio Asiaticus, King Eumenes of Pergamon, also the victor over Hannibal, Publius Cornelius Scipio, a devotee to Greek culture; a man from Cumæ in Italy, a visitor from Cyrene, King Ptolemy, founder of the dynasty (180).

A temple of Serapis and of Isis flourished on the island.

The term *κατείδωλον* applied to Athens by St. Paul, Acts 17, 16, is overwhelmingly significant to the reader who comes from the perusal of the first book of Pausanias. The revised version of 1881 "as he beheld the city full of idols" is both lexically and materially more exact than the King James version, "the city wholly given to idolatry": "teeming with, bristling with, covered with figures for worship," one might render it. Pausanias concerns the theologian much more, as it seems to me at least, than the archæologist. The enumeration of *agalmata* is one of the chief tasks of this traveller of the Hadrianic Renaissance.

The very essence, however, of that drift and striving lies in this utterance of Pausanias with which I will bring this note as well as the Hellenic Section of my book to termination (1, 5, 14): "and in my time the emperor Hadrian who has gone furthest in the honor which he showed to divinity.

"And all the sanctuaries of the gods which he partly builded from the beginning, and partly also adorned with sacred gifts and outfittings . . . it is all recorded in writing by him in the common sanctuary of the gods."

Futile cult of *agalmata*, one may say. But futile also is it, when in our own generation men have essayed to yoke up the creed of St. Paul with the Simian creed. Futile, I say, to go to the modern disciples of Demokritos and meekly beg of them some minimal franchise for Religion.

A god to whom I cannot pray,
Pray, what is he to me?
Mont Blanc is he, or star afar,
Pentelic marble, Tigris clay,
Or isle in southern sea.

CHAPTER XIV

ROMAN SPIRIT AND ROMAN CHARACTER

THERE was a time when every educated European owed his education, in great part, to the Roman people, that is to say, to a long and thorough study of some writers that have come forward among the Romans. Time and the Experience of Mankind have, in this later generation, made up, by neglect and by indulgence in shallow commonplace, for that excess of devotion. True, essayists like Montaigne and Bacon often breathe a literary spirit but little removed from Seneca and Cicero who nurtured these strong ones. Even in the generation now passing from the stage, a kind of cosmopolitan fame has fallen to Theodor Mommsen. Whoever did in sweet youth listen to the keen intelligence uttering itself to academic "hearers" in his Berlin auditorium will never forget him. But that other Holstein scholar, Niebuhr, was the greater man, for he helped to emancipate Prussia from Napoleon, Napoleon indeed, in whom the first Roman imperator might almost seem to have had a reincarnation. The nephew Louis deliberately sought to wrap himself in the toga of the second Roman emperor, a new Augustus and saviour of social order, and Friedrich Ritschl in his day lent his great name to the furtherance of this ambition. *O vanitatum vanitas* — Chiselhurst and Zululand. So men strive to seat themselves in niches made by the valuation of many anterior generations.

But what of Roman spirit and character? First of all, the very names furnish a significant exhibit of the trenchant and utter difference between the Latins and

the Greek nationality. For does not Nomenclature in a manner quite unique reveal the very ideals, spirit, and dearest convictions of those bestowing and bearing names? Thus the Greeks extolled strength and military prowess: Agamemnon means Abide-fast, and Hektor is the stayer in the struggle: Alexandros — what irony in the seducer of Helena — means Warder-off-of-men. Agias, Agesilaos, Hegias, Hegesias, and Hegesandros are names of Leader, Leader of people, Leader of men. Comeliness and Beauty are the kernel in these names: Kallias, Fairly; Kalligenes, Fair-born; Kallibios, Fair life; Kallianax, Fair lord; Kalliaraos, Fair plough; while Phaidros and Phaidrias speak of beaming beauty. The nationality that deifies Herakles and established contests at untold anniversaries extolled strength. Thus we have Alkippos, Strong steed; Alkibios and Alkibiades, Strong life; Alkidamas, Swaying with power; Alkimedon, Strong counsellor; while Alkman and Alkmene mean Strength again.

Boldness appears in Thrasyllos, Thrasykles, and Thrasyleon, Lion bold; Anakreon is Upper-ruler; and Strength or Power predominate in Eurysthenes, Krates, Sokrates, Polykrates, Timokrates.

Great is Fame and the acquisition thereof: a worthy ideal reposes in Lysikles, famous dissolver (of quarrels), a veritable Make-peace and Irenæus indeed amid the seething foam of civic contentiousness. Eratokles, Fame-beloved; Klearchos, Famed ruler; Eukles, Well-famed; Pherekydes, Bearer of Renown; Eteokles, True-fame; Kleophon, Fame-voiced; Polykles, Much-fame; Aristokles, Best-fame; and many others, belong here.

Of Battle and Bravery in arms are these: Euthymachos, Straight-fighting; Pisistratos, Persuader of host; Straton, Hostley; Lysimachos, Dissolver of battle; Nikomachos, Victorious-fighter; Menon and Memnon, the Stayer; similar is Menandros; while these deal with victory: Nikias, Nikandros, Nikobulos.

Social rank is conveyed in all names dealing with the steed — think of the Pheidian youths mounted in the

Panathenaic parade: Hipparchos, Hippasos, Hippias, Hippo-botos, Horse-herd; Hippodamas, Horse-tamer; Hippothoos, Horse-swift; to which add Lysippos, Phainippos, Show-horse, Xanthippos, Archippos, Menippos, Thrasippos, Archippos, Philippos.

Law and Justice are honored in Euthydikos, Straight-right; Euthykritos, Straight-judged; Themistokles, Justice-famed; Dikaiarchos, Righteous-ruler.

A posy of women's names may here be culled: Agno and Hagna, The chaste one; Kallikome, Fair-tressed; Kallisto, Fairest; Kallaithyia, Fair-gleaming; Hedyline, Sweeting; Melite and Melissa, Honey and Honey-bee; Makaria, Blessed; Anako, Highdame; Phaidra, Beaming. With love and loveliness these names are bound up: Eranno, Erasilla, Erasmia (Huldah); Erato and Charito, Grace; Eratonassa, Love-dame; Chairylla, Joy; Rhode, Rose.

Moralizing these are: Phainarete, Show-virtue; Xenarete, Virtue to guests; Demarete, Virtue to people; Sophia, Wisdom; Eunomia, Good laws; Pheidylla, Frugaline. We do not know very many women's names, of course. But the Olympians whom the Greeks had made for themselves were much cited and resorted to in Hellenic nomenclature.

Timotheos, Honor-god; Theognes, God-sprung; Theodoros, Theodotos, and Theodosios, God-gift and God-given; Theophanes, God-revealed; Thukydides, Son of God-fame; Theokles. Follows the chorus of concrete figures and forces: of Zeus are these: Diodoros (Zeus-given), Diodotos, Zenon, Zenodotos, Diokles; of his spouse: Herodoros, Herodotos, Heraios, Herakleitos, Heragoras; of Apollo and Artemis: Apollonios, Apollodoros, Apollokrates, Apollothemis: Artemisios, Artemidoros. Of Athena: Athenion, Athenaios, Athenodoros, Athenagoras; the god of craft and expedients: Hermaios, Hermesianax (Lord Hermes), Mimnermos, Hermesikrates, Hermesistratos. The Syrian and Paphian Force: Aphroditos, — name clearly rare because too contiguous to impurity.

The healing deified *heros* of Epidauros: Asklepiades,

Asklepiodoros; Sun and Moon: Heliodoros, Heliokles, Heliokrates: Meniphilos, Menodoros, Menophilos, and others.

But now the Roman names: Lepidus, Bright, neat; Paullus, Little; Magnus, Longus; Crassus, Fat; Scaurus, With projecting ankle-bones; of light complexion are Albus, Albinus, Albinius, Albidius, and Albucius; Aulus, Little grandfather; Junius, Of youthful vigor; Balbus, Balbinus, Balbutius, Stammerer; Cælius, perhaps Blue-eyed; Cæsius, Bluish-grey eyed; Kaeso, Cæsonius, Cæsernius, Cæsennius; Aquilus, Aquilius, Black-eyed, tint like that of Eagle's pinions. Similar is the meaning of Fuscus.

Cæcilius, Cæcina, Blind — perhaps of one who after birth gained his eyesight very slowly.

Catus (Sabine for acute, keen, clever), Cato, Catulus, Catullus, Catilina. Celer, Swift; Capito, With large skull at birth; Labeo, with large lips; Cincinnatus, Curly-haired; also Crispus, Crispinus. Claudius, Limping, Clodius. Curtius, Shortly, like Paullus. Blond hair was the adornment of the first babe called Flavus: as a flower appeared to his happy mother the little boy named Florus. Flaccus is Limp — whether of hair or ear. Galba is Light yellow — perhaps our straw-blond: Glabrio was named the Rough-skinned child: Julius is associated by etymologists with Junius and Juno: the pride of Trojan ancestry had other explanation.

Licinus and Licinius (bent upward) perhaps meant a little snub-nosed; cf. the Simon and Simylos of Greeks. Even more downright homely and realistic is Mucius, Slimy; Lentulus, Slowish, needs no explanation. Nasica and Naso are concerned with the nose; while Marcus, Male-child, became one of the commonest forenames of the Roman people: its variants and congeners are Marcius, Marcellus, Marcellinus.

Rutilus, Rutilius, Rufus, Rufinus, have to do with red hair: Pætus is he of the sweetly-glancing eye, the "cunning" babe of our Philistine. Lucius clearly a matter of good omen — and befalling one-half of little boys — they

called originally one born in daylight, a good omen, obviously, while Manius (Manlius, Manilius) is the child born early in the morn. Varus, Varius, have to do with feet, step, or gait, abnormality there.

From pursuits, industry, husbandry, may be these: Fabius, a farmer cultivating beans: probably excelling among his neighbors therein. Porcius, as in Iowa, Swine-raiser. Cassius, perhaps some ancestral peasant good in snaring stag or doe in winter-time. The forefather of all Cæpios raised that prolific though somewhat too urgent vegetable, the onion; perhaps, too, it meant some infant whose head was onion-shaped. Cicero may refer to a certain pea: or was it a child with somewhat pod-like protuberance of nostrils? Cicereius certainly means the husbandman and farmer distinguished for his peas.

A few names seem to point to ritual and worship:

Ancus, Bent, bowing, servant of gods, priest; Antistius, Priest; Aurelii (Auselii: a Sabine family), Servants of golden sun, priests of sun? Camillus, Acoylite, little priest; Asinius raised donkeys, Caninius, dogs.

Censorinus, Flaminius, Flamininus, refer to honors of office, and are clearly later than the others.

In a word: was there ever a tribe, race, or clan so entirely devoted to the actual, real, present, and concrete as these Romans were, by the incisive and overwhelming testimony of their nomenclature? Need I enlarge or expand any further this cloud of witnesses? Was not here, in the very cradle and mother's and father's direction of mind and concern, — was not here foreshadowed and determined a race supremely indifferent to mere glamour or fancy — but not less indifferent to the broader and higher concerns and aspirations of our common humanity?

Whatever was strong or made for strength: the useful and that which definitely and certainly led to a useful end, this people cherished, maintained, and improved.

To understand how on the great Tuscan stream a new commonwealth was planned and builded is, honestly speaking, beyond the ken and vision of our present powers or beyond the broken fragments of actual tradition. The last and the strongest of Latin communities, first and last to place itself by Tiber, only artery of greater commerce, stepping far beyond the narrow opportunities of barter, it strove, first, for the hegemony over Latium, then it successfully disputed the control of the peninsula with the stout Samnites, and last, with ever increasing deliberateness, this wonderful state established its sceptre over the Mediterranean world.

More conspicuous and dazzling are the data of battle-fields, and great crises are often marked thereby: parting of the ways. But more elusive is for our remoteness the comprehension of the warp and woof out of which is made the fabric of family, of that order and orderliness in home and state which could endure such buffetings of outward vicissitudes and survive such domestic trials.

Was the sketch of Polybios too favorable? The Swiss have not a great state, but they have produced eminent statesmen and publicists: Holland has brought forth not only Oranges and Ruyters, but a Hugo Grotius as well. So the little Achaian league, last efflorescence of Hellenic political life, could boast a Philopoimen, Aratos, Polybios. What wide training, noble traditions, the richest culture, devotion to Stoic creed, an outlook on a contemporary or slightly preceding history full of momentous movement — what all these could do for a gifted and serious mind they had done for Polybios. To these advantages was added a profound veracity: "As in the case of a living being, when the organs of sight are removed, the whole organism becomes useless, so, when truth is taken away from historiography, the remainder of it becomes a useless discourse" (1, 14). It is not within the limits of this work to transcribe from the Achaian statesman's sixth book with what balance and harmony monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy were blended and their several forms of efficiency were incarnate, so to speak, in the Roman polity.

Righteousness writ large: was really this the essence of that constitution? The Romans, however, advanced their government not from philosophical foundations, nor from sociological abstractions. Experience, actual tests, elimination of the inefficient: these things are found with the Romans, no less than a reverence, an awe of ancestral bonds, and the authority of tradition: curious felicity for a durable polity and commonwealth. "The Romans (says Polyb., VI, 11) have made the same aim in the settlement of their government (as Lycurgus), but not through theoretical reasoning, but choosing the better in each case from the understanding presented in momentous political experiences, — thus they arrived at the same end and aim as Lycurgus, — the fairest structure of a polity found in our time."

How colleague checks or controls colleague, how the initiative of consuls is checked by that august executive committee for current affairs, the Senate: how the rights of the poor are intrusted to a specific body of magistrates: how the census is a powerful stimulus to every Roman to improve his possessions: how, with all the venerable privilege of Senatorial class, there is no bar to talent and frugality: how the Censors again and again struck with the powerful thunderbolt of their *nota*, Senators whose lives bore on their surfaces scandal or vice: how even the lowest rung in the ladder of *honors* — there was no other reward, long, in public service — the military tribuneship, was bestowed upon merit alone: all these things are permanent objects of the concern of historians and moralists, — and of classicists even.

Now, in any effort to grasp the character and spirit of this commonwealth, it soon becomes manifest that the most characteristic trend and tendency deals with authority and with property. Further, that the unparalleled career of conquest of the Roman commonwealth must not be viewed as a world-mission of order and statutes imposed on quarrelling barbarians by the military benefactors who came from the Tiber — but that it was exploitation on a gigantic scale.

And, first, as to property. Much of the morality of the Romans, very many of their soundest as well of her most peculiar, nay oddest, traits, were certainly bound up with her conception of property. Sparta claimed children, specifically sons, for the state. In Rome they are in a unique sense the property of the father. In him ancestry, power, authority, law, everything, is blended. I know of no ancient or modern civilization that has coined so many terms of life and rights from that word: Pater, Patronus, Patrocinium, Patricius, Patrimonium, Pater familias, Patronatus, Patrocinari. We must, of course, not forget that the Romans conceived *patria potestas* as the greatest social blessing and as the very corner stone of civil order, and so ultimately also of the fabric of the state.

A constitution of Constantine the Great of date 323 (Codex C, 8, 46, 10) specifically states that once upon a time (*olim*) the power over life and death was permitted to fathers. And Gaius (famous jurist of the Law School of Berytos, fl. ab. 160 A.D.) says (1, 55): "Likewise (*i.e.* just as in the case of slaves) in our power are our children whom we have begotten in legal wedlock. This principle of law is peculiar to Roman citizens: for as a general thing there are no human beings who have such power over their sons as we have."

Even when the son has grown to vote, to serve his years in the military establishment, nay even after he has, with the consent of his father, married and begotten children of his own, this stern bond of dependency, authority, and civil obligation remained unbroken.

And this was a *ius moribus receptum*, a matter of ancestral tradition. As a rule, the oldest living ascendant maintains unimpared civil control over his living descendants excepting girls (who through marriage have passed into other power) or such male descendants who have been emancipated or given to another father by adoption. The whole trend of their civilization was, to settle and determine the rights of property. The precision and good sense with which wills, legacies, trusts, guardianship, and pupillage, the rights of posthumous children, degrees of

kinship inhibiting marriage, adoption, the savings of sons and slaves, and every relation of civil life, were settled and determined, has challenged the admiration of mankind. I have space here for but a few matters of characteristic detail. You may lend money to a ward who is under a guardian: the ward (Justinian, "Instit.," 1, 21) needs not the authority of his tutor to accomplish an act beneficial to himself: he can stipulate effectively to receive something: but he cannot legally impair his prospects of property by acts of buying, selling, hiring, letting, brokerage or deposit. Nor can the *pupillus* enter upon an inheritance without authority of tutor: for the lad cannot know whether the encumbrances of the estate are not more *ruinous* than is the amount represented by the free assets.

Guardianship, *i.e.* the care for the transmission of property, was elaborated by the Romans into a public, general, civic obligation, comparable to jury-service in America. The government appoints a *tutor* in default of testamentary provision, and this guardian must give ample security, in order that negligence or loss may be prevented (Justin., "Inst.," 1, 24). This, however, not in all classes of guardians. Still the financial liability of every kind of guardian to his ward was well established. Even the magistrates who had neglected this matter in their appointments were made liable to the impaired estate, and this liability descended even to their heirs.

Infamia was the penalty visited upon the faithless guardian or curator: a matter determined even in the Twelve Tables (of 451 *sq.* B.C.). An action against a faithless guardian is a public action: a matter of public policy: any one may bring it, even though he is not personally concerned: even a mother, nurse, grandmother, or sister may sue: for they have the motive of *pietas*. The Roman Law carefully distinguished between negligence (*culpa*) and felonious purpose (*dolus*). A guardian found guilty of the latter was punished with civil infamy. And this brings us to the matter of civil and commercial morality as maintained among the Roman people. In the first place we make record of the fact that they had

Infamia as a penalty: awful penalty, where there was no sweet domicile, no tolerable existence beyond the confines of the native commonwealth. Delicate was the sense of regard for personal honor and reputation: the mere naming of a distinguished man in a public way was generally attended by the apologetic phrase *quem honoris causa nomino*. The reckless impudence of Attic democracy was a strange thing to the *gravitas* of the Roman character. The poet Nævius tried to be a Roman Aristophanes, Eupolis, or Kratinos, but rued for it in prison.

But to return to *infamia*, *infamis*, *famosus*. A curious observation may here be made in connection with this matter. An insolvent master may (Justin., 1, 6) give freedom to a slave by will so as to constitute him his heir and place him under legal obligation to satisfy the creditors of his late master. This slave became a "*heres necessarius*." If the slave found himself unable to satisfy the creditors with the assets of his new estate — then *his* assets were sold: *he* was bankrupt, but the name of the deceased was spared. Call it a legal fiction if you will: it is clear that not only civil opprobrium was associated with insolvency; that a good commercial name was most precious in their estimation.

There was, however, a specific Prætorian Edict dealing with *Infamia*. I find that the character and design of this book obliges me to cite it in full ("Digest," 3, 2, 1).

"With Infamy is branded (*notatur*) who has been disgracefully dismissed from the army by the commander or by him who had the power of determining about that matter; he who appears upon a stage as a professional actor or for the sake of giving a public recitation (for money, I take it); who was a brothelkeeper; who in a public trial has been judged to have done something for the sake of calumny or betrayal of the interests of another (*prævaricatio*); who has been condemned on his own score or made a contract involving theft, robbery attended with violence, tort, felonious design and fraud; who has been found guilty as business-partner, on his personal responsibility in connection with Guardianship,

Mandate, Deposit, there being no judgment to the contrary; who has placed a woman who was (civilly) in his power, after his son-in-law was dead, when he knew that the latter was dead, within that period of time during which it is customary to mourn for a husband — in matrimony, or who marries such a woman knowingly, not by the order of him in whose power (civilly) he is; and also the person who has permitted the marriage of the woman described above; or who, in his own name, not by the order of him in whose power he is or in the name of that man or woman whom he had in power, has established two betrothals or two espousals at one and the same time." It is in these very forms and formalities of law and procedure in which the character and spirit of the Roman is revealed, whereas his flights into letters and literature are, in the main, exotic and inadequate reproductions of Greek; hence Roman prose is by far the more valuable half of her literary remains.

But to proceed: a great and praiseworthy trait of the Roman people — for a long time — was this, that their unwritten law was so strong as to preserve what was sound, and to inhibit mere innovation for the sake of innovation. This was due in great measure to the fact that the plebs for a long time was led by the conservative classes. It was due, furthermore, to the fact, that property for a long time had a decisive influence in Roman affairs as over mere or sheer numbers. Rome was a government in which family, descent, race, wide experience and the tradition thereof, together with property and a clear valuation of field and forest as over against the resourcelessness of urban masses, are well expressed. In the Classes of the Servian timocracy wealth determines — we may say, predetermines — magistrates, administration, policies, and politics. Burdens, service, functions, and privileges were balanced with considerable fairness. Property opened the way into the equestrian class whose ablest men were a veritable nursery of the Senate. The Census was indeed a peculiar and incisive act in which every citizen is recorded; separately minors and property-

holding women. The man who escaped or defrauded the census was punished with great severity. In the older time the guilty one was whipped, and, after his property had been confiscated, was sold into slavery. After 168 B.C., when direct taxation substantially ceased, all these things were greatly mitigated.

The census involved wife and children also, with names and ages. "Hast thou a wife?" was the prescribed question. And then followed this one: "For the sake of raising a family?" (*liberorum quærendorum cause*, Gellius, 4, 20). Thus we may say the commonwealth, as in a mirror, surveyed itself in short periods.

History has fairly associated severity and sternness with this characteristic institution of the Roman people: the life and conduct of each one, bound up with the morality of family life and obedience to the commonwealth, is curiously connected with census and censorship.

This brings us to another pertinent matter in this rapid survey: the economic aspect of civic virtue. We can but glance at the sumptuary Laws of Rome, and kindred acts of the government. In the year 275 B.C. the censor Fabricus expelled from the Senate the ex-consul P. Cornelius Rufinus because the latter owned ten pounds of silver-plate. The Lex Metella of 220 B.C. dealt with fullers: probably limiting dyes and incidental luxury (cf. Plin., "N. H.," 35, 197). During the heat and stress of the Hannibalian war, in 215 B.C., but one year after Cannæ, was given the Lex Oppia: that no woman should possess more than half an ounce of gold: that she should not dress in a many-colored garment: that she should not ride in a carriage and pair within a mile of Rome or smaller towns, unless for the sake of public religious rites (Liv., 24, 1). A few years before, in 218, was enacted the Lex Claudia (Liv., 21, 63), viz. that no Senator or son of Senator should possess a seagoing vessel holding more than three hundred *amphoræ*. This, says Livy, was considered sufficient for conveying produce from the open country: all money-making was considered unbecoming to Senators.

The common people, we are told, were enthusiastic for this law, while the affected aristocracy was disgruntled.

The Lex Cincia (*de donis et muneribus*) of the year 204 B.C. provided that no one should receive gift or fee for pleading a case. As in England until now political representation has been without compensation, so in Rome for a long time the advocate's and pleader's avocation was carried on for such direct rewards as affection and political promotion could hold out — essentially an aristocratic profession, as were all things concerning law and legislation in the better times. So Cato and Cicero arose and became mighty in their generation.

Conduct of life and the proper use of time — these things again were inextricably bound together. Elegant leisure, pursuit of taste, patronage of art and letters, — all these things came late and became conspicuous features of Roman aristocracy only when these nobles had largely lost their essential qualities. Iron rusts not but when unused; the intrinsic soundness and tough fibre of Roman character craved action and labor: the practice of many generations made little discrimination between sloth and the life of contemplation and study — the consummation of Greek civilization and the goal for the trend of her choicest souls.

Endless are the points of contact between the lives of the Elder Cato and Benjamin Franklin: knowedge indeed, but always with the proviso that it be useful knowledge: whereby they meant addition to one's assets. Unless your Senator utterly departed to one of his many villas and the cult of Ceres and Pomona, life at home was strenuous. To begin a banquet *de die* — *i.e.* with some clipping from the hours devoted to work or business — was almost a crime to the sense of the olden time. "At Rome" (says Horace, "Epistles," 2, 1, 103) "it was long a mode of living beloved and established by time, early at morn, the mansion unlocked, to be up, to give legal decisions to the client, to lay out cautious investments on sound security, to listen to your elders, to tell the younger one through what means assets might grow, and expensive sexual appetite might be curbed."

Thus *Frugi* became an honorable proper noun, and non-productive pursuits were abhorrent to a commonwealth where craving and getting, where husbandry, principal and interest were universal concerns, and where *Nepos* (grandson) connoted also a squanderer and a spendthrift. Even Sulla, a man largely emancipated from the older and better Rome, in his day attempted to limit the luxury of banquets and check the aspirations of Roman gourmands.

There was no stone theatre at Rome before Pompey's time. Sternness is contiguous to cruelty. I have time but for a few words concerning military penalties.

Neglect in reviewing pickets or in keeping post near camp was punished immediately (Polyb., VI, 37) by beating with cudgels and throwing stones, until the culprit dropped and expired in camp, among his comrades. But if he actually survived this and escaped beyond the stockade, even then there was no hope or salvation. They had lost their native commonwealth and must wander on the face of the earth.

The same terrible penalty was dealt out to him who committed a theft in camp: also to him who bore false witness there; or if any one be detected in sexual abuse of a boy. All these features were both of splendid discipline and reveal in a measure that toughness which subjected the Mediterranean world.

On a forlorn post (our Greek observer says, *ib.*, 37), even if many times their own number assault them, they flee not nor abandon their hopeless position, fearing their own penalty: "Some might in the melée cast away shield or sword or some other one of their arms, as though bereft of reason, and fling themselves among the foe, either hoping to recover what they threw away, or, if subject to the vicissitudes of war, hoping to escape the manifest disgrace and the insolence awaiting them at the hands of their own people."

As for *slaves*, the very etymology of *servus* is somewhat obscure. Victory makes property, and preëminently does it give title to the person of the vanquished. So classical antiquity held. This was conceived as under the Law of

Nations (*Jus Gentium*). Property obligations could even convert the free debtor into what was in effect a slave. Here we are able to cite from the very essence of the Roman spirit, viz. from the XII Tables (Tabula 3): "After a debt has been confessed and trial has been had on the issues, a period of thirty days shall be granted by law. Thereafter the creditor shall have the right to make arrest of the person of his debtor. He shall bring him into court. If the debtor do not execute the judgment (*i.e.* pay), or some one for him give satisfaction in court, the creditor shall bind the debtor with sinews (thongs) or with fetters of fifteen pounds or more. The prisoner may furnish his own food. Otherwise the creditor shall give him a pound of wheat each day, or more." As Gellius, (20, 1, 46) explains the further procedure, a period of imprisonment followed, which lasted sixty days. During this time for three consecutive market days (Nundinæ, 8–16, 24) the debtor was produced before the prætor and the amount of the judgment was proclaimed. Thereafter their life was forfeited or they were sold across the Tiber into slavery. That is to say among the Etruscans, who spoke not Latin and had a reputation for cruelty. Such and similar were the laws of debt which caused the famous "Secession" of the plebs in 494. But the severe law just quoted was nearly half a century later.

To speak briefly: if property triumphed over humanity where the parties were members of the same commonwealth, the only sphere of life and living where some form of humanity might be expected, what then shall we expect of the Roman conception of slavery? What humanity, pity or regard? It will not do to dispose of this matter as Joachim Marquardt does, with a sweeping and general pointing to the "repulsive phase of Roman slavery which is the same in all slave states." In the first place it was not the same. As far I know Greece had no slave-wars.

Plautus knew the actual public of his Rome (215–183 B.C. or so) probably better than Ennius or even Cato. How rods of tough elm, wielded in turn by a large number of those intrusted with the flogging, worn out on the back

of the slave who was suspended from a frame with bared back while undergoing this torture — I say, repartee dealing with such scenes was clearly an unfailing means to amuse the plebs of Rome (*v.* Plautus, "Asinaria," 565 *sqq.*). The *flagrum* or *flagellum* was a kind of knout of knotted cords or wire, with metal points or "scorpions." Hot metal plates were used. Mill and quarry were extreme resorts. The *fugitivus* slave, a common type of life, was branded, or an iron ring was firmly clamped about his throat; often he furnished a few minutes' sport in the arena, to contend with ferocious beasts.

Then there was the cross and the *patibulum*. The latter — I use the words of Marquardt ("*Privatleben der Römer*," 1886, p. 186) — was a "block of wood for the throat, consisting of two parts: it was opened, fastened about the throat of the culprit and in this form appeared as a beam to which the two hands of the condemned man could be tied or nailed. By *crux* they meant a pale (or wooden upright) only, which was already erected at the place of execution (*palus* or *stipes*); attached to this, too, a person could be flogged and crucified, but the common form of crucifixion was that one in which the culprit, suspended in the patibulum, was drawn up this pale, so that the patibulum, when firmly fastened, formed the cross-piece of the cross. A difference in the penalty was in this alone, that the delinquent sometimes was simply suspended in the patibulum; as a rule, however, he was nailed with the hands to the patibulum, with the feet to the *stipes*." *Cruciare* and *cruciatus* are the ordinary terms of the Latin language to designate torture and torment.

In the year 132 B.C. the first of the greater slave-wars of Rome was concluded; Tauromenion (Taormina) in Sicily was taken by the consul Rupilius — by betrayal, Diodoros says — likewise Henna, their stoutest refuge, where more than twenty thousand slaves (Orosius) were put to death.

Again, in the same province, then chief granary for the needs of Rome, a slave-war raged for nearly four years, down to 99 B.C.

In 73 B.C. began the war of gladiators, which has immortalized the name of Spartacus — the gladiators were slaves too, and were trained by contracting owners to furnish forth amusement: so many pairs at so much the pair. The Roman populace scanned the bills for famous names as the names of operatic and histrionic people are scanned on programmes by the modern devotees of art.

There are modern aberrations, too, however, such as the pernicious and shallow glorification of spectacular athleticism in a mysterious connection with institutions of learning. We must deal gently with the Romans.

Seventy-four gladiators escaped from a "school" (*ludus*) of their profession, training table and all, at Capua. That was the spark in the hay-rick. Stout men, once free, from Gaul and Thrace, were the leaders, Vesuvius' then smiling slopes their base of operations. Two consular armies were discomfited by them. One proconsul fell in battle. Who will explicitly point out all the tremendous volume of meaning which lies in the simple fact that in a short time Spartacus commanded seventy thousand men! How precarious was life and subsistence with such an economic basis!

Finally the resources and plan of Crassus were successful. Sixty thousand slaves fell as men, but six thousand were captured. Six thousand crosses from Capua northward soon after bore carrion for vultures.

Leaving this theme we must say a word as to the freedman, the reverse of the shield. Here the spirit of Rome was, in a measure, generous and liberal. The former master was called *patronus*, a variant indeed of father. There were many forms of manumission (Justin., "Inst.," 1, 12). Wills rarely neglected such generous acts: acts declared invalid only when they involved an impairment of the rights of creditors. Tombs often were established to hold the ashes of the owner's freedmen and freedwomen as well as his own kin.

The freedman took the name of his patron, and if his record had been without a serious flaw, was also made a Roman citizen. His former master held certain testamen-

tary rights to a portion of the freedman's estate. Such rights could be specifically willed by the patron.

Thousands and tens of thousands of Roman citizens thus derived their descent from slaves, and in time statutes were enacted (*e.g. Lex Fufia Caninia*, Justin., "Inst.," 1, 7) limiting manumission by will.

Even in 129 B.C., when the internal troubles of Rome were assuming a critical character, the average mob of the Forum was not of Latin, nay not even of Italian ancestry; it was then when Scipio Æmilianus, first Roman of his time by every token of eminence, uttered the proud rejoinder to the seething and enraged populace ("Velleius," 2, 4): "How can I be alarmed by your shouting, to whom Italy is merely a stepmother!"

In the early years of Nero (Tacit., "Annals," 13, 26) there was a strong movement to make more severe the penalties which a *patronus* might inflict upon a faithless or ungrateful *libertus*. The injured *patronus* could, indeed, relegate the offending freedman a hundred miles away from Rome: but the coast of Campania was a paradise: was there not a weapon that could not be treated with disdain? It was proposed to enact a *Senatus Consultum* to punish a transgressing freedman with renewal of slavery. But upon closer inquiry they were astounded to find that the majority of the equestrian class, nay even of the august Senate, had such an humble pedigree. (Consider also Lucan's lamentations, 7, 404 *sqq.*)

The deference to family, to authority, is written on every page of Roman history: the drift of that history exhibits the fact that the battles of Rome were won, her administrations determined, her children begotten and her blood shed, for the interests of a small number of great families. The very history of the Republic is a texture of such proud records, a history not a little vitiated by the pomp and pride of the great houses.

Every client and freedman shared in the satisfaction whenever a new *censura consulatus* or triumph was added to the records of the particular *gens*, and the interest which they could make in elections and electioneering was

tremendous. The Patrician Gens Claudia in the course of time could record twenty-eight consulships, five dictatorships, seven censorships, seven triumphs, two ovations.

The Domitii boasted of seven consulates, two triumphs, and two dictatorships: and similar were the records of the Sulpicii, Cornelii, Aurelii, Calpurnii, Cæcilii, Metelli, Æmilii, Fabii, Fulvii, Furii, Licinii, Manlii, Marcii, Papirii, Postumii, Quinctii, Sempronii, Servilii, Sulpicii, Valerii. Pedigrees, Ancestral Busts, Inscriptions: these were the dearest possession of them all. That they maintained for an uncommon span of history strong fibre of sound qualities cannot be denied; that they, on the other hand, conducted administration and the enlargement of the empire chiefly for the advancement of their own class and privileges alone, is an incontestable fact of ancient annals.

This pride of race in which so great a part of Roman character stands revealed, was particularly exhibited at the end of their careers, at the funeral. The keen eye of Polybius has seized upon this feature with his wonted felicity of valuation (Polyb., 6, 53). Everything, says the Sage of Megalopolis, the Roman aristocrat endured to reap the fame associated with excellence. And this the exequies must show to his fellow-citizens. The procession in stately and solemn parade moved to the rostra. There is the embalmed corpse presented to the gaze of the myriads, corpse sometimes reclining, generally placed upright. A son or other kinsman mounts the rostra. He then delivers the *laudatio funebris*, beginning with the dimmest antiquity of the family, going on to a recital of the eminent qualities and achievements of the deceased. Thus the plebs became in a way a body of cousins, and warm admirers of its own grandees. The portrait bust is promptly added to the collection of that *gens*. These portraits were not idealized, but they rigidly reproduced every peculiarity of physiognomy. The family "*Imagines*" were kept in little sanctuary-like screens (*ναιδίοις*) and carried on solemn occasions by dumb figures whose stature fairly was the same as the person represented.

These dumb-figure men were further garbed and adorned in the character or station of the deceased, as consul or prætor: these with the purple-margined toga; or if a censor, purple: but if a triumphator, then with gold-textiled garb. Chariots and lictors are not wanting, everything recalling the precise honors of the past. And when they arrive at the rostra, all seat themselves on ivory chairs.

Could anything *more* kindle ambition in the breast of youth? The very history and greatness of Rome seemed to be there incarnate: civic immortality indeed.

The praise of each one was recalled by the funeral speaker and there they were themselves with all the emblems of civic eminence, and here, if anywhere, we behold the consummate flower of the Roman spirit, their dearest ideals of existence.

Before I conclude this chapter, I must turn to a matter not to be set aside or treated lightly: the political morality of Roman administration and Roman conquest.

Ludwig Lange has particularly elaborated how the parental and filial principle seems to be deeply marked in many of their institutions. The Senators always were, officially, the fathers of the people. On the other hand, we may say that no bill of rights was ever granted to the common people and though the evils of an oligarchy were palliated, they were very real.

The right of appeal (*provocatio*) enacted and reënacted, the demand for statutes drawn in writing and permitting the common people to know the extent of the penalties that could be imposed upon them (451–49), the tardy granting of the right of intermarriage, the throwing open of the curulian offices to the plebeians, the admission of tribunician legislation to a force binding on all alike (287 B.C.), — each and every one of these concessions was wrested from the privileged class only by great persistence and by stubborn determination. Colonies indeed were placed in all parts of Italy among the political dependents of Rome, generally dubbed "allies" by a transparent

euphemism. Rome here provided at the cost of the conquered for her surplus population and placed a large number of Roman citadels from the Po down to the Ionic Sea and the blue waters of Sicily. But many colonists seem to have been content with remaining at Rome and leasing their land to the old inhabitants.

Betterment for some: expropriation for the others. Particularly when the personal ascendency of Marius, and after him of Sulla and Pompey and Cæsar, compelled them by the political necessity of self-preservation to reward the veterans who had made them — then indeed forms of law were shamefully abused by military colonies, so-called: Apulia and Po country, and particularly Etruria, suffered deep distress in such settlements.

The treatment which Rome gave its Latin "allies" is significant: these men, bone and blood of Rome's strength and defensive resources, in 340 B.C. demanded real political equality: they were subdued in a desperate series of campaigns. Some were indeed reconciled to their lot by slight concessions: Rome was ever a believer in the fictions of resonant formularies: some Latin communities were given the "citizenship without the suffrage." In order that the votes of the numerous folk in the capital who had no glebe or cattle should never preponderate, these were all enrolled in four city tribes: four out of thirty-five, harmless numbers, but distinctly inferior to the farming folk we may admit (304 B.C.). All men of higher rank were enrolled in the thirty-one rustic tribes so-called. The very residence in Rome was once forbidden the citizens of Latin allied towns in 177: it was the principle of exclusiveness contesting with that of ethnical identity and political equity; the Senators even in 126 B.C. (*Lex Junia de Peregrinis*) found no way of keeping these kindred out of political community but by physical expulsion.

But worse than this stubborn exclusiveness was the selfishness with which the aristocracy acquired, if not the title, at least the use and benefit of holdings in the public land. It must be admitted that the common people were too poor even to convey their family to — and to begin

husbandry in — lands often very far from the seat of government. What of it, if the title did remain in the state?

It was hard and insufferable that the very legionaries who had carried the sovereignty and empire of Rome from the confines of Cilicia to the tides of the Atlantic, should, when they finally came home, find hardly anything in the lap of the future which made life worth living at all. Dioscuri (Plutarch's phrase) — these rare brothers, Tiberius and Gaius Sempronius Gracchus, who called Cornelia mother and the brilliant Scipio the elder, victor at Zama, their maternal grandfather — are the two brothers, even now political figures exceedingly difficult to fix in fair valuation, their wreaths of honor refusing to lie quite still in the herbaria of time. At the forefront of the best culture of the peninsula were these brothers, moved, I believe, by motives of rare purity: Gaius the younger, more radical and the politician who knew the exact seam in the masonry of ancient privilege and abuse where he might set his chisel and swing his mallet. Tiberius the gentler and the idealist: when he saw once (travelling through northern Italy to serve in Spain) how bare was Etruria of homesteads, how rarely but a solitary shepherd slave tended flocks where farms had been, he shuddered and was grieved.

Both brothers fell victims to privilege: traitors they were called to their own class: revolutionaries, striving for autocratic power — men who would subvert order and property: so, I say, were they branded by the ones: benefactors, martyrs, patriots they were called by the others: their name became the battle-cry of parties, and Julius Cæsar and Augustus were their later heirs.

Do we marvel that the Wars of the Oligarchy or of the aspirants for supreme powers were waged by mercenaries thenceforward?

As to foreign conquest and the gathering together of the provinces that fringed the Mediterranean, it was a question, at first, of disputing the first place in the western world with Carthage.

Even Cicero, enlightened beyond his generation and

ever seeking for logical and moral substructure of action — even Cicero uses these momentous words: "There is no commonwealth so foolish as not to prefer to hold sway unrighteously rather than be enslaved justly to another" ("*De Repub.*," 3, 28).

Hammer or anvil: this indeed was but too often the only alternative of political life and living. The Roman antiquarians were fond of expatiating on the venerable institution of the *Fetialis:* the herald who in set terms and solemn appeal demanded satisfaction first from the offending neighboring community: day of small things and border feuds, cattle driven off, vineyards destroyed: from these *Origines* it was a vast stride to the scene which I will now briefly place before the reader, following the story preserved in Valerius Maximus (6, 4, 3). The Romans had sent Popilius Lænas to King Antiochos Epiphanes, requesting that this monarch should abandon his projected invasion (168 B.C.) of Egypt. The envoy of the Senate handed to the king a copy of the *Senatus Consultum* making this demand. Antiochos read it and remarked that he would hold a conference with his friends. Popilius, indignant that he should have advanced any delay, marked off with his staff the ground upon which he was standing, and said: "Before you step from this circle, give me a reply which I may report to the Senate." The king promptly submitted.

The Initiative of the Senate was often very fair-looking, but the lust for power and money was generally soon unmasked.

Most ignoble were the diplomatic tricks by which Rome designed to hamstring her ancient rival, Carthage, before dealing her the deadly thrust. It was the final triumph of old Cato's policy: no sentimental or humanitarian scruples here: Carthage had been a loyal and submissive subject for nearly two generations. But her capitalistic strength, ever replenished by her wonderful genius for, and her vast experience in, mercantile pursuits, — this disturbed the politicians of Rome who were like Cato.

The story of Numantia, the Annals of the Numidian

war, are a record of Roman disgrace. The aristocracy had discovered that the Mediterranean world had become their quarry: covetousness was ever unsatiable by what it fed on: where power, where lust, where gold were associated in a clover-leaf of human felicity — why should the oligarchy of Rome stop short? where should they stop? what could make them stop?

The younger Gracchus returned from Sardinia, where he had been quæstor, in 124 B.C. Many nuggets of pure gold are concealed among the dry leaves of the fuzzy and pedantic Gellius: here is one (15, 12), actual utterance on the forum by Gaius Gracchus: "I demeaned myself in the province in such a manner as I deemed to be to your interest, not as I held it to be advantageous to my own striving for advancement. No kitchen for gratifying my palate was near me: nor were there standing boys of comely features. . . . So I bore myself in the province, that no one could truthfully say that I had received an *As* or more than an As, in presents: or that any one went to any expense on my account. Two years I was in the province: if any courtesan entered my house, or if any one's slave-boy was tempted on my account, deem me the lowest and most worthless of mankind. When I kept myself so chaste from their slaves, from that fact you will be able to estimate how you must think I lived in the company of your own sons. . . . Therefore, ye Romans, when I set out for Rome, the belts which I carried out (to Sardinia) full of silver, these I brought back from the province empty. Others have brought back jars of wine, which they took out full, brought them home, I say, filled with silver."

"Investors and Promoters" — these are terms of somewhat wearisome familiarity when I am writing and where I am writing. Heart of the world some might call Rome as she sat on her seven hills — all arteries took her blood, all veins brought it back to that central point: or why not stomach rather? all provinces send their products and profits. Cinnabar and silver from Spain, wheat, lentils, papyrus from Alexandria, byssus from India, silk

from China, the gold of Ophir and costly spices from Arabia Felix, lions and elephants from Africa, panthers from Syria, to amuse, feed, dress, entertain the sovereign Tiber-folk.

Principal and Interest: the *publicani* undertook the taxes of vast provinces by the stroke or bond of a single contract. Soon vast portions of the civilized world labored in the sweat of their brow to pay money to the Roman bankers and publicans.

Fervid the admiration of Greek culture which in the time of Marius's beginning ascendency was a veritable badge of the Roman aristocracy (Sallust, "Jugurthine War"): the military genius, humble peasants' son from Arpinum, boasted before the voters that *he* — the people's own — could *not* talk Greek, as the plebs could not. Smyrna and Rhodes, Lesbos and Ephesus: these became veritable objects of pilgrimage and study.

And still was that province of older Pergamos — the Romans called it *Asia* — cruelly ground down under the Roman tax-gatherers and bankers. The Greeks in the western part of Asia Minor were willing, on a single day, at one preconcerted signal, in the year 88 B.C. to put to death without mercy whatever spoke Latin among them, men and women, children, slaves, all; the lowest estimate put the victims at 80,000 souls. In describing these things, Mommsen speaks much of "Hellenism" — an academic fiction in the main: the Athenians had utterly abased themselves before Demetrios the city-besieger, centuries ago: did the possession of the tongue of Herakleitos and Herodotos endow the wretched provincials with any civic virtue — or for that matter, with any virtue in particular? They acclaimed the conquering king of Pontus as the earth-subduing Bakchos, incarnate once more, and obeyed him in all things. Clearly the Pontic barbarian was an evil smaller in their eyes than the Roman publican. Nay, they called him God, Father, Preserver of Asia. The Rhodians alone, hard-headed politicians of old, veritable Venetians in their sagacity, defied the Pontic tyrant.

When Sulla definitely restored the authority of Rome among these eastern Greeks, he placed upon the miserable provincials indemnities so crushing (20,000 talents) that interest and compound interest ultimately raised the very principal to a sum more than tenfold the original amount.

But we must proceed: statutes were enacted by the Romans themselves which recognized the evil of oppression as very real and as calling for remedies: even during the time when Polybius composed his felicitation of Roman polity, in 149 B.C. and after, there was passed the *Lex Calpurnia de Repetundis: i.e.* concerning restitution of extorted (moneys): it was, in purpose and aim, really meant to protect the political dependents of the commonwealth.

But the execution of such measures of punishing the privileged class for its exploitation of the provinces was also generally in the hands of the same class: these ever identified themselves with the commonwealth and were not sincere in anything which could seriously impair their wealth and vast profits.

We have no time here to even cite Cicero's "*Verrines.*"

The gentle Vergil, some forty-five years later, penned phrases which fairly exhibit Roman spirit and character, certainly Roman pride:

> "Romanos, rerum dominos gentemque togatam"

of that famous yielding to the Greeks the primacy of culture and originality in arts and letters (Aen., 6, 847 *sqq.*); but as for Rome:

> "Tu regere imperio populos, Romane, memento
> (Hæ tibi erunt artes) pacisque imponere morem,
> Parcere subjectis et debellare superbos."

Debellare superbos — very fine phrase, but quite unhistorical: haughty in the estimation of the Roman was every one who did not submit without war, and loved his own freedom, his own nationality, his patrimony indeed. Scholars have sought academic peace of soul by eulogizing a cosmic mission of Rome: she carried the

Holy Grail, if I may say so, of Greek culture for the unborn nations of the Occident.

How much was actually transmitted? Was the best transmitted? In our time thousands are spent to unearth some rows of seats in an amphitheatre where a pantomime, perhaps, or coarser entertainment furnished diversion to a community itself morally, politically, culturally defunct. We felicitate ourselves on futile remnants of archæology, we gaze at the arches of the Aqua Claudia, or we overvalue every little piece of mere shell, now inanimate, while the very spirit and soul, the best letters and the foremost personalities of the past, are mouldering in libraries. The parings of finger nails and the heels of shoes we gloat over in yielding to a veritable childlike faculty of interest: the blazing eye, the deep furrow of the pondering mind, the grave lesson of truth-loving historiography — these we let severely alone.

NOTE. — Niebuhr's vision of things differs profoundly from that of Mommsen. The latter's "*Staatsrecht*" is probably the most authoritative presentation in our day. Still it cannot be denied that the Berlin antiquarian had an itch to construct completeness oftentimes when the data were but few and fragmentary. As for Madvig, the work of his old age ("*Verfassung u. Verwaltung des Römischen Staates*," 1881–1882) seems in part to have been called forth by the somewhat dogmatic acceptation attained by Mommsen's books. He has no sympathy for deductions from subjective legal speculations or for the creation of quasi-Roman principles, which are really the result of academic reflection.

The Twelve Tables, Gaius, Justinian's little manual and particularly the larger extracts in the Digest reveal the Roman spirit and character — if anything in their literary remains does. The artificiality of Latin verse — its destination for a small élite, its dependence for theme and matter on the Greeks — all these things are familiar enough. Unfortunately in our day the growing desuetude of Greek pursuits brings it about that this exotic character of Roman letters is not as strongly felt by the exclusive Latinist as it is by Greek scholars. James Russell Lowell in his essay on Swinburne has spoken of these things with true judgment and with felicitous phrase. "Die römische Litteratur steht neben der griechischen wie die deutsche Orangerie neben dem Sicilischen Orangenwald; man kann an beiden sich erfreuen, aber sie neben einander auch nur zu denken geht nicht an." These words are Mommsen's ("Rom. Hist.," Book III,

Chap. 14). More exact I believe to limit this valuation by applying it to Latin verse.

Livy's delineation of older Rome is swayed largely by conscious idealization. Dionysius suffers from Hellenic vanity: the Romans must be Greeks. The cloud of *grammatikoi* who came to Rome in every way pursued similar aims. Euandros the Arcadian on the Palatine: Latin a variant of this Æolic subdialect: it is a wearisome and persistent fiction.

The *exempla* of Valerius Maximus in their way are a mirror of Roman consciousness. Of Varro I shall have something to say in my note on Chapter XV.

The data of the republican history of Rome are preserved and arranged in the most convenient way in: "*Römische Zeittafeln von Rom's Gründung bis auf Augustus Tod*," von Dr. Ernst Wilhelm Fischer, Altona, 1846. There is a *detritus* and an erosion of time and newer production: this book, like unto those of Henry Fynes Clinton, defies time and the vacillation of academic standards; slight to such works are

"Annorum series fugaque temporum."

CHAPTER XV

RITUAL AND WORSHIP AMONG ROMAN INSTITUTIONS

Rite and *ritual*, *vow* and *votive*, *augury* and *inaugurate*, *to divine* and *divination*, *pontifical*, *prodigy* and *prodigious*, *sacred* and *profane*, *propitious*, *consecration*, *saint*, *omen*, *sacerdotal*, *temple*, *fauna*, *expiate*, *superstition*, and *religion*, and other words of English speech are veritable offspring and nestlings of Roman institutions, given to mankind by the religion, so-called, of the Roman commonwealth.

Few themes are there in the domain of ancient lore in which arid antiquarianism can disport itself as here. After Preller and Wissowa, it is somewhat futile to hold forth on Mars Campester, Mars Ficanus, Mars Loucetius, Mars Pacifer, Mars Ultor, Mars Victor; somewhat superfluous to expatiate on Juno Cælestis, Juno Caprotina, Juno Curitis, Juno Fluonia, Juno Lacinia, Juno Moneta, on the Capitoline Hill, or Juno elsewhere; somewhat less than labelling another frame of dry leaves in the herbaria of Time. Were there eighty-four epithets of Jupiter or more? Perhaps more. Probably Varro could, if he cared, have made a larger catalogue, and Nigidius Figulus, Verrius Flaccus, eminent Roman antiquarians of Cicero's and of Augustus's time, might possibly have almost equalled the former's achievement.

It will be quite clear, presumably, that Roman "religion" and "religions" had almost no real relation to soul and spirit, and as for postulating a kind of conduct, would have been almost as nothing.

On the other hand, the fancy of the Latin ploughmen and shepherds rose not much above soil and field and the

practical concerns of life and livelihood: strictly speaking, there are no legends of gods and men comparable to the fathomless fountain of Hellenic fancy and local lore. If Pausanias had extended his antiquarian tour into Italy, his record would have been too meagre for publication. "Roman mythology" is a misnomer hallowed by academic tradition, but a faulty and somewhat empty phrase. Picus and Faunus, Ilia, Juturna, Camilla: the list is soon completed: a few dry peas rattling around in a large dry bladder. And so a Dionysios of Halicarnassus, author and professor, tells us that he sailed for Italy (in 30 B.C.), and that he spent twenty-two years ("Antiq. Rom.," 1, 7) in learning Latin and gathering materials for his history of Rome to be carried from the beginnings down to the First War with Carthage (264 B.C.). Clearly he was determined to cover the ground left unoccupied by Polybios a little more than a century before. In that critical span of time the polity of the Tiber-city had passed through a slow agony in which dissolution of republican government ran its course: still to the historical view and to the vision of the past, Rome appeared then as a state greatly transcending Assyrian and Persian world power or the dynasties erected on the fabric of Alexander's conquests. Dionysios rejects the hypothesis of supreme *luck* savagely advanced by unwilling Greek subjects: he rather claims for Rome intrinsic factors of greatness, namely, preëminence (1, 5) in religious reverence, justice, self-control. We might fairly bring in here the Roman terms of *Religio*, *Jus*, *Gravitas*. Similar views are put forward farther on (2, 12); also he notes the positive absence of myths and legends, which are essentially blasphemous or accusatory, legends "wicked, unprofitable, unseemly," viz. such as filled the dawn of all Hellenic records; no lamentation of Demeter as acted by Greek women, no all-night celebrations by both sexes, no sacred rites, but "everything that was said or done about the gods was done cautiously" (εὐλαβῶς); their litanies and their ritual clearly were dignified and becoming, even "though manners were now corrupted."

Vergil's Æneid became national immediately upon its appearance, 19–18 B.C., and still that industrious and slowly composing author, profoundly conscious of his composite and erudite task, a veritable bee and ransacking all nooks and corners of Italian tradition, still, in the ulterior parts of his Iliad section (9–12, scenes of carnage, and heroes brought together from the entire peninsula) he has first exhausted the Greek legends dealing with Italy and finally resorts to robbing rivers, brooks, fountains, tribes, lakes, of their names, to endow his vague and vapory figures with a little life and movement.

Very early was the worship of Faunus, who blesses calving and foaling, under whose good-will flocks grow fast, a force which the farmer must propitiate. The Augustan poets, of course, assimilated him deliberately to the Arcadian Pan, but we may be quite sure that the husbandmen of old and simple Rome knew nothing of the "lover of fleeing nymphs." The needs and concerns of farming and farming folk at once lead us to the elder Cato's book on Agriculture. As soon as the owner comes out to his farm, he "will greet the *Lar Familiaris* or household god. The steward (*vilicus*) will see that the holidays (*feriæ*) be kept on the farm (Chap. 5). He shall not sacrifice, except the *Compitalia*, at the cross-roads, where neighbors' lands met (*ib.*).

"The *vow* (*votum*) in behalf of the oxen, that they be well, you must make in this wise. To Mars, and to Silvanus in the forest, by day you must make a vow, one vow for each head of cattle. Of wheaten flour, three pounds; of lard, four pounds and a half, and of clear meat (*pulpa*); of wine three gills, this you may put together in one dish, and the wine likewise you may put into one dish. This sacrifice either slave or free may perform. When the sacrifice shall have been made, you must consume it immediately in the same place. A woman shall not be present at the sacrifice, nor shall she see in what manner it is performed. This vow you may vow annually if you wish" (Cato, "R. R.," 83).

The prayer to Jupiter Dapalis is prescribed by the old

Roman (Chap. 132): "Jupiter of the Feast, because there ought to be offered to thee in my house and household a chalice of wine for feast, on account of this thing thou shalt be extolled (*macte*) in the offering of this sacrifice." He shall wash his hands, thereupon shall take the wine: "Jupiter of the Feast, thou shalt be extolled by the offering of that feast there, thou shalt be extolled by the wine of libation." "To Vesta you shall give if you will. The feast for Jupiter shall be an *as* of money's worth, and an *urna* of wine. To Jupiter you shall reverently consecrate by his own touch. Afterwards, when you have performed the feast, you must sow millet, garlic, lentils."

"To establish a sacred grove in the Roman manner (*Romano more*) you must proceed thus. Slay a pig as expiatory sacrifice (*piaculo*) and thus you must formulate (*concipito*) the words: if thou art a god, if thou art a goddess, to whom this is set apart, as it is right (*ius*) to make expiatory sacrifice to thee with a pig for the purpose of restraining that sacredness and for the sake of these things, whether I shall do so or whether any one by my orders, to the end that this be done correctly, for the sake of that thing, in sacrificing this expiatory pig I pray good prayers, that thou be willing and inclined to me, my house, my slaves, my children: for the sake of these things be thou extolled in the sacrificing of this pig as an expiation." If you shall desire to dig, sacrifice a second sacrifice of expiation: add further this: "for the sake of doing work" (Chap. 139).

The purification of a field was done thus (Chap. 141): victims, a swine, a sheep, a steer, were first led around the confines of the piece of land in question: the formula of prayer is furnished again by the author: "With the goodwill of the gods and what may turn out well, I commit to thee, O Manius, that thou makest it thy concern to purify with that offering of swine — sheep — steer — my farm, my field, my soil, in accordance with the part thereof that thou biddest them to be driven around or holdest that they should be carried around." "Accost thou by way of beginning Janus and Jupiter with wine and then speak

communities, a kind of reverse of the firmament above us. It was sacred to the *Di Manes*, *i.e.* to the spirits of the departed and to the deities of the lower world, Orcus, Ceres, Tellus (Preller, 2, 67). Pit closed by a stone called the *lapis manalis*. Tellus holds the dead, likewise she send up the crops, on those three days (Aug. 24, Oct. 5, Nov. 8). It was held that the spirits could freely pass up and down: and consequently these days were *religiosi*. Says Varro (Macrob., "Sat.," 1, 16, 18):

"When the mundus is open, the gate, as it were, is ajar of the gloomy divinities and of the beings in the lower world. Therefore, it is *religiosum* (*i.e.* prohibited, opposed to the will of gods) not only to join battle but also to hold a levy for the sake of war, and for the soldier to begin a march, to put to sea, to take a wife into your home for the purpose of getting children."

The tomb also where burial has actually been made, is a *locus religiosus* (Gaius, "Inst.," 2, 6). When the mortal remains are transferred, then the spot ceases to be *religiosus*.

But let us cite a few more data from Verrius Flaccus (generally cited by the name of the abstract-maker, Festus). *Religioni est*, *i.e.* it is a matter of prohibitive scruple to certain people to go out (from Rome) by the porta Carmentalis; and to have the Senate held in the temple of Janus which is outside of the same, because by that gate went out the three hundred and six Fabii and were subsequently all slain on the river Cremera, whereas in the temple of Janus the decree of the Senate had been adopted that they should march."

Conformity, then, to a specific sphere of ancestral tradition (*mos maiorum*) is the essence of Roman religion, it is indeed a species of civic obedience, a postulate of political loyalty, and it is, of a truth, as inclusive of observance as is any form of patriotism.

But to proceed, what is *rite* and *ritual*? *Ritus*, says Festus, is "an established manner in performing sacrifices." And what were these? The most eminent and the most conspicuous were those in honor of Jupiter

Optimus Maximus. In these the very core and essence of Roman sentiment was revealed.

Festus's *Ordo Sacerdotum* gives to us the official hierarchy: "Greatest seems the Rex (*i.e.* the 'King' of sacrificial functions, successor to the old political 'Kings' in this particular limitation); then the Flamen Dialis (priest for life of Jupiter); after this one the Martialis, in fourth place the Quirinalis, in fifth the Pontifex Maximus." Their rank and precedence, *e.g.* at official dinners, was carefully maintained.

In the great Roman and Latin cyclopædia of the Augustan age, by Verrius Flaccus, the work of elaborate detail, written in the generation after Varro (Letter A had four books, *e.g.*; P had five), the vast original now preserved in the poor abstract of the absurd Festus — in this work, I say, I counted some hundred and seventy-five articles on rite, ritual, priests, prayer, ceremony, holidays, etc. In this large body, however, I found that three distinct topics or matters stood forth above the rest: Jupiter and his regular priest (Flamen Dialis), Sacrifices, Auspices, — these three.

I believe I shall be faithful both to my historical task and to the interests of my readers if I shall largely devote myself to these three.

1. Observe that the priest of Jupiter is not called *Jovialis* but *Dialis*, Light: the bright firmament above us, under which men live, exist, struggle, prosper or fail: *Dium* sometimes is a quasi-impersonal neuter form — light merges in *dies*, day: still *sub Jove frigido* is the firmament, even at night. *Dium fulgur* they called lightning of the daytime, which they believed to be of Jupiter, as the lightning of night the property of "*Summanus*," the power on high. *Flamen* (flag-men) is strictly the "kindler" of the sacrifice. A place struck by lightning was at once deemed to become *religiosus*, because the god seemed to have dedicated it (*dicasse*) to himself. Libations of new wine were made, not to Bacchus, but to Jupiter. Libation is made to the god of Light and Life, before man tastes of it (*v. Calpar*). The Flamen Dialis

was not permitted to touch ivy nor to utter the name of it, because ivy overcomes everything to which it clings. But not even a solid, complete ring was that functionary permitted to wear, or have about or on his person any knot, for he represents the supreme ruler (*v. Ederam*). *Deus* clearly is a mere variant and so phonetically later or younger than *Dius*. The Lord of Light is the divine being, primary and principal, who has given his name to be a generic designation of all gods. I will leave inferences to my reader. For Jupiter is *Diu-piter*.

But to return to his priest. He may not touch a bean nor name it, because that vegetable is believed to have a bearing on the dead. For on the *Lemuralia* (a kind of All Souls, May 9, 11, 13, when temples were closed, and weddings were forbidden (Ovid, "Fasti," 5, 485 *sqq.*)), beans were thrown to the spooks (*larvæ*) and the bean further was sacrificed on the *Parentalia*, February 21, to the "gods of the ancestors," *di Parentum;* furthermore, the letter L, for *Luctus*, Grief, seemed to appear in its blossom (*v. Fabam*).

Flaminius camillus was called the boy, freeborn, whose father and mother were still living, who served the priest of Jupiter at sacrifices. Similarly was attended the wife of the priest, the *Flaminica Dialis*, by a young girl whose father and mother were still living. This insistence on life calls for no exegesis or epexegesis, I believe. *Funebres tibiæ*, the flutes played at exequies, the Flamen D. is not permitted to hear.

In the temple of *Jupiter Feretrius* they kept the sceptre or staff by which they swore, and the flintstone (*lapis silex*) which they used in the ceremonial of concluding treaties (*v. Feretrius*).

In a fire-colored garb was draped every bride for the sake of the good omen, because the Flaminica continually wore it, *i.e.* the wife of the flamen, who was not permitted to make a divorce (*v. Flammeo*). The flamen also has a lictor to attend him. Fire could not be carried from the house of the flamen except for the sake of sacrifice. In the entire ritual the aim was to preserve every detail as

it ever had been. Thus the flamines performed sacrifice garbed with the use of bronze clasps or *fibulæ* because the use of that metal was the oldest known. The games in honor of Jupiter were called The Great Games (*magni ludi*) because they deemed him first of gods. Whenever the Flamen Dialis walked abroad, there strode before him heralds (*Præciamitatores*), calling upon all men to abstain from labor, because the flamen must not see any one actually working. It was *religiosum* for the priest to see it. Further, he must not see the levies ready to march out to war.

The chief manifestation, the most palpable revelation of the Lord of Light, was in the celestial phenomenon of lightning and of the thunderbolt. Q. Fabius, one of that noble clan, who was called *Eburnus* from the ivory-like fairness of his skin, when a boy was struck by lightning, recovering, but keeping on his person a mark from that experience. He was called *pullus Jovis*, the "chick" of Jove.

And here we observe that curious dependency on their Etruscan neighbors and subjects. From these indeed the Romans wholly adopted the Goddess of Intelligence, Minerva (Me-nerfa, Menrfa, in Tuscan), not from their Greek neighbors of Cumæ, or Capua, or Puteoli.

Authority and precedent — these the Romans observed with anxious care. They believed in the lore of the Etruscans, their *disciplina*, a fixed and definite theory. These claimed to know how to interpret the will of God as revealed through these phenomena of the sky, no less than that other mode of ascertainment, the viewing of the inner organs (*exta*) of victims. When we ask on what the Romans based their confidence and trust, we may say it was experience, or quasi-experience of results, so-called. These were connected with *Prodigia*, *Ostenta*, *portenta*, *monstra*. This is no place even for a sketch of the Etruscan discipline, contained in their books of lightning, books of thunder, and books setting forth the significance of victims' livers, lungs, hearts, or what not.

There were sixteen sections into which the Tuscan

expert divided the heavens and the circular prospect of the observer. A thunderbolt which strikes any locality connected with government and sovereignty was called *fulmen regale:* it portended civil war, destruction of government. But we will, perhaps, be served best by a few citations from Verrius Flaccus. "*Renovativum fulgur*, Renewed gleam-of-lightning, it is called when in consequence of some gleam-of-lightning a 'function' has begun to result, if a similar gleam-of-lightning (*fulgur*) has occurred, which carries the same meaning. There was a statue of an actor who, once upon a time, was struck by lightning and buried on Janiculum. His bones, later on, in consequence of *prodigia* and the replies of oracles, by a decree of the senate were removed within the city and buried in the sanctuary of Vulcan, which is above the comitium" (*v. Statua*).

When grave crises approached, when disastrous things had actually overwhelmed the state, then vows were made, vows which even in their form and *verba concepta* remind us of a public contract or quasi-contract. These acts, as all acts of that religion, are exclusively concerned with the question — what will happen? Will we fare well or ill, or, at least, no worse? Will we prosper? The state binds itself to do something, if the Deity grants the desired matter (Wissowa, pp. 20 *sq.*).

"Here," so Livy makes Romulus say (1, 12), "I vow a temple to thee, Stayer (of battle), Jupiter, which shall be a reminder to later generations, that through thy very present help the city was saved." In the terrible year 217 B.C., after the catastrophe of Lake Trasumenus, in accordance with an official report requested from the *collegium* of the pontifices, to wit: "If the state of the Roman people (and) of the Quirites shall stand at the expiration of the period of five years ensuing, as I wish it and he (Jupiter) shall have kept it safely in these present wars, the Roman people of the Quirites shall give and bestow a gift: (these present wars) which war the Roman people has with the Carthaginian, and which wars are with the Gauls who are this side of the Alps: what spring shall

produce from the flocks of swine, sheep, goats, and what shall be (otherwise) profane, shall be sacrificed to Jupiter, the obligation to begin to run from the day which senate and people shall order," etc.

The vowing of games to reconcile an angry or indifferent deity? No sackcloth or ashes here. No, the gods were to be appeased by being entertained and amused (Censorinus, Chap. 12).

The assumption or presumption of the substantial identity of the gods' concerns and sympathies with those of men puzzles us much more in the case of the grave and well-poised Romans than of the volatile nation reared and nurtured on Homer. At Circensian games, then, in Rome, the very idols (*simulacra*) of pertinent gods were driven into the assemblage: the car was called *tensa*. But as the gods were given of grain, cattle, wine, of *their* gifts, why should not the commonwealth ask their tutelary deities to share in the pleasures of the commonwealth? This chariot was of silver and ivory. It was a gorgeous parade: young men mounted and on foot, athletes, dancers, chief entertainers, (*ludii*) musicians. Says Cicero ("*De Haruspicum Responso*," 23), "Or, if a player (*ludius*) has halted, or a flute-player has made a sudden pause, or that boy whose father and mother must be living has not held the divine car, if he let go the leather reins, or if the ædilis has blundered by a single word or sacrificial-cup, then the games have not been performed correctly (*rite*) and these mistakes are atoned for and the minds of the immortal gods are appeased by repetition."

2. We pass on to sacrifices and (as closely bound up therewith) to prayers and invocations. *Sacrum*, according to Roman antiquarians (*e.g.* Ælius Gallus), is something set apart, and declared the property of, or exclusively meant for, the gods. No private person, however, can, strictly speaking, thus set apart, or consecrate: such require the official regulation or approval through formal action on the part of the *Pontifices*. *Sacrificium* clearly is an act by which something is removed from common use and set apart for the gods.

In the time of Augustus substantially all ritual terms connected with sacrifice were unintelligible to the layman, non-recurrent elsewhere in actual life and often puzzling as to their etymology to the most learned men of Rome.

Ferctum (Festus) they called a kind of cake which was borne quite frequently to sacrifices, and not without the *strues*, another kind of cake. *Glomus* they called a little piece of cake at sacrifices, of the shape of a boat, fried in oil. *Irenela*, a kind of vessel. *Immolare* was to sprinkle the victim with mola, *i.e.* ground grain and salt, and then to sacrifice it. The wife of the *rex sacrificulus*, the "queen" so called, while sacrificing, wore on her head a bent slight rod of the pomegranate tree. Generally the head of the officiating person was covered, except in honor of Saturn, when the offering priest was said "to make light." The term *greatest victim* was bestowed upon sheep not from its physical eminence among victims, but from its more peaceful disposition (*v. Maximam hostiam*). In the large temple tables held the place of, or could serve as, altars. The Ædilis had three victims placed for his inspection, and chose the best (*v. Optatam hostiam*).

Secespita they called a knife of iron, longish, with a handle of solid round ivory, gold and silver being used for binding and fastening, with bronze nails of Cyprian bronze, used in sacrificing by the female acolytes of the Flaminica and by the pontifices.

But this may suffice: everything was rigidly prescribed, and innovation here was considered as an essential impossibility: and why? Because, as a man cannot undo his descent from specific ancestors, so, too, the *mos maiorum* was a veritable part of the civil and political consciousness bound up inextricably with the religious and ceremonial institutions.

This rigor and rigidity of course extended to prayer and invocation: everything was in formularies, "concepta verba," "indigitamenta." Often these were chanted (*v.* Festus, *Indigitamenta*). These formulæ were preserved under the care of the standing commissioners for all these things, the pontifices. I cite here from the admi-

rable treatise of Wissowa ("*Religion und Kultus der Römer*," p. 333): "For prayer, according to the view of the Romans, is not so much an independent act of piety, as rather the oral declaration which of necessity must go with every religious act and offering, a declaration which renders the religious legal transaction on the part of the mortal perfect, and, if uttered in the correct form, compels the divinity (called upon) to take an active interest in the matter. And the first point essential is, that one must accost the divinity with the right name, and the lists of these formularies of invocation form an important element of the pontifical archives; on account of the compelling force contained in a prayer turning to the god with the correct address, the commonwealth had to shroud these formulas of invocation in the deepest mystery, lest they be put to use by the foe to the detriment of the Roman state."

The acts of worship, provided they be performed with rigid conformity, will operate: the mental or moral state, nay the very conscience of the worshipper, is hardly concerned at all. It was a form of magic.

And so, while the physical and political welfare of the commonwealth is closely bound up with the good-will, let us say with the good humor, of these celestial mechanisms, there could not be any religion beyond the narrow limits of the commonwealth, none for the members thereof.

Gods are the veritable productions of a given commonwealth, a propaganda or missionary fervor is quite impossible.

The state could, however, induce the tutelary divinities of another state (with which Rome was struggling maybe at the time) to leave their ancient domicile and accept residence among the Roman people.

This was *evocatio*, calling out. The inducement offered was an even more generous cult in the new abode. Macrobius cites the exact formula ("Saturnalia," 3, 9, 7): "If it is a god or a goddess in whose guardianship the people and commonwealth of Carthage is, and thou particularly, thou who hast accepted the guardianship of this city and

people, I pray and worship and seek from you grace that you would abandon the people and commonwealth of Carthage, leave the sacred places and temples and their city and go away from these, and inspire this people and commonwealth with fear, dread, confusion, and having gone forth to Rome come to me and mine, and that our own sacred places, temples and city may be more acceptable to you and more approved and that you may be placed over me and the Roman people and my soldiers, that we may know and realize. If you shall do so, I vow that I will make temples and games for you." It was an act of political strategy.

The gradual assimilation to — the partial adoption of — form and matter of Greek worship, the *Græcus ritus*, was not in any way a spiritual progression. As the old Latins were entirely guiltless of mythological fancies resembling those of the Greeks, so even they had for a long time no visible palpable images and idols (*Simulacra*), Varro said, not within the first one hundred and sixty years *ab urbe condita;* it was the son of the Corinthian exile, the fifth King of Rome, who came from Etruria, the elder Tarquin, who made this innovation at Rome.

Later, indeed, the Romans with great facility deified abstractions : or is it not perhaps the essence of a cult that was never burdened with genealogical legends of definite spots, rivers, brooks, oaks, valleys, as was the so-called religion of the Greeks? Of these abstractions, *Fortuna* was perhaps most eminent. In time there were added Hope (*Spes*), *Concordia*, *Pudicitia* (for keeping matrimony pure), *Pietas* (for correct relation of parents and children). The persistent experience of malaria led to the cult of *Febris;* storms of 259 B.C. suggested the worship of *Tempestates*. The unknown divinity which caused Hannibal's retiring from Rome received a *fanum* and was worshipped as *Tutanus Rediculus*. (*Fides*, *Terminus*.)

3. A word as to Auspices and Augural matters. Above is the Lord of Light, who, somehow, specifically shelters and befriends the Roman commonwealth. Divine permission or assent is ascertained through certain magistrates

to whom this "Bird-viewing" (*Avis-spicere*) is intrusted. Official power is officially associated with that privilege of looking upward. As the founders of the state constituted the older aristocracy, they long maintained this form of privilege. Greatest (Gellius, 13, 15, 4) were the auspices of consuls, prætors, censors. These, in turn, are not of a parity. A quæstor may request the auspices of a higher magistrate. No public act was undertaken without this inquiry, even a matter of routine character like the summoning of the senate, appointment of magistrates, marching forth to a campaign. The very name of *templum* means first "a square space or region marked out in the sky or on the earth by the *Augures*, in which to look for signs" (Nettleship). First there must be silence. In Cicero's time the whole Augural discipline was in a decline: even the old believers seem to have placed more reliance on the visceral lore of the Tuscan experts. Facing south, the left hand was the sphere of favorable signs.

Even the most enlightened Romans, *e.g.* Cicero, whose personal culture was steeped deep in Greek reflection and analytical habits — even he takes a profoundly conservative view of the vast body of ancestral usages which one may call the Roman Religion.

The very continuation of the commonwealth was bound up in the mental habits of the people with the strict maintenance of ancestral observance. The remnants of Cicero's "*De Legibus*" are, if I may say so, beautifully suggestive and illuminating in this matter.

The household must endure: how can one neglect the usages that placate the tutelary powers of the household? And the state is but an enlarged household. See Cic., "*De Legibus*," 2, 19: "To the gods they shall approach chastely, they shall employ reverence, they shall put away wealth. He who does otherwise, the god himself will be the avenger. Privately, no one shall have gods neither new nor bought from abroad unless adopted by the state (*publice adscitos*). . . . The rites of the family and of the fathers they shall keep."

"The gods and those who have ever been held heavenly,

they shall worship, and those whom their services to men have placed in heaven, Hercules, Bacchus, Æsculapius, Castor, Pollux, Quirinus; but those things on account of which ascent into heaven is granted to a human being, viz. Mens, Virtus, Pietas, Fides, and for their praises there shall be shrines, and not any for Vices. . . ." "The Vestal Virgins in the city shall guard the fire of the public hearth forever." Traversing, with much dignity and with a quaint archaic manner of speech, the whole domain of Roman observance, Cicero concludes with these words: "The rights of the gods of the departed spirits shall be inviolate. Those who have been handed over to the realm of destruction, they shall hold as divine; the expenditure bestowed upon them and the matter of mourning they shall reduce."

The violation of the Bona Dea through the rake Clodius and the subsequent purchase of the Jury with the active good-will of the interested and injured husband, the pontifex himself, — all this shook Cicero profoundly: not so much, however, was it his moral sense, as his political consciousness which was grieved and outraged.

It is the outward faring and the strength of the state, its flourishing condition, its victories, triumphs, and tributes imposed upon provinces: these exhibit to the classical consciousness the soundness and, if I may say so, the solidity of their cult and religion.

A few years after Pompey (on a Sabbath) had taken possession of Jerusalem, Cicero (in 58 B.C.) delivered his oration "*Pro Flacco*." Cicero praises his distinguished friend Pompey for treating the temple with consideration. Of the Jews themselves, the orator speaks with unveiled contempt. Of their religion he has clearly no direct knowledge; for their fate as a people, no concern; for their temple, no respect. He goes on to conclude that particular subject with sentiments and with ideas which go to the heart of the matter: "Each commonwealth" ("*Pro Flacco*," 69) "has its own religion, we have our own. Although Jerusalem is standing, and although the Jews have been subdued, nevertheless, the religion of

those rites had absolutely nothing in common with the brightness of this empire of ours, with the impressive weight of our name, with the institutions of our ancestors. At the present moment the more so, because that race showed by its military performances what it thought of our empire, and how dear it was to the immortal gods, it taught through the fact that it was defeated; that it has its tribute let out to publicans, that it is enslaved."

In the circumvolution of years and centuries, the time came when the sovereignty of the Tiber folk began to totter. Neither the fervor of the Neoplatonists had been able to check the decline of the old religion, so-called, nor had the fire and sword of Diocletian rooted out the Christian faith. In 325 there met the Council of Nice. In 330 Constantinople was dedicated, the other Rome. In the following year Constantine himself celebrated the thirtieth anniversary of his accession by dedicating a church in Jerusalem. In 337 that emperor died near Nicomedia. In 338 Athanasius returned from exile.

In 342 Constantius IV and Constans III exempted from destruction certain temples within the walls, with which the celebration of certain games and other anniversaries was connected.

In November, 355, Julian became associate emperor, or "Cæsar." Only a single slave at that time shared the knowledge of his secret devotion to paganism. In 360, on Epiphany Sunday, this emperor still attended Christian service. Near the close of 361, after the death of Constantius, he threw off the mask. Visceral lore of the Etruscans, auspices, and Neoplatonism were curiously interfused in his aspirations. In December, 361, the Apostate entered Constantinople. In 362 he worshipped the Phrygian Great Mother at Pessinus.

One of his coins has the legend: "Felicium temporum Reparatio" (restoration of happy times).

In the winter, 362–363, he devoted himself at Antioch to polemics against Christianity. As the pagan Libanius

puts it: "attacking the books which make the man from Palestine both God and the Son of God, in an extensive combat and by the vigor of his proofs proving their allegations (τὰ λεγόμενα) ridicule and futility and he displayed finer philosophy therein than the old man of Tyre" (Porphyrio). In the summer of 363, campaigning against the Parthians, Julian perished.

Thus on the Euphrates, while north and northeast of Italy, Alemanni and Visigoths began to break down the defence of those frontiers, Saxons made irruptions: Burgundians were besought to aid the empire. The Quadi ravaged Illyricum. On the lower Danube, in 374, the Sarmatians were repulsed by Theodosius. The next spring Valentinian hastened into Carinthia from Treves on the Moselle, to defend Illyricum. He died in this year. Soon after, the Goths, pressed by the Huns, cross the Danube and defeat a Roman army.

A tribe of Alemanni cross the Rhine. The Goths are repulsed from Constantinople. In 379 the vigorous Theodosius is made fellow-emperor or Augustus by Gratian, who had summoned the former from Spain.

This, too, is the time of the last renaissance of Roman paganism. Rome had come to be a venerable memory: the struggle for the empire was carried on at the outposts: Milan and Ravenna, Treves and Cologne, Antioch and Constantinople, were of greater moment in the movement of affairs and in the defence of the power once gained by pagan legions.

In 381 was called by Theodosius the Council of Constantinople, Damasus being then bishop of Rome, to deal with the heresy of Macedonius.

Strong were the imperial decrees against heretics and for the Nicene creed.

This was the period when in old Rome — fed mainly on memories and inspired by the superb monuments of Roman sovereignty and power, a little band, whom we may call The Old Believers, sought in such ways as were open

to them to reassert or defend the ancient rites. No one threatened their lives or property. They clung to the old ceremonial, Vergil their Bible. Macrobius, Symmachus, Servius, have left us very impressive literary remains of the movement. Libraries were ransacked for the books which set forth the olden times and the ancient rites. Varro's antiquities had a last period of flourishing authority. In 384 A.D., Symmachus himself, their most brilliant champion, held the conspicuous office of *præfectus urbis*. And it seems wise at this point to transcribe certain claims and requests of the Old Believers as they are revealed in an official report of Symmachus: it is true, advancement was impossible if one were conspicuous at the ancient altars. But let us hear the Old Believer himself ("*Relatio*," III, pp. 280 *sqq.*, ed. Seeck): he petitions Theodosius for the retention in the senate-hall of the altar of Victory. He claims to defend the established usages of the ancestors, the laws and fates of Rome. Did not Theodosius himself owe much to Victory? It would be a bad omen to remove the altar. There the oath of loyalty should be taken. Would not the mind shrink from perjury at such a spot?

Constantius is cited. But he did not cut short the annual appropriations for the support of the Vestal Virgins. He followed the senate through all the roads of the Eternal City and beheld the shrines with unruffled countenance, he read the names of the god inscribed in the fastigia of temples, he inquired about the origins of temples, and while himself a follower of other religious convictions, he preserved these to the empire. For each one has his own custom, his own rite: the mind of God has allotted various cults meant to be guardians of various cities. There is added the element of advantage which particularly attaches men to God. Symmachus personifies and cites the venerable *Roma* herself, her power, her long life, her sovereignty in the world: all are made dependent on the ancestral rites. Rites and usages: as to the deeper and the underlying causes of the Universe, this Old Believer professes himself ignorant: "We gaze at the

same stars, we have the firmament in common, the same universe holds us in its embrace: what difference does it make, through what form of wisdom each seeks the truth? By a single path one cannot reach so great a mystery."

He goes on to make a plea for the recognition (even without any appropriation) of the Vestal Virgins. The fiscus has taken their lands. Wills are denied validity. The old Roman religion has been dealt a hard blow by the Roman law.

The stout bishop of Milan, Ambrosius, protested against this recrudescence, and we do not believe that Theodosius the Great gave practical heed to these last petitions of the Old Believers. The ossified externalities of a ritual entirely unconcerned with Sin and Soul or Immortal Life — these indeed were as vague and vapory shadows on the soil of that Italy on which St. Ambrose wrote verses that call upon all men and to all time:

Æterne rerum conditor — or
Veni Redemptor gentium

NOTE. — Among the most available books for these matters are: Cicero, "*De Divinatione.*" Verrius Flaccus, "*De Verborum Significatu,*" time of Augustus. Ovid's "Fasti" unfortunately go but from January to June. The year is as a revolving ring: *annus* means ring. The same revolving unit of seasons has incorporated an accumulated multitude of observances of nature, society, historical events which kept mirroring the experience of Roma. But even for the most expert antiquarians like Varro (116–132 B.C.) the majority of observances were teeming with problems. This multiplicity of explanations in Ovid points to Verrius Flaccus, who in turn must have drawn from Varro more heavily than the slender abstracts now extant allow us to surmise. As for Varro's *theories*, they are not implied in the tradition, are not, in my opinion, drawn from it, were no part of it; they are, it seems to me, Varro's own. The classifications and the allegorizing interpretations point to the Stoics. Probably Varro was a Stoic.

Gellius has an interest not only in old words but in old institutions as well. Him exploited Macrobius, one of the Old Believers in the time of Theodosius. The vast masses of Varronian data imbedded in the Servian scholia are not there by accident. Symmachus — Servius — Macrobius — there is in this clover-leaf of the dusk

of the gods a rare identity of religious concern as well as antiquarian interest. Varro with them was as precious a record, comparable to the Book of the Law rediscovered in the reign of Josiah, Kings 22, 10 *sqq.*

The Saturnalia of Macrobius show how in this dusk of the gods the Old Believers drafted into their service a vast range of classical culture — in which Greek figures almost as fully as Latin.

Upon a second traversing of the entire range of the Servian matters, I am less inclined to follow Nettleship than at first. Neoplatonism in that generation of the Old Believers was not a loose cloak of erudition, it was indeed rather a creed, nay a faith.

Wissowa began these studies with an analysis of the matter out of which Macrobius is compounded. The antiquarian purpose of Vergil's national epic must not be overlooked. See his letter to Augustus (Macrob., "Sat.," 1, 24, 1). Wissowa's and Preller's footnotes abundantly furnish all the material necessary for closer vision.

The transparency of the Roman deified abstractions is simple — but the deliberate act of creating an institution on the part of the commonwealth has nothing in common with the postulate of universal and eternal truth. In the entire domain which in appropriating a familiar phrase we may call the dusk of the gods, it is my privilege in this place to call attention to Professor Gildersleeve's "Lucian," "Apollonius of Tyana," and "The Emperor Julian," republished in his Essays and Studies, 1890. To these must be added his introduction to his edition of Justin Martyr. In the critique of young Persius's second Satire, Roman religiosity is measured by the Stoic consciousness, if not the Stoic precept, imbibed by the pupil and the disciple of Annæus Cornutus.

Karl Ottfried Müller's "Etrusker" must not be omitted here. His mortal remains are bedded in the deme Kolonos. He was the greatest of Boeckh's pupils.

Dr. Ernst Riess of New York, a pupil of Usener, has devoted much research to classic superstitions as distinct from religious usages.

CHAPTER XVI

CICERO OF ARPINUM. CATO OF UTICA

MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO of Arpinum (106–43 B.C.) in many ways is the best known of the sons of Latium. Most maligned, also. For after he and his graceful essays, his altogether worthy humanity had for many centuries educated the youth of Europe, a reaction must needs come. You tire of any schoolmaster.

And still, if academic and scholastic experience should utterly come to lose sight of this wonderful man, the larger contemplation of ancient things could not dispense with the last line or iota of his literary production. He is a veritable mirror of Roman consciousness. That is, of the Roman consciousness of the declining republic, curiously permeated with Greek culture; a consciousness comparable to the twin chestnuts in a single burr: politically he was proud and haughty to the point of contemptuous disdain: culturally, more than a Philhellene: Humanist before the Humanists indeed: and so deeply impregnated with Greek that the innermost notes struck on the many chords of his mobile and sensitive soul found vent in phrase or verse that rang again from Homer, or Euripides, or other Greek source. The Romans were bi-lingual in the fullest range of possession: when Greek scholars came to Rome they taught Greek in Greek and in no other way, precisely as they did in the East. Thus Tyrannio the elder, pupil of Dionysios Thrax, although he came to Italy as a prisoner of war, at Rome became wealthy and left a library of more than thirty thousand scrolls (Suidas).

As a boy Cicero was a "*Wunderkind.*" Penetration and understanding made him renowned among his fellow-

pupils: fathers heard so much of it from their sons that they visited the classes to hear him recite. Even when walking home, his young admirers made him the centre of all — a veritable great man among the very boys (Plut., "Cic.," 2).

His soul was of the positive order, ever turning to excellence and nobility, enthralled and subjecting itself with a certain ecstasy to the greatness of the past, particularly in utterance and thought — he had the faculty, as of absorption, so of swift and forceful production. Even as a boy and youth his own genius for oratory led him to choose with unerring precision for models the most eminent orators, such as Crassus, Antonius, Cotta, Sulpicius: and his was the rare admixture of delicate perception which determined the secret of each one's peculiar forensic power by the agreement of friend and foe; his judgments on his rivals or other orators are permeated by technical exactness and a large and free spirit with which he recognized and sketched every element of strength, *e.g.* in Hortensius Hortalus. And so he became that virtuoso who drew tears or caused the ripple of smiles to run over the surface of the souls of his hearers, at will. Not less concerned in the uttermost detail of the technique of his art than Aristotle, Theophrastus, or Hermagoras, he alone among the Romans was chosen by Plutarch to furnish a parallel to Demosthenes. And he never rested on his laurels, but ever became more powerful and accomplished. You may gaze at a violin once used by a Paganini or Spohr or Joachim, but the soul and feeling that drew the bow are departed. As for Cicero himself, his own wonderful delivery and all the powers and graces bound up therewith, these swayed his audiences, as Plutarch says (c. 5). At the same time he made it his life's aim to reunite the two streams which, since Plato wrote his "Phædrus," and even more since the days of old Isocrates and young Aristotle, had flowed apart, — philosophy and oratory. Fortunate for us modern ones, that he was not addicted to *one* school. For while the loftier morality of Stoicism arrested his admiring soul from boyhood on to

the end, the dialectic free fencing and avoidance of dogmatism as maintained by the New Academy impressed him as admirable drill for his pleader's profession.

Amid all the Greek technique of rhetoric his innermost soul loved to lay hold of general truths and underlying verities. In the elaboration of these he felt himself a philosopher indeed.

I am not here to trace once more the chronicles of his achievements and his successes, but most earnestly endeavor to reveal his spiritual side. And for this aim and interest his life lies before us cloven — cloven in twain, indeed, by his exile. Is there, at all, any spiritual side to the brilliant pleader and debater, before the exile?

The public life of the sovereign commonwealth of the seven hills — this in itself was full of incentives that beckoned the brilliant young Arpinate onward to climb from rung to rung in the offices — the "cursus honorum." The mere prosperity of life, the faring well in it, could not satisfy his keen and craving soul. For the School of Epicurus which he understood with consummate academic precision, he had no liking, nay he confronted it with bristling antipathy to the end.

Where the loveliness of Capri and Misenum recalled the Greek legends of the Sirens, on that gulf of paradise, he too had villas: his Pompeianum, his Puteolanum (Cumanum); not far from far-famed Circeii was his Formianum; Antium was well furnished with books, and the news of the near-by capital could be sifted there even more satisfactorily than on the Forum; at Tusculum he felt a kind of spiritual vicinage to the elder Cato; but his letters to Atticus reveal him a chambered nautilus living not in iridescent pearl shell of self-praise, but in transparent crystal, — these letters, I say, reveal a spirit utterly elevated above the silly luxury of his time, his concerns those of culture and ambition, in the main. The noble memorials of Athens are very dear to him: his library must be adorned with *Hermathenæ*. He is ever on the outlook for enlarging his collection of books whether through legacies from friends or through direct purchase.

Even when he is planning to enter the lists for the consulate (65–64), his brother Quintus calls him a "*homo Platonicus*": a man imbued with that dialectic spirit of carefully turning over any intellectual concern.

Intellectual power, professional excellence, unflagging industry, had carried him into the senate chamber: thus his *virtus*, his manifold excellence, had overcome his "newness" (*novitas*). And the consciousness that his talents, his persevering pursuit of eminence, had carried him so far, did not contribute any element of humility or even of wise moderation.

Glory it is which consoles man for the brevity of life: viz. in the sense of anticipating the judgment of posterity: glory, through which, though gone, we are present, though dead, we are living (Milo, 97). Glory is the praise of rightful achievements, of all rewards bestowed on excellence, the largest reward is glory: Pindar again. Philosophers seek glory in the very books in which they discourse on the contempt of glory: an elemental power for the souls of humanity's elite.

As the outlook of the soul is really bounded by the limits of the commonwealth, so all boons of striving and prizing are comprehended therein. "Divine and Immortal," favorite combination of his, is often appended to that deity, glory, or to the laudation of one living.

Hercules on the pyre of Œta, Regulus returning to Carthage, Rutilius condemned though guiltless, and disdaining to return to Rome when he could — these are incarnations of that excellence which glory follows as a shadow follows the illumined substance of a thing.

At this shrine worshipped the brilliant man from Arpinum.

"For the rungs in the ladder of high office are equally open to the highest and to the lowest: but those leading to glory differ. Who of us would dare to call himself the peer of M. Curius, of C. Fabricius, of C. Duilius? Who, of A. Atilius Calatinus? Who, of C. and P. Scipio? Who, of Africanus, Marcellus, Maximus? Still we have attained the same eminence in the succession of

state-offices as they did. For in the domain of Excellence (*virtus*) there are many ways of making ascent, so that he overtops most in Glory who in Excellence is most conspicuous: the consummation of the offices bestowed by the people is the consulship, which magistracy about eight hundred more or less have attained: of these, if you will make careful inquiry, you will find that hardly the tenth part is worthy of glory" ("Planc.," 60).

Now Cicero, when he was a candidate for this high office soon after the completion of his forty-second year, was in a peculiar body of circumstance, as regards his candidacy. A great economic crisis, if not a social revolution, was, if not imminent, then at least entirely possible. The great captain, Pompey, was far away in the East. The wealthy classes dreaded the electoral success of a corrupt and desperate aristocrat such as Catiline was; Cicero's detractors and belittlers have exerted their ingenuity to cheapen his services in this crisis. But at the seat of government, by those who then lived, the crisis was conceived as a grave one indeed. Sallust (who wrote when his soul had turned in disgust from the profligacy of his earlier life) paints the social and moral situation as well-nigh desperate, — a breaking of an ulcer which had been fed by the widespread putrescence of society; sexual debauchery, extravagance, crazy gluttony; a fiendish refinement of every device of luxury; character and ideals widely moribund.

The struggle put upon Cicero in 63 B.C. truly was not merely a political or economic one. When at last he had forced Catiline, without any resorting to arms or extraordinary devices, to drop the mask and to adopt overt acts of preparing war against the government, the consul was justly jubilant. And when, in the end Catiline's chief confederates were under arrest, while no drop of blood had been shed in the capital, his sanguine soul was indeed elated.

Roman annals and Roman records — none knew them better than Cicero. The triumphal car, potentates walking humbly before it, the *via sacra* resounding with the

acclamations of the mistress of the world, this was the felicity of being, the acme of existence. But his glory, he felt it, was greater. It was no slight matter for himself and all his future that, as presiding and controlling magistrate, on December 5, 63, he championed the most radical mode of disposing of the conspirators as of public enemies who had placed themselves beyond the pale of the law.

In his consciousness and to the end of his life, December 5, of the consulate of Cicero and Antony was the bright star which never set and which no conflict with the orbits of any other star could obscure or render pale in the political firmament. This text of glory was set to an anthem which he was never weary of repeating with endless variations. In this alluring worship where the incense to his *ego* was inextricably mingled with lofty strains of genuine patriotism and sound principles of civic morality — I say, in this temple and ritual he was never weary of being the chief celebrant. The motion of Cato prevailed, says Sallust ("*Bellum Catil.*," 53), but the political and moral burden lay on the shoulders of the consul Cicero. The investors and capitalists had often employed his eminent forensic abilities, but on that day he felt himself not merely as the champion of law and property, but as the veritable saviour of society, the incarnation of order, worthy of being named not merely with the greatest captains who won provinces for the imperial city, but with the founder of Rome himself. The soul that craved honor so intensely was at first overwhelmed, though your ambitious man, like your miser, knows not what satiety is. Crassus himself, the richest man in Rome, albeit a very crooked politician, paid his respects to the pleader from Arpinum. Catullus, the primate of senators in a fully attended senate, called Cicero *Parens Patriæ;* the temples were opened for special thanksgiving. When the great captain returned from his eastern campaigns, he embraced Cicero publicly and declared he owed it to Cicero that he could see Rome once more.

It is not my task or is it worth while once more to unravel the political game through which Cicero was driven into exile in the spring of 58. By Clodius, debauchery incarnate and corruption triumphant, was this accomplished. The Triumvirs allowed it to come to pass. Cicero had declined a *legatio* with Cæsar in Gaul, likewise had he refused a place as one of the twenty commissioners under Cæsar's agrarian law.

For hero-worshippers — the author is none — poor Cicero's letters from his exile in Thessalonica are truly sad reading. His friend the great Captain, to whose Africanus he would play Lælius on the political stage — Rome to be doubly buttressed by military genius and by philosophy and conservative eloquence — Pompey, I say, had played him false. His family ties rudely rent asunder, his mansion on the Palatine demolished, his private fortune well-nigh ruined, the bitterest thought was this, that Rome had curtly cast adrift her very saviour — his agony was no common one. His glory he had, but clearly it had not saved him. His sense of vicarious sacrifice he had; but his heart was embittered at the cold selfishness of the aristocracy he had once saved and who now were unconcerned at *his* sufferings, if only they could keep mullet in their fish-ponds on their estates. The iron had entered his soul.

Cicero came back Cicero: but a saner, a graver soul. His great gifts, indeed, he felt could never more have free play in the senate chamber, or on the Forum. A bitter tone is blended with his social and civic pride in his orations. The senate rebuilt his mansion and in a measure rehabilitated his private fortune. But Cicero, as far as he dared, gave vent, too, to his hatred for those whom he chiefly charged with his misery, *e.g.* the consul Piso (of 58 B.C.), Cæsar's own father-in-law. Even in 54 B.C., after Cæsar had crossed the Rhine and full three years after his own return from exile, Cicero both uttered and published his "Pisoniana"; he called him "dog of

Clodius," "man of clay," "a foul freak of nature," "a new Epicurus led forth from the sty."

But when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon, there came to the mobile soul of Cicero even a more overwhelming misery. Personal loyalty and a very high sense of chivalry induced him to follow the declining star of Pompey, in whose judgment and tact he had no confidence any more. Amnestied by his literary friend Cæsar, he now determined to devote his declining days to wisdom and the spreading of Greek philosophy among his countrymen.

When Cato refused to submit to the autocrat, Cato's admiring friend Cicero published that eulogy which nettled Cæsar to make reply by his "Anticatones."

Cicero's philosophical books: again I say, the world owes him thanks that he has Latinized so large a body of Greek thought: Theory of understanding, Ethics, Political Philosophy, Speculation of the Greek world as to the Divine, theory of Mantic art: responses to the young Atticists in Roman oratory — no bran and clayey porridge of brutal pleasure-pursuits for him (as in Catullus), no futilities even of archæological or æsthetical palavering here.

The noblest revelations of his soul were recorded toward the end. When his darling daughter was taken away in 45 B.C., he talked to his friend Atticus about a shrine or fane to her memory. Cæsar, Brutus, Sulpicius, and other foremost men wrote to him, to console him. But his pen was his chief consolation, — the ritual of the state religion was bare and cold, a product of Rome as we have seen: Cicero descended into his own soul and by reproducing the best available in Greek philosophical production, he soothed himself. His introductory appeal and defence of philosophy, his "Hortensius," more than four centuries afterwards, powerfully affected a youth destined to be no common man, young Augustine, in his nineteenth year. Says St. Augustine, "Confessions," 3, 4: "In the established succession of studies I had come to a certain book of a certain Cicero. That book contains his own exhortation to the pursuit of wisdom and is called 'Hortensius.' That

book indeed changed my aspirations. Cheapened for me suddenly was all hope of vanities, and I craved the immortality of wisdom with an incredible fervor of my heart. For not towards the sharpening of my tongue did I apply that book, nor had it urged upon my acceptance mere phrase, but that which was the object of its utterance. And I at that time was being delighted in that appeal by this alone, that I did esteem not this school or that school, but Wisdom itself, whatever it was, and sought it and pursued it and held it and bravely clasped it to my heart . . . to do this was I roused by that discourse and kindled and was set on fire."

This prolific period of production was broken — to him broken as by a sudden gleam of lightning, when the autocrat perished at the foot of Pompey's statue.

But Cicero's sanguine hopes for the old order were rudely shattered by the acts of the consul Antony, who would enter into the inheritance of the powerful man that made him.

Cicero's aversion for Mark Antony was deeper than the gloom of the political circumstances; it was the same aversion which he had nurtured for Catiline and all his works, for the debauchee Clodius, for all who treated convictions and ideals cheaply.

He dared not return to the senate chamber, but flitted from villa to villa, his political glance ever directed to the Seven Hills, while his moral and intellectual being was absorbed in production: mainly in philosophical writing. His "Second Philippic" would he write, staking life or death upon the result. At the same time did he Latinize Panaitios the Stoic's work on "Duties."

It is a delightful pursuit to trace his own personal contributions here — his life clearly spent, his hope of the old order flown — his family circle destroyed: it was a rare soul that could occupy itself thus, at such a time. And the Stoic conception of Duty was categorical — that action of which a demonstration can be made compelling assent from all rational beings, within the spheres of the Four Great Canonic Virtues, viz. Justice or Righteousness,

Fortitude, Love of Truth, or Wisdom, Self-control (Temperance, Continence).

How sternly did then collide this definition of Justice with the avid ambition recently destroyed but having its palingenesis in Antony. "This was made manifest but a short while ago by the recklessness of C. Cæsar, who overturned all divine and human laws for the sake of that leadership which he had moulded for himself by a perversion of supposition" ("Off.," 1, 26).

Time had sifted many things for him — mere prosperity — the riding on the crest of the political billow, all these things had come to be (to the deeper musings of his soul) as vain and nugatory: the allurements of ambition, the unrighteousness so often bound up with it, had sunk deeply into his soul.

He is fully aware, at the same time, that the mere philosopher pursuing the contemplative life, is largely beyond crisis, peril, nay beyond temptation even: Righteousness in action ("Off.," 1, 73) is greater than mere correctness of moral judgment projected at the moving world of men from the peaceful study.

It remains for us in this sketch to inquire as to Cicero's concern in death and the fate of the soul.

At fifty-three, under the Triumvirs, Cicero wrote his "Theory of Politics," his *De Republica*, treading in the footsteps of Plato; this, too, in a vision or dream given to his political ideal, Scipio Æmilianus. Soul of the past reveals itself to the latter: to wit, the elder Africanus. The heaven there depicted is an abode of great statesmen: essentially a heaven of the Roman commonwealth: these worthies there live in bliss forevermore. Paulus, too, lives there, the conqueror of Macedon: their blissful souls have escaped from the shackles of the body as though from a dungeon. Cicero follows the guidance of Plato in many details: no cutting short of life: patience! Celestial substance drawn from stars, food of immortality; milky way: the spheres and orbits and their harmony not perceived here below. Human glory, mere terrestrial renown, is limited by narrow boundaries. Likewise it lasts not

long. And even if it did, cosmic catastrophes destroy all annals. Let the soul of true ambition look beyond these things to the ideal of Virtue itself. The soul is made of immortal stuff — and so our Arpinatian spins out the substance of Phædo and Platonic Republic. A vision or flight guided by the Attic philosopher.

Later, when Pompey was dead and the countenance of the political world had become a very desolation to our friend, after the bloody field of Munda, he wrought his Tusculan Disputations. In it there is much of Death. Is Death an evil? Not if we will be gods or in the company of gods (1, 76). Men at large hold Death an evil, and in the prospect thereof they are wretched. But what is Death? Cicero rejects the extinction-theory of Epicurus — he is not much attracted by the greater ductility and extension of soul-substance held by Stoics. He scans monism, Aristotelian theory of elemental Reason, atomism of Democritus. He confesses to a certain anticipation of — historical immortality, rejects Acherontian fictions, but argues with great earnestness against the utter-extinction theories of ancient materialists.

The relation of body and soul is a problem full of profound perplexity. He clearly is most in sympathy with Plato's thought, and with Pythagoras. Homer's anthropomorphism of divinity he utterly rejects.

The grand system of cosmic order seems to (§ 70) point to a mighty accomplishing Intelligence. The Soul seems to him to be in its essence non-material and non-composite.

It is not then the religious consciousness which is concerned with death for him, but rather the civic and political: so he wrote, not long before the catastrophe of Cæsar's death ("Tuscul.," 1, 109): "But assuredly death then is confronted with a spirit of greatest equipoise when the sunset of life can console itself with its own praises. No one has lived too briefly who has discharged the full-wrought task of full-wrought excellence. Many things (in my own career) pointed to death as a seasonable consummation. For nothing could there be superadded; heaped up was the

measure in which reposed the duties of Life; the remnant were campaigns with Fortune. Therefore, if sheer dialectic process will fail to enable us to make nothing of death, still let my actual career help to it that I may seem to have lived enough and beyond that. For although consciousness shall pass away, still the dead, although they have no consciousness, do not lack their own and their specific boons, viz. praise and glory. For although it have not in itself any cause for seeking it, still it follows excellence (*virtus*) like its shadow."

Before closing this sketch let us glance at the conclusion of his "Essay on Old Age," Summer 44. It is wonderful, this exquisite defence of Old Age: as a matter of fact, such work helped him to endure living: as a matter of psychological experience, he realized the increasing bitterness of Old Age ("Attic.," 14, 21, 1). Into the mouth of Old Cato Cicero puts these words:

"But (82) somehow my soul rousing itself to its full stature was wont always to look forward to posterity, as though, when it had departed from life, then only it was to live indeed." He looks forward to that ultraterrestrial union or reunion with the great souls of Roman annals. "I am not inclined to bewail life, which many men and scholars too have done, nor do I regret having lived, since I have lived in such a way as to believe I have not been born in vain, and from life I depart as from an abode where I have been merely a guest, not as from a home; for nature has given us merely an inn for tarrying awhile, not for making our domicile therein" (84).

Not far from Antium is Astura by the Sea. Thence in December, 43, the orator sailed for the South, fleeing from Antony. But he landed at Circeii and thence passed to his villa near Caieta, his Formianum. There he spent the last night of his life. In the morning they carried him in a litter towards the sea. A Greek freedman of brother Quintus, they say, betrayed his course to the murderers, who craved the gold of Antony. When Cicero heard the

hurrying footsteps of the pursuing Herennius, Cicero bade his slaves set down the litter. He himself, as was his wont in reflection, propping his chin with his left hand, firmly fixing his glance on his murderers, awaited the fatal stroke, his tousled gray locks unkempt, his countenance furrowed and shrivelled from these ultimate cares.

It is easy and convenient to dispose of great movements in human history by the employment of universal and sweeping judgments, as when the housemaid sweeps all crumbs from the tablecloth with a few simple movements of the whisk-brush. Thus the unconcern of the Romans for truth — your wretched Pontius Pilate as the true type of it all: the chevalier Bunsen has written a few vigorous and impressive periods to this effect: Ritschl has cited them to save a little of Cicero's prestige from Mommsen's pen. But there was in the generation of Cicero a greater one than he. For not these things which are notable to the academic person's concern, comprehend greatness exclusively: Socrates wrote nothing for us: of the younger Cato we have hardly a line directly: but we have the most precious thing transmitted by history, a great character. Mommsen's epigrams impressed me in my youth. They do so no more. To the gaping multitude, indeed, abusive judgments appear more true, accordingly as they are brought forward with a certain epigrammatic cleverness. To a very great number of people Mommsen has long been a kind of hierophant of historical valuation and revaluation. Odd, too, these glorifications of incipient monarchy from a man who was an ardent Liberal in 1848, and who, later on, as a scholar in politics has not been very impressive to the real statesmen of his generation.

But to return to the greater subject of Cato of Utica. In him was a temperament, even when he was a child of four, the opposite of all that was pliable, his decision of doing or enduring not to be swayed or determined by pleasure or pain, by profit or loss. As a little boy of four he was residing with his uncle Livius Drusus, who sought to stay

the disruption of the political fabric by trenchant compromises. Then the Italian allies were impatiently demanding political equality with Rome. One of the Italian leaders was Pompædius Silo. This man was at the mansion of Livius Drusus, making interest for his policies, a guest. He requested the little lad, in a playful manner, to intercede with little Cato's uncle. But the child would not give utterance. Finally the Italian guest grasped the little one and held him out of a window — it was an upper chamber where the company was — and threatened the boy with a rough voice. But the child remained firm and unshaken. About ten years further on the boy of fourteen years (81 B.C.) was notable among the striplings of the aristocracy — his remarkable determination and simplicity of character giving him leadership in the competitions of noblemen's sons. The dictator Sulla often invited him to his palace. It was in that terrible time of 82–81 B.C., when Sulla was dictator for settling the government. Men were led away to execution continually. Others were tortured. Gold was paid out for the heads of those who had been proscribed by the autocrat. Many heads, too, were borne away. People sighed. But the lad Cato spoke impulsively to his Greek *paidagogos* (boy-escort) Sarpedon: "Why do you not give me a sword that I despatch him and free our country from slavery?" His half-brother Servilius Cæpio he loved with passionate fervor, and as he grew older held him as a very witness of his days and of his nights. Early he studied the Ethics of the Stoa under Antipater of Tyre, and his life was, for those times, a very simple life. He comprehended slowly, but held with wonderful tenacity.

His earliest appearance in public discourse was in defence of a certain column in the Porcian colonnade, public gift of his great ancestor the Censor. There was nothing sophomoric in that discourse. The trend of his thought or argument was brusque, but there was something winning and leading his hearers, says Plutarch. We may fairly assume that it was a tremendous earnestness coupled with overwhelming evidence of absolute and unqualified

sincerity. Right and righteousness were his goal: he strove for action deeply thought out and approved to his conscience, action categorical and buttressed by motives unimpeachable before the forum of universal reason. Thus as one of the commissioners for the treasury (quæstor) his way of doing everything was entirely his own. First he studied with unflagging industry all statutes bearing on the administration of the treasury. He made himself independent of the treasury clerks and their traditions of favor or indulgence or red tape. He opposed even the censor Catullus in hewing close to the line. Justice was done and order was created in all obligations, claims, or arrears. He utterly refused to allow personal considerations to prevail anywhere. And still he lived in a society sapped through luxury, permeated with corruption: its political life in a trend of movement alluring to consummate powers if coupled with unscrupulous ambition and playing with hollow shells of traditional forms. Spotless of personal purity, he was to see the prevailing corruption of morals in those nearest to him by blood or marriage. His power in public life, with all these things, rose steadily. There is a prestige in consistent righteousness amid the dust and heat of action, far transcending the consistency of academic formularies or the postulates of the pen.

When, on December 5, in the year 63 before Christ, the senate was determining the fate of the Catilinarian conspirators, the timid and nervous Cicero presiding, the real champions on that occasion were Cæsar and Cato. Cato tribune elect, but thirty-two years old. Cæsar, a consummate corruptionist and successful politician, adroit in discovering the exact spot in a man's moral structure, in his temperament, or in his vices where he could use him, a man on the verge of personal bankruptcy in playing the game of politics, a kindly broker in removing feuds of rivals, always willing to be generous rather than threaten, a man who had learned lessons from Sulla's career, an Epicurean in life and theory, a man who ever subordinated moral law to political ambition, a man too refined in his faculties and culture to be content with a Catilinarian

career for himself, a man whose friends were made rich through their loyalty, a man who has been endowed by his flatterers with superhuman excellencies, but a man who perished in the end because he was drunk with sweet fortune, and because his judgment had become numbed and warped in focussing itself on the venalities of his world and underestimating the tough fabric of Roman tradition. Cicero knew his finer and his more generous side much better than we do — Cicero, as a judge and critic of noble things anywhere, is without a peer in his generation — Cicero, I say, has left us a memorable survey of Cæsar's career, a delineation which he wrote in the autumn of 44 B.C., after Cæsar's death. Then, too, the coarser fabric of Antony was a foil for Cæsar's noble elements. Of Cæsar, then, Cicero wrote thus (second Philippic, 116): "That man possessed genius, the faculty of reasoning, memory, literary culture, care, reflection, he could take pains: his achievements in war, though disastrous to the commonwealth, were nevertheless great; for many years had he planned for autocratic power, with great toil, with many dangers had he accomplished what he had been making the burden of his thoughts: with bounties, and shows, with monumental structures, with donatives of food, had he charmed the ignorant multitude: his own adherents he had attached to himself by rewards, his opponents by the guise of clemency. Why make many words about it? He had foisted upon a republic partly through fear, partly through patience on the people's part, the habit of servitude." On the fateful morning of the Ides of March the dictator's faithful wife had consulted the haruspices to prevent her husband's going forth to public business: Cleopatra, however, was in Rome also. She was the mother of Cæsar's son Cæsario. But to return to the memorable scene in the senate, December 5, 63. Cæsar was then the visible and actual head of the popular or democratic party in the state, the successor of his father-in-law Cornelius Cinna. In this grave crisis the consul Cicero had firmly refused to recognize any informer or information aimed against Cæsar. Policy and personal penetration united in the latter to

make him stand out against summary execution of the self-confessed culprits. In the choice of action emotional prejudice or passion was generally absent from his soul. His stand was really a constitutional regard for precedent. For him, too (Sallust, "Catiline," 51), death was termination of all things — beyond it there was no place for either joy or concern. Cæsar had read the lessons of history — Roman and Greek too, his clear and powerful mind had pondered: he could reason forward, also.

The speech of the young Stoic in reply is, if anything, still more authentic in the tradition, for the consul Cicero with great wisdom had it taken down on the spot by a number of scribes who were trained in the new skill of shorthand notation of parliamentary utterance.

Cato warned those senators who had prized their luxury above all, whose prime concerns of life were villas, mansions in town, sculpture, painting — the existence of the commonwealth itself was at stake. Cato pointed to his record in that august assembly: he had consistently attacked covetousness and luxury there: many personal enemies had he thus made for himself. He had been consistently rigorous in his own conduct: he was not willing to be more lax in dealing with his fellow-men. The decadence of living and conduct had debased the very speech of Rome, when it was called *liberal* to corrupt others with property not one's own, when boldness in entering upon evil courses was dubbed *fortitude*. There was a pity towards criminals which was really cruelty towards life and property of better citizens.

To the standard and judgment of the young Stoic statesman both public and private morality were objects of sweeping censure — no prophet of Israel could have more earnestly inveighed against the sins of his people. When Sallust (in the spirit and manner of his great model Thucydides) outlined the character of these two uncommon men, both had passed away. The pondering and searching historian himself had passed through a checkered career. As a rising politician serving the cause of disorder, expelled from the senate for the profligacy

of his private life, he had been rehabilitated by Cæsar: first proconsul of Numidia, he had retired from public life a man of immense wealth: he owed all to Cæsar.

Sallust draws the characters of Cæsar and Cato — a tempting subject for any historian. Again we see what *virtus* still is: the "*ἀρετή*" of Homer and Pindar: the uncommon excellence, something essentially dynamic rather than ethical. But now for the difference (for our purpose a parallel of their gifts and endowments is hardly a matter of primary concern).

"Cæsar was held great through acts of kindness and through his lavish and open purse, Cato through his spotless life. The one became renowned by clemency and a soft heart, to the other one his dignity had given distinction. Cæsar gained fame by giving, assisting, forgiving; Cato, by absolutely refraining from the practice of bribery. The one was a refuge for men in trouble, the other was destruction to evil-doers. It was the affability of the one, and the unswerving consistency of the other, that was praised. Finally Cæsar had made it his determination to toil, to be ever on the alert, while devoted to his friends' affairs to neglect his own, to refuse no service worthy of a gift; he eagerly desired for himself a great sphere of power, an army, a war of novel features, where his excellence (*virtus*) might shine. But Cato's earnest pursuit was directed at self-control, at seemliness, but chiefly at rugged sternness. Not by means of wealth did he vie with the man of wealth, nor by means of partisanship with the partisan, but with the vigorous man he struggled in excellence, with the continent man in purity, with the man of integrity in incorruptibility, he would rather be than seem good: thus, the less he pursued renown, the more it followed him." Adversaries as these champions of different ideals were on that December day in Cicero's waning consulate, so they remained bitter foes: each perhaps the object of the other's keenest antipathy. A little more than sixteen years remained for Cato, for Cæsar a few months more than eighteen years.

In Cato there subsisted a veritable consciousness of the

old constitution, and he stood on the bulwarks of the decadent republic: Cæsar intrepid in the pursuit of his own ambition, and beyond a certain kindliness and impressive geniality of manner, keen in his choice of the best mechanism whether in men or things, to accomplish the object which he happened to be pursuing. Success and availability: these were for him the only criteria in the problems of conduct.

When we feel with Cato, even in a small measure, how, to his unerring glance, the road was being blazed, from month to month, and from year to year, that led straight to an imperial throne, to purple and diadem, there must have been in his lonely soul a veritable agony and a trampling upon all his dearest possessions. His was the sad rôle of Cassandra. When Cæsar gained his Gallic *imperium*, Cato told Pompey that now Pompey was placing Cæsar on his own neck, unwittingly indeed, but when he was to feel the load and the sensation of being overpowered, he would find himself in a position where he could not set down the load nor endure to bear it. Cæsar won his short-lived throne in his own way . . . foolish the historian who would credulously accept Cæsar's own account of his own acts, of his own motives. As for the "world-spirit" called in by certain Cæsar-worshippers like Mommsen to sanctify the conquests of that great captain, that world-spirit unfortunately, like flea or locust, hopped soon away and lighted on the brawny chest of Antony, on the languorous eyelashes of Cleopatra. . . . What a pity! Odd dialectic of world-movement. It was in the Libyan harbor-town of Utica where the onrolling tide of Cæsar's power determined the unflinching Stoic to be faithful to his doctrine of freedom and make an end of life when there was an end of freedom. Deep conviction and the very anchor of his being were at one in his resolve to make an end. That last night, unto midnight, he read, not in Zeno, Kleanthes, or Chrysippus, the founders of his own sect — but he chose that classic of the immortality of the soul, Plato's "Phædo." There he read of spheres infinitely more perfect than our troubled and

troublous planet: celestial spheres surpassingly fair and satisfying the soul.

He read, that last night, of a judgment of departed spirits, of retribution, and cleansing tribulation. And he also read these words: "But on this account must be of good cheer ("Phædo," 114 d) in his concern for his own soul, the man, who in life gave short shrift to the pleasures of the body and its adornments as being alien to him . . . but, having adorned his soul not with foreign adornment but with its own, continence and righteousness and fortitude and freedom and truth, thus awaits the passage into the realm of Hades, as resolved on making the passage when fate calls."

NOTE. — Since Mommsen's and Drumann's books, one may, in very truth, cite with reference to the current estimation of Cicero the words of Schiller in his *Wallenstein:*

"Von der Parteien Hass und Gunst verwirrt,
Schwankt sein Charakterbild in der Geschichte."

There could be adduced a formidable bibliography on both sides. Autobiographical material has been gathered from Cicero himself and coördinated and arranged with much skill and industry by W. H. D. Suringar: "*M. Tullii Ciceronis Commentarii Rerum Suarum sive De Vita Sua.*" Leyden, 1854. The letters to Atticus *can* be abused, they should not be, by any one who would make Cicero odious or belittle him. Here must be cited by far the most elaborate and adequate edition (of Cicero's entire body of letters) known to classical erudition. It is: "The Correspondence of M. Tullius Cicero arranged according to its chronological order," etc., etc., by Robert Yelverton Tyrrell, six volumes, 2d ed., 1885 *sqq.* Entirely admirable are the essays introducing the chief periods: "On the character of Cicero as a Public Man, Cicero in his private life, Cicero and the Triumvirate, Cicero's Provincial government," etc., etc. I may perhaps cite my own introduction to Cicero's "Second Philippic," 1901, New York. Merguet's splendid Concordance to Cicero's Philosophical Writings is worthy of great praise.

As for Cato the Younger, Plutarch's Biography largely is a Greek transcript made from Cicero's monograph penned soon after the death of the Stoic statesman. Cæsar composed a petty and ignoble reply aided by members of his inner circle, such as Hirtius. Fortunately for Cæsar's fame this rejoinder has perished: what shreds have been preserved by Plutarch exhibit a spirit of malignant hatred and uncritical anecdote-mongering.

The "Onomasticon" of Orelli's edition of Cicero must not be omitted here.

CHAPTER XVII

TWO ROMAN EPICUREANS

T. LUCRETIUS CARUS was born very nearly in the same year as Cato the Younger. He died about 53 or 54 B.C. Few are the fragments of tradition concerning his life and work (in Jerome, in Cicero's letters): the latter clearly never was revised much, from the first draft or last.

To expect a kind of spiritual fervor in a work largely devoted to a materialistic and a mechanical conception of the Universe, this indeed would seem absurd. Still with the ruthless denial of aught beyond force and matter, we meet furthermore a condemnation and a denial of almost all the things which the natural man prizes or holds dear. Death and the fear of death, the obsession of the soul with aims vain in themselves: Epicurus with the cowl of Thomas à Kempis.

For the fear of death and the concern for the fate of the soul was a very real and a very widespread sentiment: with all the confinement of rite and ritual to the affairs of this life and this world, with all the non-transcendental character of fairly all bodies of sentiment: religious, civic, philosophical — why the restlessness as to the hereafter?

Furthermore, the common identification of gods, and gods ruling, with these phenomena of the sky above us, thunder and lightning, sunshine and rain, dew and hoar-frost: this, too, our emancipator and apostle of freedom would pluck from the human breast (Book 6). "This it is to fully look into the nature of lightning (6, 379), and to see by what force it accomplishes each thing, not to unroll, in vain, Etruscan formularies and to search into the suggestions of the hidden mind of the gods. . . ." His aim is to loosen the shackles of "religion": and to

administer the doleful lore of hopeless Epicureanism to his reader, as bitter medicines are given to children: when the edge of the cup is smeared with honey. The dignity and force indeed of the hexameter of Lucretius assures his name a foremost position in classic letters.

But what are the chief dogmas by which the soul is to be emancipated? In this world of ours there is no design elevating man: this material universe, of which we are a transitory part, was not wrought by aim or plan: the atoms supplied by an infinity of matter, under spur of mechanical impulse from eternity, have, by their various combinations, associations, positions, been making and unmaking this world, and ourselves. Innumerable were the combinations, until finally a creative and organic synthesis eventuated accidentally. There are other forms of concourse of atoms, infinite, but beyond our ken (2, 1048 *sqq.*). Our eyes were not formed to the end that we might see therewith (4, 822 *sqq.*): that we might set goodly stride forward, not for this end was man endowed with thighs and calves: no part of our physical being was moulded for an end: but that which is produced, begets use. Here was the sharpest point of conflict and contradiction with the nobler Stoic school: no, this universe is not divine, it is not reason incarnate, nor has man the primacy. Not for him was this abode prepared: not for such design must we praise the providence of the gods (5, 156 *sqq.*). Absurd: for where would be the perfect bliss of the gods if they troubled themselves about poor tiny ephemeral and mortal man? What motives can there be for them, eternal and blessed, in any sacrifices of our own that would move them to do anything for our sake? They were in bliss from eternity: why should they at some later point of time desire to change their former life? (*v.* 169).

The calm geniality of the Attic garden of the founder is not cast over this unique didactic poem. The gloomy poet essays no theodicy in contemplating our world: no best of all possible worlds, this. It is too faulty:

"tanta stat praedita culpa" (5, 199).

A very large part of the earth's surface is mountainous and untillable; there are cliffs and marshes; there is the vast expanse of the barren sea; there are the zones of excessive heat, the spheres of killing frost. And as for the domain which nurtures man, there is the incessant struggle with thistles; stout arms must ply the hoe, with many a sigh; deep must the ploughshare cut into the soil: there is drought, too; there are freshets and frosts and hurricanes; there are pests and vermin and wild beasts; there are plagues and epidemics; there is premature death — best of worlds? The very infant, like a seafaring man cast ashore by cruel waves, bare does he lie upon the ground without the faculty of speech, needing every aid to live, when first through the mother's pangs nature has shed the babe, and with mournful wailing does it fill the chamber, as is meet for him for whom life has so many troubles in store.

As for the *soul* (Book 3), it is mainly the conscious and dominant spot of vitality or animation. The soul is material and it is mortal, precisely as is the body: for it too is corporeal, though its stuff is of exquisite delicacy and fineness. The doctrine of the soul (3, 30 *sqq.*) is set forth by the poet to the end that all fear of a lower world may be driven out utterly, which fear keeps in unrest the life of man, casting over all the black pall of the fear of death and leaves not any pleasure clear and pure. Men often say they know that the substance of the soul is the same as that of blood, or of wind; so they say, or this too, that often diseases are more to be feared or a life of civil opprobrium, than the black realms of death. But still they cling to life with stubborn perseverance. Exiled they live, out of their own country, stained with base charges, visited with every kind of sorrow, they live after all, and withersoever they come, they make sacrifices to deceased ancestors (*parentant*, 3, 51) and slay black victims and to the divine spirits of the departed they send offerings and much more keenly in distressful situations do they turn their minds towards religion. This, then, to Lucretius's mind, is one cause of profound unhappiness. But he goes

on to another. Covetousness and political ambition are also great evils (3, 59 *sqq.*). These induce their devotees to transgress legal right, and sometimes as allies in crimes and assistants therein to work night and day that they may rise to supreme power: "these wounds of life in great part are fed by the fear of death." Humble civil status and poverty seem to them intolerable evils: clearly Lucretius profoundly condemns, in his way, craving and getting, and the pride of life. Sulla, Marius, Catiline, had sunk deeply into the soul of this spiritual materialist. Envy, too, he goes on, embitters and poisons the human heart. Often the very fear of death has so preyed upon the consciousness of men that, in despair, they have taken their own life.

And what is this spiritual solace and salve of souls? At bottom it is something negative: it is a form of resignation. We must conform to a conception simply mechanical, and exclusively materialistic; then — then indeed, Lucretius infers, will we find peace. Clearly *he* indeed had passed through this emancipation, *he* had freed his soul, in a way: he had removed it and his life from the current drift and striving. It is this psychological process of actual experience, which endows with a certain subjective truth and substance his fervid laudations of his teacher Epicurus. "Sweet it is, when on the great sea gales trouble the wide surface, from the land to gaze upon the distress of another: not because it is a gratifying pleasure that any one should be harassed, but because it is sweet clearly to perceive the evils from which thou thyself art free. Sweet also to gaze upon the great contest of war marshalled on the plains without any risk of your own. But nothing is more charming than to hold well fortified the lofty and serene eyries of the Wise, whence thou mayest gaze down upon others and everywhere see men straying, and roaming at will seek the way of life: to vie with each other in genius, to struggle in the domain of noble birth, night and day to strive with eminent effort to rise to supreme power and gain control of affairs. O how wretched the minds of men, how blind

their hearts! In what darkness of life and in what perils is spent this little span of life whatever it may be! Not to see, that Nature fairly shouts at us no other truth but this, that he who is free from that pain which is removed from the body, that he in mind shall enjoy pleasurable consciousness removed from care and fear."

In his scorn for the boons striven for by the successful men—externalities indeed, valued as futilities by the deliberate valuation of the illumined soul—in this scorn, I say, this particular Epicurean may challenge comparison with the Stoics themselves. Futile are luxury and costly appointments of life.

The strongest of physical passions is replete with imperfections and grievously disturbs the peace of the soul. Care and concern are the only sure fruits thereof. It is like a thirsty man in his slumbers, when there is no water. To which must be added the damage to purse and fame. Babylonian rugs, Sicyonian slaves, emeralds, betoken the folly of your lover (4, 1121 *sqq.*): patrimonies are turned into fashionable millinery. The slave of this one passion wastes his all for it. The satire which Lucretius pours out on all this, and on the very perversion of judgment and good sense on the part of the infatuated lover, is very bitter. Apples of Sodom that leave but the palate cloyed with ashes.

With all the apparatus of Democritean and Epicurean atomism and materialism, the burden of the poem is gloomy, for it is death; doubly gloomy, for it is the death of the soul, the soul a mere property and phenomenon of physical functions. With the academic side of all this we are not concerned: let us pursue the moral side. Clearly we have here *not* the call "to eat and drink and be merry, for to-morrow we are no more." The absence, the very positive and unmistakable absence of this gospel of the garden of Epicurus, is certainly very noteworthy, very remarkable. Lucretius holds with great earnestness, that, after the mortality of the soul has been fully demonstrated to any mind, that mind *should properly* feel no concern or anxiety (3, 830) as to death henceforth. When we shall not be,

we will be as we were when we were not yet — nothing. This is the consolation of the soul. There cannot be a future pain when the subject of that pain will be extinct (3, 863). "He is as though he had never been born, when undying death takes away mortal life" (869). There will be no spiritual personality standing by the pallet on which lies the casement of clay, its former domicile. What matters the short remaining history of that clay? Whether mangled by beasts or birds, or burned on the pyre or preserved in honey: it is all one. And here the fervid preacher of extinction goes on to a famous passage, veritable Elegy: "Presently (3, 894) the cheery home will not receive thee, nor good wife nor sweet children run to meet thee to snatch kisses, nor touch thy heart with a charm unuttered. Nor wilt thou be able to be a man of vigorous achievements," they say: "all the bounties of life one hostile day has taken from you." But this they do not add: "Nor does there henceforth dwell in thee any yearning for these things. If they were to see this well in their mind and follow it with their utterances, they would free themselves from great anguish and fear of the soul." In that bliss of extinction we shall be strangers to want, to pain, to fear, to yearning. Our atoms (924) have passed out of sensation. Death indeed will then be to us somewhat less than nothing. This is the lesson taught by the lore of the Universe: "Why, O foolish wight, bewailest and weepest thou for death? . . . Why dost thou not retire like a guest sated with life, and with calm spirit take thy unruffled rest? But if all things that you once enjoyed have been poured out and perished, and life offers you now but the impact of harsh sensation, why do you seek to add more of it . . . ?" Organic life must needs replenish itself out of death: it is a cosmic necessity. "Mere tenants are we all to Life, and hold it not in fee":

> "Vitaque mancipio nulli datur, omnibus usu" (3, 971).

The inferno of Greek myths is *here:* is in this terrestrial and transitory life. The agonized fear felt by Tantalus:

it is the fear of the gods, the dread of fortune. There is no Tityos overspreading many fathoms with his reclining frame, writhing in agony while his inner organs are ever consumed by vultures and ever grow anew: nay, our passions and morbid emotions in this world, and here — they do gnaw at our vitals and rob us of peace.

Yes, that inner calm and equipoise: that indeed is the boon of boons — not restless change of abode, as when your rich Roman feverishly drives into the country to his villa, as though hurrying to a fire (3, 1063): hardly arrived he yawns or sinks into deep sleep or again hurriedly returns to town. Thus each one endeavors to escape from his very self. In vain. Clearly there is here no glorification of *things* — as if *things* could satisfy the soul.

A word as to his view on the origin of actual religion — how close a transcript from Epicurus, we cannot determine. Nor does it much matter, for the fervor of the disciple is no less earnest though it kindled its torch from the scrolls of Epicurus.

In vain will fathers weary the gods to be blessed with offspring — in vain they weary the oracles, to fortify their gray hairs with sons (4, 1236). Now what was it that filled cities with altars (5, 1161 *sqq.*)? What made men establish anniversary rites? What is the source of that awe so deep-seated in men, which awe rears new shrines of the gods in all the earth? Purely out of the excited imagination. Particularly in dreams gigantic and glorious visions appeared: these seemed to move and speak. Their form was majestic, their grace inexpressible. These apparitions mankind began to endow with imperishable existence, and this because these blessed forms seemed to know nothing of the fear of death. These, in the dreams of men, seemed to accomplish great things and still do so without any toil whatever. Furthermore they observed the system of the celestial order and the recurrent seasons of the year. The causes thereof they could not understand. And so, as an asylum for their ignorance, they

burdened everything on the gods and assumed that by their nod all things were governed. "In heaven (5, 1183) they placed the abodes of the gods and their eyries, because through the firmament night and moon seem to revolve, moon and day and night and the august constellations of night, and the night-flitting torches of night (meteors), . . . clouds, sun, rainshowers, snow, winds, thunderbolt, hail, and rapid rumblings and great mutterings of threats."

Unspeakable the amount of woe and trouble that mankind has brought upon itself from these fancies! What fancied devotion this of appearing often with veiled head (Roman fashion) and face about toward the idol — the stone — (after praying) and to visit all the altars, or to prostrate oneself and to spread out the hands before the shrines of the gods, to sprinkle (5, 1201) the altars with much blood of fourfooted beasts, or to make an endless chain of vows — rather than to gaze upon all the phenomena of the sky with a calm and peaceful soul.

It is this fear, engendered by the sight of the mighty workings in the sky, that has driven nations and individuals to fear for themselves retribution for wicked word or wicked deed.

The sense of littleness and elemental helplessness in our confronting the mighty, though inanimate, unconscious, blind forces of the Universe — this, Lucretius held, bred on earth the feeling and the habits of religion.

The only consolation of our mysterious hermit and recluse was the emancipation of the soul through the conviction that it was merely a transitory bubble. Was it a consolation for the confessor of the Epicurean sect? As for Lucretius, there is a tradition that he perished by his own hand, having become insane through love philtre: the obsession of love, in one whose pen dripped vitriol upon that weakness; madness in one who everywhere preached the gospel of the calm soul and the unruffled mind; suicide, when the author had indeed defied death and the fear of death so incessantly. It is all very weird and gloomy. What of the thin crust of pagan creature-bliss and the gleam of Olympian sunshine?

But I have merely wished, here as everywhere in this work, neither to belittle nor to magnify, but to accomplish this alone: discover and record the spiritual elements in classic civilization.

As for Horace, the Freedman's son from Apulia, and comrade and bosom-friend of the Tuscan Mæcenas (who knew how to live but not how to die), it would at first blush seem preposterous, to meet *his* name in these essays. And still: the verse of Horace reveals the claims and strivings, the theories and the precepts of your versatile Epicurean in a much more universal fashion than does the didactic poem of the gloomy and fervid propagandist, Lucretius. Young people have confessed that when they read "Hamlet" for the first time, they were arrested by the puzzling number of famous commonplaces of the world's wit and wisdom which Britannia's foremost poet had cribbed, they naïvely thought. As for Horace, the refined world of deliberate literary composition has culled from him more current commonplace than from any other Latin writer. An infant when Cicero, Cato, and the old order were beginning to retreat before the dynasts, young Horace was in his seventeenth year when Pompey rode from Pharsalos to the Sea. When Brutus and Cassius were organizing the East against Cæsar's heirs, the young Apulian was imbibing Greek philosophy at the quiet University town of Athens. A staff-officer of Brutus, he lived through the rout after Philippi, 42 B.C., and with amnesty gained somehow, he secured a place in the guild of treasury clerks at Rome.

He was no Cato. His graceful pen won him his Sabine farm from Mæcenas, gained him several bounties of financial endowment from Augustus. How closely he copied the rhythm and metre of the Greek lyricists — to us it is an exotic performance, no matter how frequently he emphasized that particular achievement. If there were in him no concerns for us but those of *grammaticus* and *rhetor*, I would waste my reader's attention. But there

are graver and more durable matters for us, and for this book. He is no Pindar, no Burns, nor a Wordsworth, least of all a Milton. A Greekling when there was no other fashion, he was really saturated with Greek verse and literary art, and with many sides of Greek philosophy. Not only was his ear attuned to Sappho, Alkaios, Anakreon and Alkman, Archilochos and Hipponax, but Menander and Socratic dialogues furnished flavor and spirit to his social *causerie*. Familiar with the head of his own sect, he still was very unlike Lucretius: unwilling to subscribe to the formulas of any single master, more desirous, like Aristippos of Cyrene, to subordinate life to himself rather than reverse the process.

Considering that to his philosophy there is no concern but with life and the art of living (right living, mind you, as he claims it), it is curious that death and the concern of dying is rarely absent from his consciousness and from his verse. "Mors ultima linea rerumst." And so the gloomy mask of Pluto intrudes itself into a lyric of vernal joys ("Odes," 1, 4): Winter flown, ships are launched, sheep leave their winter-folds, the ploughman quits the fireside — ointments for locks and myrtle and fresh blossom, and let the husbandman propitiate Faunus — for calving time is near. "Pale Death with foot impartial thumps the hovels of the poor and castellated mansions of the great. My blessed Sestius, Life's total — ah, how short — forbids us entering upon hope remote. Presently the smothering pall of night will be upon thee, and Pluto's beggarly abode; when thither thou hast gone thou wilt not cast the dice for primacy at cups, nor marvel at the tender beauty of Lycidas." . . . "Thou must not seek, —'tis sin to know — what end to me what end to thee the gods have given, Leuconoe, nor essay thou Chaldæan horoscope. Far better 'tis to suffer all that is in Future's lap: whether more winters Jupiter has allotted thee, or, this for last one, which at this moment on projecting reefs exhausts the fury of the Tuscan main. Be wise, strain wines, and, as our span is short, snip off the hope for things remote" ("Odes," 1, 11).

Thus death dominates life, its monition attending all

enjoyment. Horace is chiefly concerned with his own state of being. Others — here his humanity is baldly negative — are of no particular concern to him, excepting in so far as they enhance his pleasurable state of being, or in this, that their conduct impresses the lessons of wisdom. Chiefly, however, do they do this through acts of folly. Their valuation and overvaluation points the wrong road. They are wrapt in money-making — they give themselves up to amatory passions, they hitch their souls to the car of political ambition, whereas the wise man will place his happiness in that enjoyment which follows the "golden mean" (*aurea mediocritas*) between extremes, which follows the aim of the unruffled soul. Thus Pride, Covetousness, Concupiscence, are condemned, not indeed, from any religious motive, not even from a civic one — but mainly from this, that they interfere with that equipoise which is indissolubly bound up with the refined pleasure of the best state of being. This peace of being is essentially different from the passionate laudation of extinction ever recurrent in Lucretius. This peace, this calm, is really the universal quest of mankind ("Odes," 2, 16): in all the unrest of life on the sea, of war on land, this is the goal of all. But neither treasures nor purple can purchase it. Care — that gloomy and persistent fiend — no consular honors avail against it. The panelled ceilings of palaces — cares flit about them. Travel as you may: flee from yourself, if you can. Be thou content: though no scene without the gloomy skyline, no glimpse of the sea of life but the barren and rocky coast is included which terminates the voyage: "Perceivest thou ("Odes," 1, 9) how Mount Soracte stands white with its pall of snow, nor now the toiling forests bear up under their load, and rivers are halted by the biting frost. Dispel the frosty air, pile freely thou the billets on the hearth, and draw the four-year vintage from the Sabine jar. Leave to the gods the rest: as soon as they have levelled winds that on the seething main do battle to the death — then neither cypresses nor hoary mountain ashes are as much as stirred. What will

to-morrow be, avoid to ask it, and whatever days Chance shall give, book them with profit. . . ." It is not submission, it is not resignation: no, the soul must not be troubled nor disconcerted; it is wise self-adjustment. It is a system of withdrawal, this Epicurean wisdom of living, from aught that jars, from aught that contributes nothing to the desirable frame of soul. "A friend of the Muses, gloom and fears will I deliver to the saucy winds to carry them to Cretan sea, exquisitely unconcerned as to who is dreaded as sovran of the icy north, what frightens Tiridates (in the East) . . ." ("Odes," 1, 26).

A deep spiritual truth teaches ("Odes," 2, 2): Do not vainly fancy that boundless wealth will satisfy the soul: contentment and resigning of the power of great potentates marks the sovereign of himself. There is something in covetousness comparable to the watery decay of our blood in dropsy. "Care follows growing gold, and hunger for still more. Justly have I ever shivered at the thought of raising high my head observed of many." . . . "the more things each man will deny himself, from the gods will he bear away more: bare I make for the camp of those who covet nothing, a deserter I keenly desire to leave the faction of the rich, more splendid master of possession disdained, than if I were said to store in my granaries all that the strenuous Apulian ploughs, resourceless amid great wealth" ("Odes," 3, 16, 16). A very positive and solid contentment Horace owed to his munificent friend — his quiet abode on the salubrious Digentia brook amid the Sabine mountains, a realized ideal of life — : from those solitudes and in the environment of nature's wholesome bounty he looked out upon the so-called great world as an obsession from which he had escaped:

"Tief die Welt verworren schallt —"

When the inner voice or an outward occurrence stirred his pen, then only would he write and then, too, with infinite care. His literary ideals were high — his sense of his own success was keen: the categorical anticipation of future and enduring renown is uttered by him with a posi-

tiveness rare even in classical antiquity: "Not wholly shall I die: a great part of myself shall escape the goddess whom serve they who lay out the dead." . . . He is assured of the Delphic laurel ("Odes," 3, 30). Spaniard and Gaul will make themselves familiar with his works — no empty dirges at his pyre, no lamentations ill-befitting ("Odes," 21, 29). Greek athlete, Roman triumphator, he envies them not. The cascades of the Anio, too, and the groves of Tibur may now record their Classic ("Odes," 4, 3). At forty-eight he was invited by Augustus to write the secular ode, to be chanted by the chosen youth of Roman aristocracy, in the most stately and conspicuous manner imaginable (17 B.C.). Even a few years before this time he proudly separates himself from the current mode of spreading one's literary renown: he disdains public readings, he scorns the practical good-will of the professional teachers of Latin literature ("Epist.," 1, 19, 40). And still all this did not console him for the bitter thought of death. In the glorification of the futilities of the flesh he was no good reproduction of Anacreon. One reason for that persistent gloom in his verse, this absinthe in all the cup of life, was the fact, that, before thirty-eight, Horace was a confirmed valetudinarian. Even in 31 B.C., when he was not yet thirty-four, when the operations leading to Actium were in hand, he was not strong (*firmus parum*, "Epodes," 1, 16). Dyspepsia, with all its attendant infirmities even at twenty-eight, seems to have been his complaint (1 Sat. 5, 7; and esp. *v.* 49). In that fear of disease (*ægrotare timenti*, 1 Epist. 7, 4) he declines even the persistent invitations of Mæcenas himself. He may have been, at that time, about forty-two. Gone were the robust lung, the black locks that narrowed the forehead, the faculty of melodious elocution, the very faculty of hearty laughing, the romance of Greek libertines, such as it was (*v.* 26 *sqq.*). His winters were spent, first at Baiæ, on that gulf of paradise, where he would crouch in sunny nooks and read ("Epist.," 1, 7, 18): later he seems to have gone still farther south, to

Salernum, or Velia, and to have observed the regimen of cool baths recommended by the famous court-physician Antonius Musa ("Epist.," 1, 15).

But to return: when his literary reputation was made, he seems to have turned away from versification after Greek models with a certain gusto — conduct of life, the problems of ethics were thenceforward the preference of his pen. The Epicurean with his famous precept of "Live so that you are not aware that your life has been lived" (*λάθε βιώσας*) was as one who would stop his very ears against the ticking of Time — curious wisdom that we should steadily ignore the frailty and the transitoriness of our being — there being no other. Still the deeper impulse of the soul steadily got the better of the wisdom of the schools. At the same time he incessantly censured the Roman itch for craving and getting: the moralizing of some of his Epistles needs slight adjustment to fit a pulpit ("Epist.," 1, 6). Maintain the equipoise of thy soul: the astral phenomena may be contemplated with unruffled calm: why not much more so terrestrial things? the wealth of Sheba and of Ind, the shows and applause of public games, the satisfaction of political preferment — what are they? Not true boons, if they involve fear, fear that you may lose them, fear that the wheel of fortune may turn. The soul is filled with unrest. The futility of distant things, the reaction of failure in creating the sense of discomfiture: these are evils. Folly to be a collector or to yearn incessantly over plate and rare objects of ancient art, to admire purple and precious stones, to be thrilled (as an orator) when thousands of eyes and ears hang upon your lips, folly to work early and late, a slave to the feeling of annoyance that another should be richer than you. Time ripens all: likewise it buries all. You have been a familiar figure in Agrippa's colonnade or on the Appian Way. Still you must go where Numa went before and good King Ancus.

The unruffled soul: *ataraxia*, imperturbable calm: it is the *Summum bonum* of the two great schools: you could not be concerned in one without being at least interested in the other. But before I turn to the Stoics and to

Horace's concern in these noble antagonists, I must say a few things of our poet's and essayist's treatment of love.

Throughout this book I have brought forward this matter but sparingly, and this little chiefly from a sense of consistency and material integrity. There is substantially nothing in the Roman lyricist that suggests any advancement above the coarse sensuality of the Greeks.

It was a decaying civilization which would dignify Horace's erotic verse with even a slight concern or with positive admiration. Later literary men have coined concupiscence into *belles lettres*—with more consummate purpose: Horace was not very intense. The pathos of animality has some fervor in Tibullus and Propertius, the cooler lord of the Sabine manor is in a certain way lord of himself even here. His Pyrrha, Lydia, Leuconoe, the unnamed beauty of "Odes," 1, 16 (Gratidia?), Tyndaris, Glycera, Lalagê, Chloe, the girl from Thrace, Lycoris, Pholoe, Myrtale, Damalis, golden-haired Phyllis, Barine, Lyce, Neobule, Neaira, Chloris, Phryne: a cloud of names: Greek names, names of libertines, types in the main, words whose mellifluous cadence and well-defined quantity rendered them particularly convenient for metrical incorporation. Personally, I believe that Horace simply tried to be faithful to his function as working after his Greek models: and the comely boys Ligurinus, Cyrus, Gyges,—one of whom among young women could not be discerned from such: he treads after Sappho, Anacreon, Alkaios, but we shiver. Likewise he pleased, incidentally, his munificent friend Mæcenas. What manner of man was this one? Seneca delineates him thus: Mæcenas was the paragon of soft self-indulgence, restless and troubled about amours, at the same time often in tears from the rebuffs of his wife, the lady Terentia; trying to gain slumber by the sweet music of his distant orchestra—or lulled by cascades or wine—and still sleepless with numberless cares, tossing on pillows of down. A man utterly unrobust—who, in dressing-gown and slippers (as we would say), actually gave out the military parole of the day even when acting as the representative of Augustus. A voluptuary whose verse dallied

with curly locks and coral lips—a womanish character, less virile than the very eunuchs that attended upon him: his style of verse and phrase a symbol of his self-indulgent and flaccid moral character, a man of splendid natural endowment, but his vigor enervated by the great material prosperity of his career, veritably emasculated, says Seneca. Once indeed he wrote:

"Nor care I for my tomb. Nature buries the forsaken."

("Sen. Ep.," 92, 35), but his prevailing humor was fear of death ("Ep.," 114). Not all Epicureans were voluptuaries, but that school was the universal refuge of all who sought academic palliation for self-indulgence and lived slaves of their senses. I consider it likely that it was largely Mæcenas whom Horace gratified, in the earlier part of his literary career, by his sallies and his satire directed against Stoicism: particularly the rigid paradoxes of its moral theses. Thus, that paradox that all forms of moral misdoing were alike or equally reprehensible—how easy for a Horace to draw the laughter of Mæcenas by clever *reductio ad absurdum!* Or the other, that that mysterious Ideal, the Stoic "Sage" (whom all praised, but no one ever discovered in the flesh) was the incarnation of virtue and power, faculty, taste and all; or this, that all wrongdoing was at bottom some form of intellectual, mental *disease:* ambition, greed, luxury, superstition, all were *diseases* of the mind. As life, however, as it will, cheapened the joys of animality, and as the tomb drew nearer, it would seem that the philosopher of the Sabine manor became more of an eclectic: the positive and tonic side of Stoicism seems to have appeared to him worthy of serious regard. He read freely in Chrysippus and Crantor. Freedom impressed him as a greater boon, even when coupled with poverty. The defiance of a tyrant, even to the point of suicide, appears in "Epist.," 1, 16, 75 *sq.*

There is also a strain in Horatian letters which we may call the Augustan element. Augustus employed the great

diplomatic talent and administrative ability of Mæcenas, and rewarded him munificently. But the interest which that emperor felt for our poet sprang from motives very different from those which moved the Tuscan minister of state. The splendid verses denouncing civil war and the spirit thereof, "Epodes," 16, are placed very early by the best students of Horatian chronology, say in 41 B.C., the very year after Philippi. The sweetness of peace, the blessings of a settled government, the splendid and patriotic services of Cæsar's heir — these were themes utterly acceptable to a statesman who understood the value of public opinion more profoundly than the towering Julius.

This literary service in the interest of the Augustan reforms is particularly conspicuous in the first six odes of the third book. The crazy overrefinement of material luxury a great evil: vicious ideals these; we must restore the toughness and perseverance of ancient Rome. The family must be reëstablished, the sacred character of matrimony, it must be brought back. The data of that survey of the achievements of the emperor, Augustus's own survey, are familiar to the world through the *Monumentum Ancyranum*. Here I can dwell but for a moment on the efforts for social regeneration essayed by Augustus: there were new statutes "de adulteriis et pudicitia" . . . "de maritandis ordinibus" (Suet., "Augustus," 34). The disruption of the marriage tie, the wantonness of the aristocracy, the ease of divorce, the childlessness of the old families, these were indeed cancerous ulcers on the body politic.

Horace has written some very fine verses in the support of this statutory regeneration (Cato of Utica might have been the author), but I for my part cannot take them very seriously. Neither Vergil nor Horace, nor Propertius nor Tibullus were married: Ovid was, but what a mirror of corruption was a great part of his verse, and the young poet was all the rage, — where the moral law is not, the dog will eat its own vomit, even admire it in letters.

Horace was but a poor prophet of righteousness here. He occasionally avows his sensuality with a frankness and

unconcern that is startling to the non-pagan reader. Adultery is very unwise and really quite unprofitable. His judgment is largely cynical—"nature" excuses all, but why not be content with the simplest and cheapest satisfaction? Other men's wives? No. Don't you see how fear and dread must needs alternate with desire: you may be caught and fearfully flogged, your fortune, your reputation irreparably ruined: it does not pay. This, the utilitarian aspect, is the burden of Horatian monition. And why not? To him, as to all consistent Epicureans, there is no eternal or absolute law of right conduct: all laws of society (there are no others) were begotten out of utility: bestiality dominated primitive man (1 Sat. 3, 98 *sqq.*): they fought for their acorns and for their lairs with nails and fists, later on with cudgels, afterwards with more efficient arms, gradually they evolved the faculty of speech.

It was the sense of practical advantage that dictated or suggested definite treaties of peace, the establishment of commonwealths, the punishment of stealing, of robbery, of adultery. Concupiscence bred death and misery before Paris carried Helen to Troy — they fought to the death for their lust as steers in the herd. Horace was not long from Athens when he thus versified the ethics of the school.

The growing solitude of life, the habit of introspection seems to have led him, as I suggested above, towards the more spiritual elements of his own sect, and made him, in his maturity, more of an eclectic at least in his valuation of the nobler school. To sum up:

The moral autonomy of man, in his determining his life for himself, yielding to social convention purely from practical and civic considerations — there is no appeal from this settlement of one's own life. As to cosmic things — man is a frail accident under the iron heel of chance or necessity. Wise is he who purges his heart from socially forbidden appetites, from covetousness, from miserly self-denial as well. Passions are the acids that vitiate the vessel of the soul. Duty is a Stoic figment. To strive for such a state of being which will best enhance or per-

petuate our calm and the unruffled surface of soul: such is the goal, such the privilege of the wise man. Providence and Religion are servile fictions. Death ends all: "Mors ultima linea rerumst."

It is after all the great consummation. As in a cameo Ancient Art often presents to us, with exquisite felicity and truth, some beautiful human object, or figure of human concern, so the philosopher of the Sabine manor-farm has often revealed his constant or ever recurrent sentiment or humor in a few lines of that puzzling felicity (noted by Quintilian), words of limpid clearness and significant directness that stamp him the world-classic he is. Such verses are those of Ode 2, 3, in which a very great portion of Horace stands revealed, lines with which he must bid us farewell: "A mind of equipoise remember thou to keep when things are stern: not otherwise in smiling days, mind kept from reckless jubilation, my Dellius destined to die: whether gloomy wilt thou live in every stroke of circumstance, or, on sequestered greensward in holidays reclining thou'lt enjoy thyself with Falernian of some rarer year. What for do towering pine and poplar silvery-white love to intertwine their branches and jointly furnish hospitable shade? What for struggles the fleet brook with slanting current to quiver down its course? Hither bid them bring the wines and ointments fragrant, and all too short-lived flowers of lovely rose, while fortune suffers us to do it, and life's season, and the black threads of the sisters three. Thou wilt depart from woodlands purchased together and mansion and from the villa which the tawny Tiber laves, — thou wilt depart, and riches reared on high your heir will take possession of, whether rich and sprung from Argos's ancient king — it matters not — or poor, and from the humblest class, thou lingerest under the vaulted sky, victim of unpitying Orcus. We all are forced to the same goal: the lot of all is whirled in the urn, sooner or later destined to come out, and for eternal exile put us on Charon's skiff."

NOTE. — The great services of Lachmann and of Munro devoted to the text of Lucretius need no attestation from my pen. Lately, among ourselves, Professor Merrill of California has been very industrious in this field. As to the problem of Cicero's "editing" of Lucretius, the present writer has sifted (American Philological Association, 1897) the tradition with earnest circumspection. I believe the current zoölogical philosophers have enshrined Lucretius as a forerunner of their guild — better say Democritus, gentlemen. Inasmuch as Lucretius has written a didactic work (howbeit gleaming with streaks of genius) I will append here some references which may prove useful to some of my readers: Emancipation of the Soul: 6, 379; 1, 921–950; and the introductions of the various books, especially from the second one forward.

This world not indestructible, 6, 565; it is young, 5, 324; spontaneous generation, 2, 900 *sqq.*; no design, no teleology, 2, 1048; no divine control, 2, 1090; 6, 58; temperaments, 3, 302. The physics of Imagination, 4, 777. Mortality of Soul, 3, 572; 622. Anti-platonic discourse, 3, 688; 776. Death, 3, 546; 828; 929, 965; 5, 130. No Eternity, 5, 351. Actual religion, 4, 1233; 5, 75; 1161.

The biography of Horace by Lucian Müller impresses me as inadequate. Sellar ("Roman Poets," etc.) has contributed the best valuation of Horace, I believe, found in British letters. I prefer it to that of Ribbeck. But valuations are not as useful as data for the reader's own valuation: Personal Ideals of Horace, Carm. (Odes) 1, 1, 29. Ep. (Epistles) 1, 19, 26, 31. *Ethics:* se servare, Ep. 1, 2, 33. recte vivere, Ep. 1, 2. 41; 6, 29. cor purum vitio, Sat. 2, 3, 213. sincerum vas., Ep. 1, 2, 54. mala ambitio, S. 2, 6, 18; 74; Ep. 1, 1. moralizing on the Homeric stories, 1, Ep. 2. the *vir bonus*, 1, 6, 40. critique of the trend of Roman character: Ep. 1, 1, 65; 6, 31; 47; 17, 33. Contentment: Carm. 1, 7; 1, 9; 1, 26; 2, 2; 2, 10; 2, 11; 2, 18; — 3, 1, 16; Ep. 1, 2, 47; 12, 4; 14, 43; 2, 1, 180. Limitation: Carm. 1, 9, 13; 1, 11; C. 2, 11; C. 3, 4, 65; C. 4, 7, 7; Epode 1, 32; Sat. 1, 1, 50; 3, 1, *sqq.*; Ep. 2, 2, 200. Resemblance to Lucretius: Ep. 1, 11, 11; 12, 19, 2, 2, 175. 1 Sat. 5, 101. Covetousness an evil: Carm. 2, 2; 3, 16, 16; 24. C. 4, 9, 45. Sat. 1, 1, 61; Ep. 1, 2, 37 *sqq.*; 18, 98; 2, 2, 175. Calmness of soul (ἀταραξία): C. II, 16; III, 1, 37; 29, 32; *v.* 41; C. IV, 9, 35. Ep. 1, 4, 12; 1, 6, 1 *sqq.*, 1, 6, 65 (Mimnermos censured); — Ep. 1, 10, 30; Ep. 1, 11; 16, 65; *18, 102:* 112. No "Religion": Carm. 3. 29, 56. Sat. 2, 3, 199; Sat. 1, 9, 70; Ep. 1, 16, 60. Ars Poetica: 392. No Providence: Carm. 1, 34; C. 2, 13. Futility of Erudition: C. 1, 28; Ep. 1, 12, 15. "Virtus": C. 3, 1, 16; Ep. 1, 6, 30; 17, 41; 18, 100.

The influence of Pindar in his delineation of *virtus* and *gloria*, in Book 4, is quite palpable.

As to my view of his erotic verse I have not much to add: it is clear that Leuconoë (in 1, 11, 2. Carm.) furnishes the desired *choriambus*, that *Nĕōbūlē* (in C. 3, 12) furnishes the desired metrical unit, the *Ionicus a minore*. "Ex ungue leonem." It was no slight task to gratify two patrons whose concerns were as unlike as those of Augustus and those of Mæcenas.

CHAPTER XVIII

L. ANNÆUS SENECA, THE VERSATILE, AND THE ROME OF SENECA

THE sovereign Tiber city first subdued the entire periphery of the Mediterranean world. Later, the provinces in many ways reinvigorated their effete mistress. In this respect Spain was particularly conspicuous. Corduba thus replenished Rome: the elder Seneca, his three sons, Novatus, Lucius, Mela, his grandson Lucan, all bore that double relation: viz., of provincial origin and of Roman fame. Better call them Spanish Romans rather than Roman Spaniards.

Of these three generations, the middle one will always be most prominent, and of the three gifted brothers, Lucius Annæus Seneca is almost universally familiar to the general consciousness of our own civilization; the smallest cyclopedia includes his name. At first blush, he would seem a brilliant man, dazzling two generations, reputed a universal genius, his life and the consummate worldliness of an extraordinary career in violent contrast with the ideals and the morality of his prose works. He was fond of pungent and prickly qualities in his style — he had a horror of flatness and commonplace utterance, a morbid aversion to the dispassionate and equable manner. No greater contrast in the entire range of recorded Roman prose-utterance than between Varro on the one hand, and Seneca on the other.

I am inclined to make his birth antedate by a few years that of the Founder of the Christian religion. Seneca, himself the son of a wonderful father, could recall the habits of Asinius Pollio (d. 5 A.D.). He thus saw the last part of the reign of Augustus: lived through that of

Tiberius, Caligula, Claudius — : helped direct the earlier administration of his pupil Nero, and died a consistent Stoic in the Pisonian conspiracy, 65 A.D. In his father's power was the entire range of the rhetorical schools of Rome — the father's virtuosity in the reproduction of the different virtuosi must always stand as an astounding feat of that immersion of self in the personality of others which far exceeds mere mnemotechnique. As a child he was in Egypt: a husband of his mother's sister for a time ruled that rich province. Egyptian investments figured in the wealth of his declining years. He describes the cataracts of the Nile. What, at Rome, *grammaticus* or *rhetor* could do for him was probably soon outdone by his exceptional endowment for literary production, be it in prose or verse.

Among his philosophical teachers in Rome, he mentions Attalus, Sotion, Fabianus. In the classroom of the first named young Seneca was the first to appear, the last to leave. Even on walks the youth attended the professor, who met such eagerness half-way ("Epist.," 108, 3). The teacher's favorite sayings sank deep into his soul and furnished him quotation. Attalus was a Stoic and was wont to say: "I would rather have Fortune use me as its soldier than as its darling" ("Ep.," 67, 15). We may say that the moral influence of this teacher on the young genius was greater than the academic, — perhaps these two, however, should never be dissevered. This Greek scholar, I say, was a Stoic, not merely one of erudition, but such a one to whom that school furnished both skeleton and sinews and muscle of life and living: professor and confessor both of a creed which to the young pupil seemed to elevate the austere and honored man above the common humanity about him. We see in Seneca's reminiscent lines what your consistent Stoic really was: he was — he claimed to be — a king ("Ep.," 108, 13). He shared not in the current valuations of men: his goal and aim differed from that of the others — : wealth, pleasures, notoriety, his soul was emancipated from these. And he actually attacked the world in which he lived — he

exposed the hollowness of the prevailing pleasure-cult, he lauded poverty, he praised chastity, he commended temperance — he furnished standards which really antagonized those current. Clearly he was, in a way, a spiritual power. A certain asceticism of simpler living endured in Seneca from these earlier influences: he persistently avoided the fashionable ointments, the warm baths — he was to his old age addicted to the regimen of cold baths, he was a "*psychroluta*" — he discarded delicacies such as oysters and mushrooms. His other Greek teacher of philosophy, Sotion, filled him with admiration for certain things in the Pythagorean creed. The youth actually, for a while, became a vegetarian —: that respect for the universal kinship of life ("Ep.," 108, 19), the migration of it into lower forms, these things impressed young Seneca greatly. He persevered in the new diet a full year, and was well pleased with his experience. This was under Tiberius. His father, a Roman of the old stamp, with ideals of the old republic, "hated philosophy." Besides, under Tiberius, at one time foreign cults were put under a ban of state: some of these eschewed animal food. Thus a father's interference as well as worldly prudence weaned the young enthusiast from these Pythagorean habits. His Roman teacher of philosophy, Fabianus, had gone forward from the academic teaching of language and literature to Stoicism. He was not one of those "lecture room academic philosophers" (*ex his cathedrariis philosophis*, "De Brevitate vitæ," 10, 1), but of the genuine and old-fashioned ones. He was wont to say that against passions the fight must be conducted by onslaught, not by mere refinement of cogitation: not by pin-pricks, but by a general charge on the double-quick must the battle front of wickedness be turned into flight. At an early age the young genius reflected on suicide: he suffered severely from catarrh, consumption seemed to be impending. The thought of his old father's gray hairs restrained him then from self-destruction ("Ep.," 78, 2). The brilliancy, certainly the technical perfection of his verse, gave him what we may call an imperial reputation. As

an old man, in surveying his career, he often seems to have ignored this part of his achievements. He commanded (as his tragedies show) the entire range of lyric versification — still the lyrics' essential theme, the debasement of erotic passion, he seems to have consistently eschewed. He grasped all addition to his cultural equipment with a certain intensity, in which deep feeling was curiously blended with keen comprehension. As an old man he says of the lyric writers: "illi ex professo lasciviunt" — wantonness is their stated theme. His Stoic substratum of incipient maturity was not shallow. Soon also he was preëminent among the pleaders at the Roman bar, and subsequently through this door entered the senate. Under Caligula (37–41 A.D.) Seneca was considered the paragon of letters, the foremost orator, also, of Rome. The rapid sequence of Seneca's points and thrusts was the mode: the imperial pervert Caligula uttered a clever judgment (preserved by Sueton., "Calig.," 53): viz., Seneca was "sand without the binding lime." The young emperor (son of the literary Germanicus) was consumed with malignant jealousy of Seneca: the latter would have been destroyed had not Caligula learned from a concubine that the senator was far gone with consumption; thus the imperial critic withdrew his concern (Dio Cassius, 59, 19).

From the accession of Claudius, 41 to 49 A.D., our philosopher-courtier lived in exile, in Corsica. The empress Messalina was bitterly jealous of the beauty and influence which the princess Julia had with her imperial uncle, the erudite imbecile Claudius. The charge of forbidden relations with the brilliant man of letters was directed at Julia and believed by the uxorious Claudius.

These were bitter years for Seneca. Was fame and reputation, was the loss of these fortuitous externals of life really so slight a concern for the soul of the Stoic? "Awful Corsica," he wrote then ("Epigrammata super Exilio"), "when summer's heat is established; more cruel, when the savage dogstar appears. Spare thou the banished ones, that is, spare now the buried ones: may thy

soil be light for the ashes of the living." He consoles himself by recalling the paragraph of his sect that the universe itself one day will perish. "A law it is, not a penalty, to perish: this universe one day will be no more." His reminiscent glance is directed at his birthplace, Corduba. He calls on her to dishevel her locks and weep and to send funeral gifts for the ashes of her greatest son. To the Spaniards Seneca was the renowned *poet* (vates). To his own consciousness the exile is now as one departed from life, again he is a new Prometheus pinned to the rock — (*infigar scopulo*). But the suffering Stoic must be defiant and proud, not humble and submissive. As an old man ("*Naturales Quæstiones præfatio*," 4, 14 *sq.*) he penned this haughty survey of his earlier career: "I devoted myself to liberal studies. Although poverty suggested a different course and my native powers were leading me to a sphere of life where zeal receives an immediate reward, I turned aside to non-productive verse and I went into the wholesome pursuit of philosophy. I showed that excellence (*virtus*) may lodge in every breast, and struggling with mighty effort (*eluctatus*) out of the narrow confines of my birth, measuring myself not by the lot of fortune, but by the aspirations of my own soul, I acquired a station equal to the greatest" (*par maximis steti*). It seems that both when he faced the hatred of Caligula as well as when he became a victim of Messalina and Narcissus, he could have bettered his lot or utterly escaped from trouble, if he could have prevailed upon himself to become disloyal to certain friends (Julia?). "I permitted no womanish tears to flow, I did not as a suppliant wring the hands of any one." Unfortunately, this is not exact, I am afraid it is not even true. For we have the composition addressed from out of his exile to the freedman Polybius, one of the favorites of Claudius. There are noble passages in it — the larger view of the universe, of human history, struggles in him to reduce or eliminate the sense of his own suffering: still the flatteries aimed indirectly at Claudius himself are penned with the consummate skill of the courtier, are projected with the

clever and tactful calculation of a man of the world — everything to terminate this exile.

In 49 A.D. Seneca was recalled to Rome. How he served the ambition of Agrippina, who married her father's brother Claudius, how he became the educator and adviser of young Nero, how he rejoiced in the death of the hated imperial fool — whether he was privy to the poisoned mushroom or not — how he composed state papers for his imperial pupil after an accession deeply stained with criminal intrigue, how he manœuvred against the reckless ambition of the dowager, how he knew of the matricidal project, and how again his pen was used to palliate and defend that crime of crimes — the data are set forth with merciless precision by Tacitus, by Suetonius, by Dio. It is all a very sad story. Nero would gratify his appetites, he would — shallow fool he was — parade as a great singer, a great virtuoso of musical skill, a great charioteer — the impossible, the shocking, the atrocious, it allured his ill-balanced soul: lust, vanity, frivolity, the wanton gratification of every whim; in short, the evil in him was reared to giant proportions by the power of the principate. The proud Stoic and exemplar of noblest culture, Seneca, had to yield his place of counsel and influence to the vulgar Tigellinus, a favorite of the imperial showman who quickened all the evil and folly that fermented in Nero's soul. About this time, in 62 A.D., as an old man, Seneca began the composition of those moral or academic essays, slightly adjusted to the epistolary form, the *epistulæ morales* compositions which reveal the range of this extraordinary man, which contain his best thoughts.

But before we make some study of the latter, we must turn to the problem of Seneca's great wealth. In a certain defence, put into the mouth of a senator who hated Seneca bitterly, the charge is made that Seneca had accumulated *ter milies sestertium*, *i.e.* three hundred million sesterces. Reduced to our present standard, this would have been about thirteen million two hundred thousand dollars, in our money. This charge is cited by Tacitus (Annals, 13, 42) among the events of the year 58. He

was charged (*ib.*) with cunning devices of having wills made by childless people in his favor. Entire provinces paid him usurious interest. Dio indeed relates for the year 61 A.D. (b. 62, 2) that the troubles in Britain were partly due to the fact that Seneca, without previous notice, called in a tremendous fund which he had loaned out in that province. This was the time of the famous rising of Queen Budicca. To be sane and reserve one's judgment seems doubly necessary here. "Guilty intrigues with Agrippina" ("Dio," 61, 10): it was the world's way of interpreting his earlier influence.

It is further utterly absurd to make Seneca responsible for the monstrosities of his pupil's career — still flatteries of Claudius's freedmen must stand. "While censuring the rich" (Dio proceeds) "he acquired an estate of 75,000,000 (*i.e.* drachmas, = $13,500,000 in our money) and while accusing the luxuries of the others, he possessed five hundred small tables of citrus wood with ivory feet." Of more outrageous charges I will be silent. I do not believe them. The dazzling fortune of the Spanish professor's son would have raised up against him a host of envy and malice had he been an Epicurean: the stern preaching of Stoic sermons doubled and trebled the venom of his critics. The preface to "*Nat. Quæst.*," c. 4, was certainly written some years after 58 (when his wealth, as I showed, was attacked in a session of the senate). His reference to money is proud and defiant: "Add now a spirit invincible by gifts and, amid so great a struggle of greed, a hand never hollowed under bribery. Add now the frugality of my style of living: towards the younger, humanity, towards the elder, respect. . . ."

But we must take up the chief concern of this chapter. Surely Seneca was in himself a microcosm of the nobler elements of the humanity of the Roman world in the Claudian emperors' time. It is wonderful, too, how closely, on the whole, he avoided the very grazing or slightest touching on political or governmental matters. The inner

Seneca, and the outward — which is it? But really, was not the inner Seneca turned outward in these brilliant essays?

To him his philosophy is not a mere decoration or academic gown: "Philosophy is not in words but in things. Nor is it applied to this end, that the day may be spent with a certain feeling of entertainment, that leisure be deprived of tedium: it moulds and works the mind, sketches a plan for life, directs actions, points out what is to be done, what left undone; it sits at the helm and steers the course through the dangers of floating objects" ("Ep.," 16, 3). "It is *doing*, which philosophy teaches us, and *this* it demands that every one should live by its law, that life be not in disharmony with speech" ("Ep.," 20, 2). Philosophers, indeed, are exposed to the current charge that they are hypocritical, that they produce phrases, not works. The parasite's greed, lusting after women, gluttony: with these things are they upbraided ("Ep.," 29, 5). Seneca is hostile to mere erudition: the dialectical micrology of the Older Stoa he often belittles ("Ep.," 82, 8; 83, 9; 85; 87, 12). Ill do those philosophers deserve of mankind, who have learned philosophy as though it were a professional attainment which may be sold, who live differently from the rules which they lay down for living. . . . All they say, all they boastfully utter while their crowded lecture-room listens, is the production of others: Plato said that before, Zeno did, Chrysippus and Posidonius did: how can they prove that that vast parade is their own? I will tell you: let them do what they say . . . ("Ep.," 108, 36 *sqq.*; 109, 17). Sciolism is unprofitable: "subtlety is ground out in superfluous things: those things make not good men, but learned men" ("Ep.," 106, 11). The actual practice is all wrong: "for the school, not for life do we learn" ("Ep.," 106, 12).

But let us go on to that which is the directing, the tonic, element in this body of wisdom. To me, if I may make a personal avowal, few elements of classic tradition are as interesting as these revelations of attitude: some-

times merely the paragraph of academic tradition, but more frequently a personal fervor and an intensity comparable to an utterance of faith.

And first we will hear Seneca on *the Universe*.

"It is superfluous at the moment ("*De Providentia*," 1, 2) to point out that not without some guardian so great a work stands, and that this assemblage of constellations and their various separate orbits are not of fortuitous impulse, and that those things which chance propels are often thrown into disorder and quickly collide, that this non-colliding velocity goes forward by the orders of eternal law. . . ." "It is a noble consolation to be whirled away with the Universe ("cum universo rapi"). Whatever it may be, that has bidden us so to live, so to die, by the same necessity does it bind even the gods" (*ib.*, 5, 8). (He means by "gods" the regular and recurrent phenomena of nature and physical life: "gods" is a phrase of accommodation to popular speech). "Foolish and ignorant of truth they charge against them ("the gods") the rudeness of the sea, the excessive freshets, the stubbornness of winter. . . . For not *we* are the cause for the world (*mundo*), of its bringing back winter and summer: those things have their own laws, by which divine things are kept in action. We conceive too high a regard for ourselves, if we seem to ourselves to be worthy that for our sakes so great things be set in motion" ("*De Ira*," 2, 27, 2). This physical Universe is to be destroyed some day: "Nothing will stand in the place in which it now stands; old age will level and carry away everything. And not with men only (and how tiny a portion of that chance power is humanity?) but with places, but with countries, but with parts of the world will it make its sport. So many mountains will it smother, and elsewhere force upward new rocks. Oceans will it suck in, rivers it will turn from their courses, and having snapped asunder the intercourse of nations, it will dissolve the society and assemblage of human kind" ("*Ad Marciam*," 26, 6). "This Universe some day will scatter and will sink it into ancient intermingling of elements and pri-

meval night" ("*Ad Polybium*," 1, 2). "That sequence has been given the Universe, that it appears that a concern for us has been rated not among the last things" ("*De Beneficiis*," 6, 23, 4). The old Stoics believed in periodic resolving of the organic universe through heat — this is found frequently in Seneca. Still he holds there may come also a cosmic dissolution through water, a new deluge: "whether it be done through the force of ocean and in the end the deep rise upon us, or whether incessant showers and the stuff of winter, moved by summer cast down a measureless body of waters from the burst clouds, or," etc. — much of this seems to have been drawn from Posidonius.

But leaving alone these cosmic and scientific speculations, there is met with in Seneca — over and over again — a different aspect of the Universe, which concerns and interests us much more. We now come upon those tenets which I believe are the very bone and sinew of that nobler school, tenets where Stoicism is most widely removed from the hopeless materialism of Epicurean belief. And I will firmly abstain from two things: from summing up for the reader what has not been properly presented to him, and from putting on Seneca a few modern labels before we have fairly comprehended his thought: both are faults to which the academic person greatly inclines.

In the first place: "Nature" in Seneca is vastly more than the aggregation of matter both organic and inorganic, its properties, its life and dissolution, its varied phenomena. Frequently does our author endow the universe with purpose, aim, design. "Nature thought us, before she made us, nor are we so slight a work that we could have *slipped* merely from her hands of craftsmanship. See how far bodies are permitted to roam, which she has not restrained by mere geographical limitations, but has sent into every part of herself. See how great is the daring of spirits, how they alone either know the gods or seek after them and attend divine things with an intellect directed upon lofty things: you will know that man is not a work made in a hurry and without reflection. Among her greatest

achievements Nature has nothing of which she boasts more or assuredly to whom she more addresses her boasts" — a profound and noble sentiment. — ("*De Benef.*," 6, 23, 6–7). "Whosoever was he that moulded the universe (*formator universi*), whether he is that god powerful over all, or immaterial reason, workman of the huge works, or a divine spirit permeating (*diffusus*) all things, greatest and smallest with equal force, or Fate and the immutable sequence of mutually connected causes." . . . We see him pause for terms and language ("*Ad Helviam Matrem*," 8, 3). Elsewhere he utters the same thought with slight variation: "For what else is Nature but God and the divine reason injected into the whole world and its parts? . . . Him likewise if you will identify with Fate, you will utter no falsehood, for inasmuch as fate is nothing else but the entwined chain of causes (*series implexa causarum*) he (*ille*) is the first cause of all, from which the rest are dependent" ("*De Benef.*," 4, 7, 1–2). "Therefore thy efforts are futile, thou most ungrateful of mortals, who deniest, that you owe to God, but to Nature: because neither is God without Nature, nor God without Nature, but both are the same, it differs in function. If you were to say, that you owed to Annæus or to Lucius, what you had received from Seneca, you would not change the creditor but the name . . . thus now call it Nature, Fate, Fortune — all are names of the same god who uses his own power in different ways. And justice, moral-goodness, prudence, bravery, frugality, are boons of a single soul: whichever of these has been pleasing to you, the soul is pleasing" (*ib.*, 8, 2–3). "Not even did they believe, that Jupiter, such as we worship on the Capitol and in the other temples, the pilot and guardian of the universe, the soul and spirit of the world, the lord and creator of this work, whom every name befits. Do you wish to call him Fate: you will not err. It is he, from whom all things depend, the cause of causes (*causa causarum*). Do you wish to call him Providence: you will rightly call him so. For it is he, through whose counsel provision is made for this world, so that it passes through its motion without collision and

unfolds its own actions. Do you wish to call him Nature: you will not sin. It is he from whom all things are born (*nata sunt*), by whose breath we live. Do you wish to call him the world (*mundum*): you will not be deceived" ("*Nat. Quæst.*," 2, 45, 1–2). We could call him a deist, a pantheist: nothing would be gained by these labels. Now it seems, Seneca also wrote a "Dialogue on Superstition," now lost, a book amply authenticated for us, not only by Tertullian and St. Augustine, but also by Diomedes Grammaticus (Keil, Vol. 1, p. 379, 1, 19). Particularly is it the great bishop of Hippo who studied this treatise — saying also that the philosopher displayed in his writings a freedom ("*De Civitate Dei*," 6, 10) which was absent from his life. The keen mind of St. Augustine readily discriminated between three forms of theology found in the classical world: mythological, civil, natural, the latter being the religion of the philosophers. Now, whereas Varro spared not the mythological form, he abstained from censuring that of the commonwealth. Seneca seems to have attacked the latter with great freedom. He spoke in that essay of the *dreams* of T. Tatius or Romulus or Tullus Hostilius, their inventions: *Cloacina*, *Picus* and *Tiberinus*, *Pavor* and *Pallor*. Absurd divinities. Seneca sharply reprimanded self-torture (as practised in the worship of the Phrygian goddess, I suppose he means).

But in the same essay Seneca spoke with contempt of actual Roman worship: "I went to the Capitol: I will blush for the folly practised in broad daylight. One supplies the god with appellations, another reports the hours to Jupiter; one is beadle, another anointer, who, with a meaningless movement of his arm, imitates an anointing one. There are those who make up the hair for Juno and Minerva — (standing far from the temple, not merely from the effigy, they move their fingers in the fashion of those engaged in hair-dressing)—there are those that hold the mirror: there are those that summon the gods to their own bail-bonds, there are those that hold up briefs to them and expound their law-case to them. A learned chief-pantomime, an old man already, of mere skin and bones,

daily was going through his dumb-show on the Capitol, as though the gods gazed upon him with pleasure, whom human beings had ceased to." . . . "Certain females sit on the Capitol who think they are the object of Jupiter's amatory desires: not even by regard for Juno — so wrathful, if you would believe the poets — are they repelled." Still Seneca was a conformist on stated occasions . . . it was to him a civil obligation of Rome.

But to return to Seneca's Nature, God, World, Universe, Providence, or Fate. You cannot pray to it: it is not swayed by prayer. But you can be in harmony with it, live conformably to it, follow it. For you may think little of your utter littleness in the realm of matter and in the mighty movements and periodic recurrences of phenomena in the physical world: — still the question as to your spiritual and moral conformity is great, it is the prime concern of your life. That Nature and Universe wills our goodness. God speaks thus to men: "To you have I given definite boons, destined to abide, better and greater, the more one will turn them over and over and examine them from all sides. I have permitted you to despise fearful things, to treat the appetites with disdain. You do not gleam outwardly, your boons are turned inward. Thus the Universe despised outward things, blessed in gazing upon itself" ("*De Provid.*," 6, 5). This noble ideal then of a Nature or Universal Design to which man must submit — is the ancient doctrine of Zeno and Kleanthes. Curiously that Nature — or God — earnestly desires that we be emancipated from the very bonds and burthens of matter which human kind has generally called "Nature." Man is the only creature which can conceive of that Universal order —: is it not shallow to forego the conclusion that this faculty of appreciation in man is the design and aim of the Universe, is in fact its veritable complement? Seneca (like his old sect) makes much of man's physical equipment, his upright position, his endowment to comprehend heaven and earth with the sweep of his eyes, while his head turns easily on his neck. The Universe discharges its vast opera-

tions without reward or fee (*sine præmio*): these things are eminently wholesome to us: "so it is the *duty* of man among other things also to bestow benefaction" ("*De Benef.*," 4, 12, 5). But what, after all, is great to man? What is great in man? The mighty works of Nature impress us as great, simply because we are small: it is all a relative greatness ("*Nat. Quæst.*," 9, c, 8, præfat. 9).

Seneca utterly turns aside from that standard of *virtus* or excellence which we have observed without any substantial variation from Achilles to Cæsar. He denies and rejects these standards. His entire philosophy of history, his view of human annals — all this turns away from that ecstasy in the contemplation of the extraordinary, of the uncommon, provided the possessor thereof seeks merely power and self-aggrandizement. A sect which made Socrates its foremost saint, and him greatest in all his career when he defied the thirty tyrants and when he drank the hemlock: that philosophy, I say, looked with cool and searching glance at the conquerors: the "great men" of worldly valuation at all times. And so Seneca, too, rises above the long pagan worship. Let not the reader forget that that worship is of the essence of classic paganism: to classic paganism we return whenever we worship that, or abase ourselves before any form of uncommon endowment. This is no loose phrase of narrow bigotry; it is an important form of historical truth. So our philosopher says: "What is foremost in human affairs? Not to have covered the seas with fleets, nor to have planted signs on the beach of the Red Sea, not, when land gave out for the quest of doing harm, to have roamed on the main in search of things unknown, but to have seen everything by means of the soul, and — greatest of all victories — to have overcome one's own faults. Numberless are they who had nations and cities in their power, very few who had themselves" ("*Nat. Quæst.*," præf. III, 10). It is natural that Seneca should feel a keen antipathy and bitter hatred for the imperial pervert Caligula — his mad bursts of fury, his exquisite cruelty, his bitter vindictiveness, his incredible

gluttony — among common pursuits of men, too, the cook and the soldier both appear to him as superfluous: his satire flays Apicius the *gourmet* of his earlier years ("*Ad matr. Helv.*," 6, 8). Luxury is a treason to Nature ("Ep.," 90, 19). To the cruelty of Sulla's proscription he refers with quivering indignation. "Let them hate me provided they fear me": you might know that this was written in the era of Sulla ("*De Ira*," 1, 20, 4).

What of Cæsar, the most successful name in Roman annals? With Coriolanus, Catiline, Marius, Sulla, with Pompey himself, he forms a gallery of eminent Ingrates: "From Gaul and Germany he worked the war around upon the capital, and that coddler of the plebs, that people's man, placed his camp in the Circus Flaminius, nearer than had been that of Porsena" ("*De Benef.*," V, 16, 5). All conquerors, nay all autocrats, are an object of his detestation: not only Cambyses and the puffed-up Xerxes, but even Alexander. When that genius indulged those fits of temper and passion which have so deeply stained his memory, he illustrated the very apogee from the Sun of righteousness — the Mastery over oneself being the essence of Stoic law of conduct. When the Macedonian conqueror threw Lysimachus before a lion, fangs and claws were really those of Alexander himself ("*De Clementia*," 1, 25, 1). Alexander's killing of the philosopher Callisthenes was an indictment which time itself could not erase. All conquerors depart from the band of wise men, for they are insatiable. Chiefly, however, are they rated so low because they lay violent hands on freedom. All the Saints in the Stoic cult are exemplars and apostles of freedom: Socrates, Scævola, Fabricius the incorruptible, Rutilius the righteous exile, and above all the Romans, Cato of Utica; the slayers of the Attic tyrant, Harmodius and Aristogeiton, are honorably mentioned here. It is cheap wit to call his eulogy of Socrates a Stoic homily: Seneca writes with substantial fairness: "Last of all his condemnation was accomplished under most serious charges: he was accused both of violation of religious rites and of corrupting the young, which he was alleged

to have let loose upon the gods, upon their fathers, upon the state. After this the prison and the hemlock. These things were so far from ruffling the soul of Socrates, that they did not even ruffle his countenance. That wonderful and extraordinary distinction he maintained to the end: no one saw Socrates more cheerful or more gloomy. He was even-tempered in such unevenness of fortune" ("Ep.," 103, 28). In fact, everywhere are those historical characters extolled who suffered for righteousness and who abandoned all the world holds dear rather than abase their freedom or deny their deepest convictions. The Stoics are the masculine among philosophers.

Righteousness is a healthy condition of the soul, all wrong-doing a form of mental disease. Reason should ever hold sway over Passion and Emotion. The highest happiness of this life is freedom from lust, from covetousness, from ambition, and above all, freedom from fear. The outward things (*externa, fortuita*) really do not benefit; they do certainly not concern the soul, they are *indifferent.* The soul-element in us is divine, it is a particle, however small, of the divine spirit which permeates the Universe. The soul, therefore, defies physical violence and every form of force or constraint. Consequently the Wise Man cannot suffer wrong: the malefactor cannot injure the former's soul, which alone constitutes his true personality. It is a matter of controversy whether *virtue* is the highest good, intrinsically, or the cause of the highest good. A great thing and supreme, and near to the deity, is not to be shaken (*non concuti*).

Instead of citing the endless passages in which Seneca disposes of death and the fear of death, I would rather direct my reader to the philosopher's theory of self-destruction. There is no other way, he holds, of maintaining one's freedom against tyrants. Thinking of the mad cruelty of a Cambyses, or how Astyages unknowingly was made to eat of his own son, he goes on to say: "In whatever direction you look, there is a limitation of troubles: do you see that precipice? There is a descent to freedom. Do you see that sea, that river, that cistern?

Freedom there abides at the bottom. Do you see that tree, low, dried up, barren? Freedom is suspended from it. Do you see your neck, your throat, your heart? They are means of escape from slavery" ("*De Ira*," 3, 15, 4). Of poverty: "If the extreme necessities befall the wise man, he will speedily *go out* from life and will cease to be troublous to himself" ("Ep.," 17, 9). "I shall not abandon old age if it shall reserve my entire being for myself, my entire being, mind you, on the side of that better part (*i.e.* the soul-powers), but if it shall begin to shake my intelligence, to violently wrench its essential elements, if it will not leave life to me, but mere animal existence alone, then I shall bound forth as from a crazy and tottering edifice" ("Ep.," 58, 35). Socrates is praised for not cutting short his life in prison, for letting the law take its course, for gratifying, for thirty days, his friends with his last discourses. Still he goes on to say a little further on: "One cannot lay down a universal rule, whether, when some force outside of ourselves threatens death, one should anticipate or await it" ("Ep.," 70, 11). He eloquently praises a German, who, a little while before, when being prepared to fight with wild beasts in a forenoon spectacle, had choked himself with the meanest of appurtenances when retiring to a private place for the last time: "this it was, to treat death with insult" . . . "O hero indeed! worthy to whom the choice of fate should be given! how bravely would he have used a sword!" ("Ep.," 70, 20).

From this point it seems meet to go on to that of the Immortality of the Soul. The Stoic sect denied it, believing in a corporality of the soul and that it was mingled again with the divine substance that permeated the Universe. Seneca himself was too widely read and too greatly impressed, *e.g.* with Platonic ideas, to be content with mere iteration of Stoic dogma. Thus he writes ("*Ad Marciam de Consolatione*," 23, 1) of death as a journey to the beings above, as a putting away of the dregs of earth, as a process of disencumberment from non-spiritual burdens, as a return to the soul's origin, —

Platonism: indeed he names Plato (2) — "There awaits him (the deceased son of Marcia) an *eternal rest* (*æterna requies*)" (24, 5). — "Your father, Marcia, there clasps to his breast his own grandson, although there all is kin to all, grandson rejoicing in the new light, and teaches him the movements of the neighboring stars, and not by conjecture, but truly experienced in all things he gladly leads him into the mysteries of Nature" (*ib.*, 25, 2). Thus as in Platonic fervor. But elsewhere his utterance greatly differs: he does not know whether the deceased has perception or not ("*Ad Polybium*," 5, 1). In either case the soul is well off: for either at least it is rid of all troubles of life, of pain and fear, or (the Platonic alternative) it is then at last truly discharged from its dungeon, and enjoys the contemplation of the Universe, gains a closer vision of divine things, the comprehension of which he had so long sought in vain (*ib.*, 9, 2–3) (cf. "Ep.," 71, 16; 76, 25). "Death either consumes us or strips us" ("Ep.," 24, 18). At bottom he vacillates and wavers in his position — there were Hamlets before Hamlet — and "we know that the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together until now" . . . in short, it is the concern of the ages. But Seneca, I say, in his wavering is an image of our common unaided humanity. In one place he writes (as Comte has written later): "Therefore men indeed do perish, but humanity itself, towards which individual man is being moulded, endures, and while men are toiling, are passing away, humanity suffers not at all" ("Ep.," 65, 7). Elsewhere he speaks with a positive hope: "Thus through this span of time which extends from infancy to old age, we are ripening for another birth" ("in alium maturescimus partum"). "Not yet can we endure heaven but at intervals, therefore fearlessly look thou forward to that decisive hour ("horam illam decretoriam"): it is not the last for the soul, but for the body" . . . "You may carry out no more than you have brought in" . . . ("Ep.," 102, 24–25). Academic persons have said that this was "the historical point" where Paganism and Christianity met, whatever that may be.

Historically, I deny it: the mere coexistence of Seneca and St. Paul means nothing but an item for chronological curiosity: the slender fiction of their correspondence is a shallow production, hardly to be dignified by the title of literary exercises on the part of the forger. The essence of Christianity is a reception of transcendental boons coming at a definite point of history; essential facts, not a consummation of an academic development or of a sequence of ever loftier theses and positions. The proud autonomy and spiritual autocracy of the Stoic position defies fusion with a system, the founder and enduring basis of which uttered this beatitude: "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven" (St. Matthew, 5, 3).

This non-relation then, historically and genetically speaking, I hold to be exactly true and entirely demonstrable to all unprejudiced students of classic civilization.

At the same time there is a body of moral, of distinctly spiritual, judgment and sentiment which again and again reminds us of — seems to us to bear resemblance to — Christianity. True to the spirit and design of this work, I will not trim or trick out, not commend nor depreciate, but present data for my readers' own judgment: "All crimes are wrought, as far as sufficeth for their guilt, *before* the accomplishment of the deed" — and before: "If any one were to cohabit with his own wife in the belief that she were another man's, he will be an adulterer, although she be no adulteress" ("*De Constantia Sapientis*," 7, 4). "If we wish to be fair judges of all things, let us first be convinced of this, that none of us is without guilt (*sine culpa*). For it is this point from which the greatest indignation arises." "I have committed no wrong," and "I have done nothing." "Nay, you confess nothing. We are indignant at having been censured with some admonition or form of restraint, whereas on that very occasion we sin in that we add to our misdeeds, arrogance, and contumacy. . . ." ("*De Ira*," 2, 28, 1). Fiery coals: "Some one will be angry with you: but you reply by challenging him with acts of kindness" ("*De Ira*," 2, 34, 4). "We are all evil: whatever therefore

is censured in another, this each single one will discover in his own bosom ('in suo sinu inveniet')" (*ib.*, 3, 26, 4). Towards the eradication of anger "nothing will avail more than reflecting on our mortality" (*ib.*, 3, 42, 2). "To obey God is freedom" ("*De Vita Beata*," 15, 7). "Not even that poison (of calumny) . . . will prevent me from praising the life—*not that which I lead, but that which I think I ought to lead*, shall not prevent me from following virtue even though far behind it, and merely crawling" (*reptabundus*, *ib.*, 18, 2). "You deny that any one lives what he utters . . . what wonder when they talk heroic things, gigantic things, passing beyond all storms of humanity: when they nail themselves to crosses, into which each individual, one of you himself drives his own additional nail. Still, when brought to execution, they hang each on his individual pale: these who direct their punitive action against themselves, are tortured (*distrahuntur*) by as many crosses as are their appetites. . . ." (*ib.*, 19, 3). "Nothing will I do for the sake of reputation, everything for the sake of conscience" (*ib.*, 20, 4). "To my friends I shall be agreeable, to my enemies gentle and yielding" (*ib.*, 20, 5). "This then is demanded of man, that he be useful to men, if possible, to many, if not, to few, if not, to those nearest him, if not, to himself" ("*De Otio*," 3, 5). At another place he asks which of the two is more productive of good, a presiding justice who hands down verdicts in litigation, or he who teaches "what is righteousness, what devotion, what endurance, what bravery, what contempt of death, what the understanding of the gods (he means the physical universe) and how great a possession of men is a *good conscience (bona conscientia)?*" ("*De Tranquillitate Animi*," 3, 4). The Wise Man counts "his own body also and his eyes and his hand and whatever will make life dearer, and himself, among possessions held-on-sufferance (*inter precaria*) and lives as one who is loaned to himself and will make return to those making demand, without any gloominess. And still he is not, on this account, cheap in his own eyes, but will

do everything with a painstaking care and circumspection as great as that with which a man of scrupulous honesty is wont to look after a trust" (*ib.*, 11, 1–2). "The craving for the possession of another, from which arises all the evil of the soul" ("*De Clementia*," 2, 1, 4). "As not even in the animals destined for sacrifice, although they be fat and be resplendent with gold, is there honor shown to the gods, but in the pious and sincere purpose of the worshippers" ("*De Beneficiis*," 1, 6, 3). "Therefore the good discharge their worship acceptably even with flour and sacrificial porridge, the wicked on the other hand will not escape from (the charge of) impiety even though they stain the altars with rivers of blood" (*ib.*). The widow's mite: "If benefactions depended on *things*, not on the purpose itself of him who bestows the kindness, they would be the greater, the ampler were what we receive. But that is an error: for sometimes he puts us under greater obligations who gave a little with a large manner" . . . "who gave a small dole but with a willing spirit" (*ib.*, 1, 7, 1). A slave (utterly anti-Aristotelian) is capable of noble qualities: "a slave may be (it is in his power to be) righteous, he may be brave, he may be of a lofty spirit" (*ib.*, 3, 18, 4). "For it depends of what soul he is (who does the kindness), not of what civil station: from no one is virtue shut off, to all it lies open, all does it admit, all it invites: the freeborn, the freedman, slaves, kings, exiles" (*ib.*, 3, 18, 2). "He is mistaken, who thinks that slavery takes possession of the entire man: his better portion is accepted: the physical persons are subject and are given in fee to the owners, the mind is *sui juris*" (*ib.*, 3, 20, 1). "If thou imitatest the gods, bestow benefactions even upon the ungrateful: *for even for criminals the sun rises* and to the pirates the seas are open" (*ib.*, 4, 26, 1) . . . "God gave also certain bounties to the human race as a whole, from which (bounties) no one is excluded. For it could not happen, that the wind should be favorable to good men, but the opposite to bad men" . . . "nor could a statute

be laid down for the rain showers that are to fall, that they should not descend upon the fields of the bad and the wicked" (*ib.*, 4, 28, 3). "I hold therefore that those are not benefactions which will not make the soul better" (*ib.*, 5, 13, 2). "Not to admit evil counsels into the soul, to raise clean hands to heaven" ("*Nat. Quæst.*," 3, *præfat.* 3). It is a part of the design in the destruction of the world that its parts may be created anew sinless (*innoxiæ*) and that there may not survive any instructor of evil ("*Nat. Quæst.*," 3, 29, 5). Of a future doomsday through deluge: "when the judgment of the human race shall have been accomplished" (*ib.*, 3, 30, 7). "We die worse than we are born. That is *our* fault, not that of nature" ("Ep.," 22, 15). "He is happiest and an unconcerned possessor of himself who looks forward to to-morrow without anxiety" ("Ep.," 12, 9). "He who has learned to die has unlearned being a slave" ("Ep.," 26, 10). "Nobody is familiar with God: many think ill of him and with impunity" ("Ep.," 31, 10). "O when will you see that time in which you will know that Time has no practical relation to you?" ("Ep.," 32, 4). "A sacred spirit abides within us, observer of good and evil things, and guardian thereof. As we have dealt with this spirit, so it deals with us" ("Ep.," 41, 2). "What avails it to hide and to shun the eyes and ears of men? A good conscience summons the crowd, an evil one is anxious and concerned even in solitude" ("Ep.," 43, 4–5). "How can Plato's Ideas make me better?" ("Ep.," 58, 26). "All things endure: not because they are eternal, but because they are defended by the care of him who controls" (H. 28). "Do you wonder that men go to gods? *God comes to men, nay, what is closer, comes into men: no intellect is good without God*" ("Ep.," 73, 16). "Luxurious banquets, wealth, vile pleasures, or any baits of our human kind are not really good, because God has them not" ("Ep.," 74, 14). "What does it avail that anything should be concealed from man? Nothing is bolted for God." "He is present in our souls and comes into the midst of our reflections" (*ib.*, 83, 1).

"Let us forbid them bringing linen cloths and combs for Jupiter and to hold up a mirror to Juno: God seeks no attendants: why not? He himself ministers to human kind, everywhere and for all beings is he present" ("Ep.," 59, 48). Who will not be reminded of St. Paul, preaching on the hill of Ares at Athens: "Neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things" (Acts 17, 25)?

But is it not perhaps true that the morality and the spiritual character of nascent Christianity and aging paganism were actually converging and approaching the point of fusion? What if Seneca's noblest aspirations had been merely the birth and product of his own time and society; and that blessed automaton, evolution, had perhaps *made* this remarkable and impressive maturity of spiritual aspirations and convictions? As a matter of fact, the old courtier and man of letters lived and moved in a solitude which was well-nigh complete. As we took his own testimony as to his own *soul*, we may fairly accept his own testimony as to his own *times*, his actual environment and *milieu*.

Rome, that capital of the Mediterranean world and congeries of nations, — Seneca thus speaks of it: "Behold this multitude, for which hardly suffice the roofs of the boundless capital: the greatest part of that multitude has no fatherland. From their municipal towns and from their colonies, from the whole earth have they streamed together. Some, ambition has brought there, others, the urgency of public duty, others, some political mission, others, luxury seeking a convenient and rich place for immoralities, others, the eager pursuit of liberal studies, others, the public shows. Some were drawn by friendship. . . . Some brought their beauty to find a market for it, some came to sell their power of rhetorical utterance. Every class of men hastens to a city which presents large rewards both to virtues and vices" ("*Ad Helviam*," 6, 2).

In his moral censure directed at the Society of Rome — the note most frequently recurrent is the condemnation of

Luxury, a worldliness and a worship of pleasure which fairly ran riot. "It is not necessary that all the depth of ocean should be searched through nor that one should burden one's stomach by means of a slaughter of living beings, nor to pluck shellfish from the unknown beach of the uttermost sea: may the gods and goddesses destroy those whose luxury transcends the boundaries of so dazzling an empire. Beyond the Phasis River (Caucasus country) they insist that there must be caught that with which must be provided their ambitious *cuisine*, and they are not weary of importing birds from the Parthians who have not yet made requital to us. . . . They vomit in order to eat, and eat in order to vomit, and the feasts which they gather in the whole world, they do not even deign to digest" ("*Ad Helv.*," 10, 2–3). He speaks of certain tastes of the table: boars weighing a thousand pounds, tongues of flamingoes and other freaks of a luxury which actually disdains whole animals and makes a choice of definite limbs of each" ("*Helv.*," 10, 2). "Why is there drunk in your house a vintage older than you are?" . . . "Why are no other trees preserved but those that will produce nothing but shade? Why does your wife wear in her ears the wealth of a rich mansion?" ("*De Vita Beata*," 17, 2). . . . "Those eyes which cannot endure any marble but variegated and burnished with recent care, who have no patience with a table but one of exquisite grain, who will not have their feet tread a mosaic floor less costly than gold; outdoors they will with perfect composure look on rough and muddy lanes and on the greater part of those who meet them, squalid, the walls of the tenement-blocks (*insulæ*) crumbling, cracked, unsymmetrical" ("*De Ira*," 3, 35, 5). "I see robes of silken stuffs, if they must be called robes, in which there is nothing by which the body or shame can be defended, robes the mistress of which after attiring herself therein cannot well swear that she is not naked. These robes are imported for a vast sum from nations unknown to us even for commerce, in order that our matrons may not even display more of themselves in their boudoir to their

lovers than they display in public" ("*De Benef.*," 7, 9, 5). "The greatest evil of the times, unchastity" ("*Ad. Helv.*," 16, 3). The rich, flitting from city to country and there from villa to villa, rarely see their own children ("*Ad Marciam*," 24, 2). The anecdotes of bestiality which Seneca relates of Hostius Quadra would afford a curious but most impressive commentary on certain verses written about this time by St. Paul in his first chapter to the Romans. It is startling that Seneca would pen such things at all. And if the loftiest spirit of Rome in his fervor of mortal satire would even touch upon such things with an almost cynical bitterness and brutality, what must have been the life and conversation of the broad mass of that society! How would the smart set (the "*Lauti*") accelerate the dragging hours! Canopus, the watering-place of Alexandria, was notorious for its immorality; but Baiæ, the favorite summer residence of Roman "Society," was no better, according to Seneca ("Ep.," 51). Revels were there on the private yachts, the basins resounding with the music of private orchestras — the luxury connected with the thermal waters and that gulf of paradise — all the influences there were demoralizing in the extreme. The amours of this aristocracy were carried on with consummate effrontery. Roses were there and music and all the allurements of nocturnal dissipation. Sensualists were there so utterly unnerved and spent by their own lusts, that they knew no other allurement but to be spectators of the impurities of others ("Ep.," 114, 25). But why proceed?

The dance of death in the chief city and mistress of the ancient world, as Martial and Petronius depict it, — literary swine who wallow in the sty of which they are a part, — these offer abundant proofs of the moderation with which the satirist, courtier, philosopher, man of the world, prophet of righteousness — Seneca, has written of his own times. The early Christian church chose for the "world" (the totality of men indifferent or hostile to the new spiritual society) the word κόσμος; it is appalling that they used so vast and comprehensive a term, but Seneca himself writes thus of the universality of evil: "Why

enumerate detail? When you see the Forum packed with a multitude and the Barriers filled with a moving and teeming mass of every kind of numbers, and that Circus, in which the people displays the greatest part of itself: know this, that there are there as many faults as there are human beings. And among those whom you see attired in the garb of the Roman gentleman, there is no peace: one is drawn to the destruction of the other by a slight profit. None has an income but from a wrong done to his neighbor. The prosperous one they hate, the luckless one they despise. The one greater than themselves they feel a burden, to their inferior they are a burden. They are goaded by different appetites. They desire universal wrack and ruin on account of some frivolous pleasure or booty" ("*De Ira*," 2, 8). Still more sweeping and gloomy are these words: There is a rapidly changing fashion bound up with definite forms of moral evil: these abide not and maintain a noisy feud with one another, they rout in turn and are routed: "but the same utterance we will always have to make of ourselves; that evil we are, evil we have been, and (unwillingly I must add it) evil we shall be" ("*De Benef.*," 1, 10, 3).

NOTE. — When one measures the startling difference of appreciation as uttered, *e.g.* by Bernhardy and by Schiller in his volume on Nero, one realizes the depreciation of Seneca now current. Seneca is a Stoicist: to him Stoicism is as a faith and a veritable spear and buckler. But this adherence is not set down in mere Latinization of the Stoa, but in allusions and expressions which incessantly emanate from his very being. His large reading, especially in the *Epistulæ Morales*, tempted him often to take a text, as it were, for the essay in hand from the works he happened to be perusing. Shallow inferences have been drawn from this literary habit. For the sake of such readers as desire either verification or suggestion, I append here a somewhat larger number of references.

Seneca's domestic philosopher-companion, the Cynic Demetrius (Ep., 62, 3). Aviso-ships entering Puteoli (Ep., 77, 1). Posthumous fame (Ep., 79, 17). Open-air bathing in January (Ep., 83, 5). His desire to complete his "moral philosophy" (Ep., 106, 2). The

miseries of a courtier's life: "non consolabimur tam triste ergastulum (prison-hut of chain-gangs of agricultural slaves), non adhortabimur ferre imperia carnificum: ostendemus in omni servitute apertam libertati viam" (de Ira, 3, 15, 5). Contrast between the simplicity of the exile's life in Corsica, and the glittering luxury of Rome (de Tranquill. Animi, 1, 9). "Patris mei antiquus rigor" (Helv., 17, 3). Sense of old age (Ep., 12, 1; 19, 1; 26, 1).

The Universe, Nature, God, Providence. — Prov. 1, 5; 6, 5; de Ira, 2, 13, 1; 16, 2; 3, 5, 6; ad Marciam, 7, 3; 18, 1 *sqq.*; de Vita Beata, 15, 5; 20, 5; (ultra-Roman humanity, *ib.*, 25, 3); larger humanity (de Otio, 4, 1). Nature's Design (*ib.*, 5, 3). Ordination by Nature (Helv., 6, 8). Uncertainty as to personal God (Helv., 8, 3). The World and the human soul (*ib.*, 8, 4). Death an ordinance of Nature (*ib.*, 13, 2). This world a fair abode in itself (Benef., 2, 29, 3), "Parens noster" (*ib.*, 2, 29, 4). "Unus omnium parens mundus est" (3, 28, 2). "Quid enim aliud est natura quam deus et divina ratio toti mundo partibusque eius inserta" (4, 7, 1). First Cause (*ib.*, 4, 7, 2). "Sic nunc naturam voca fatum, fortunam: omnia eiusdem dei nomina sunt varie utentis sua potestate." . . . (Benef., 4, 8, 3). "Secundum naturam vivere et deorum exempla sequi: di autem . . . quid præter ipsam faciendi rationem sequuntur?" (*ib.*, 4, 25, 1). Cosmic plan (6, 23, 1). Quid est deus? Mens Universi. Quid est deus? Quod vides totum, et quod non vides totum (Nat. Quæst. Præfat., 13, 14). Does Reason antedate Matter? (*ib.*, 16). Fata irrevocabilia ius suum peragunt, nec commoventur prece . . . (H. 2, 35, 2) sive anima est mundus, sive corpus natura gubernabile (*ib.*, 3, 29, 2). Earth a globe (4, 11, 2). Providentia ac dispositor ille mundi deus (4, 18, 5). Quid tamen sit animus ille *rector* dominusque nostri (7, 25, 2). Sive nos inexorabili lege fata constringunt, sive arbiter deus universi cuncta disponit, sive casus res humanas sine ordine impellit et iactat, philosophia nos tueri debet (Ep., 16, 5). Destruction of World (Ep., 71, 13).

The Stoic Saints: Prov., 3, 4. de Constant., 1, 3; 2, 1; 7, 3, 14, 3; 18, 5; de Ira, 1, 15, 3; 2, 32, 2; 3, 11, 3; 38, 2; ad Marciam, 22, 3; de Vita Beata, 21, 3; 27, 1; de Otio, 8, 1; Tranq. Anim., 5, 2; 7, 5; 16, 1; 16, 4; 17, 4; Helv., 13, 4; 13, 5; 13, 6; Benef., 5, 3, 1; Ep., 11, 10; 13, 4; 14, 2; 24, 4; *24, 6;* 28, 8; 64, 10; Socrates, Cato, Regulus (Ep., 71, 17); Idealization of primitive races and primitive civilization (radical difference from Epicureans, here, Ep., 90, 4). Germans collectively praised: they defy poverty and hardships (Prov. 4, 14). The Rousseau-movement in Europe will readily occur to the reader. Tacitus's "Germania," written about a generation after Seneca's death, is filled with the same spirit.

Fortuita, Externa, Adventicia, Accidentia (Prov. 5, 1; 6, 5; Constant., 5, 7; 9, 1); Gold and Silver the toys of adults (*ib.*, 12, 1). An enumeration of the world's valuation of children, offices, wealth, palaces, highborn and comely wife, "ceteraque ex incerta et mobili sorte pendentia" (Marc., 10, 1). The Stoic to admire his spiritual

portion alone and nothing else in the world (de Vit. Beat., 8, 3; cf. 15, 4; 16, 3). Independence of material boons constitutes resemblance to the gods (Tranq. A., 8, 6). Neutral character of material goods (Benef., 1, 6, 2; cf. 4, 22, 4). Things not in our control (5, 5, 4). The soul must seek riches which arise from the soul (7, 1, 7). Nature malignant in not concealing gold and silver from men (7, 10, 4). Greed for gold very ancient (N. G., 4, 15, 2). Ne gaudeas vanis (Ep., 23, 1), invecticium gaudium (Ep., 23, 5), mortem inter *indifferentia* ponimus, quæ ἀδιάφορα Græci vocant (Ep., 82, 10; 13). *Media* (*ib.*, 15). The Hamlet view of death: "quod haec iam novimus; illa, ad quæ transituri sumus, nescimus qualia sint, et horremus ignota" (Ep., 82, 15). Commoda sunt in vita et incommoda, utraque extra nos (Ep., 92, 16; cf. 22). Ætas inter externa est (Ep., 93, 7). Fragilibus innititur, qui adventicio lætus est: exibit gaudium, quod intravit (Ep., 98, 1), quicquid est, cui dominus inscriberis, apud te est, tuum non est (*ib.*, 98, 10).

As to the Rome of Seneca, I must not forget to cite the noted work of Ludwig Friedlænder, formerly professor at Königsberg ("*Darstellungen aus der Sittengeschichte Roms in der Zeit von August bis zum Ausgang der Antonine*," first edition, 1862), "The City of Rome, The Court, the Three Classes, Social Intercourse, Women, Travels, Scenic Representations," etc., etc. Friedlænder also edited Martial and Juvenal.

EPILOGUE AND APPIAN WAY

PERHAPS such readers as have followed the author to this point may fail to see why there should be any farewell. This present review of the gravest matter in classic civilization has filled the author's soul for nearly seven years. Moreover, this book is the fruit of a tree which has been growing for nearly six and thirty years. Are the classics worth while? I urge nothing here. For even now I clearly see the Pharos on that coast which bounds the ocean of life. There is a certain charm in gaining a profound understanding of something difficult or eschewed by the vast majority of the children of men. There is a definite satisfaction in gaining a close vision of things far away, of experiencing the feeling of intimacy and of living association, of agreeing or dissenting, of feeling antipathies and sympathies roused by recorded utterances admired for so many generations. There is a halfway point in this road — the mechanism of philological concerns, necessary on account of our remoteness, but necessary only for a while, a means, not an end. Many, ah too many, never go any farther. Undervaluation or Overvaluation: which shall it be? The words *pagan* and *paganism* are rarely heard from the lips of the professional classicist. Why not?

The sense of dealing with an intellectual and cultural *elite* is apt to be very strong with younger classicists, perhaps with all classicists in sweet youth, that charming time of growth and bounding experiences, when the verdure of life is fresh and green. The accumulations of erudition, the ever lengthening chain of learning, the herbaria of time, the strata and deposits of past and ever passing editors and editions, smother classicism. An elite? Yes. Time itself, and academic exigencies, even in Alexandrine and Byzantine timês, have constituted an elite. If a stranger in future æons were to approach Britain and find

nothing more than Westminster and St. Paul's and what they commemorate — if Shakespeare, Spenser, and Bacon, if Queen Elizabeth, Pitt, and Gordon, if Bunyan, Wesley, and Milton, if Cromwell and Wellington and Nelson and Tennyson, if Newton and Bentley, if, in a word, the foremost worthies of British annals were the sole concern of the foreign student — if he never looked at Pepys's Diary nor saw the miseries of Whitechapel, the sordid side of Glasgow or Dublin, or the utter futilities of dancing and eating and hunting and card-playing and horse-racing, and sitting in theatres — would these strangers conceive of Britain aright?

As a matter of fact, there is a forced and false glamour over classics. The ten thousand books that Kronos has swallowed, — Greek books, — who would resurrect them? We neglect what we have. The chisel of Pheidias and Praxiteles, the pen of Pindar or Plato: these were uncommon endowments. But the vile and sordid paganism which underlies most of classic civilization we ignore. Is it right that we do this? The archæologists sin most here. There is a strabism of one-sided vision in their professional occupation. The mandatory ecstasy which they command us, the others, to feel — some duly feel —: but I would not bring back classical paganism if every idol described in Pausanias could be recovered in flawless perfection, if every Corinthian bronze that once decorated the villas of Roman senators could be set up again, if every scroll cited by the elder Pliny, by Athenæus or Diogenes Laërtius, or Gellius, or Macrobius, could be placed in the British Museum.

The word *pagan*, I repeat, is never, I am told, heard in the vast majority of classical lecture-rooms. As if taste and æsthetical gratifications were consummations of soul-growth. The paganization of so many Italian humanists is a warning phenomenon of a much-vaunted culture movement: *we* run to sciolism, *theirs* was a veritable absorption, an immersion —: I think of Cicero's phrase *ingurgitare*.

Besides, the classicists have suffered from the preten-

sions of the students of matter. The absolute identity of matter, as often as we look at it, the experiment, the perpetual recurrence of phenomena, have given to these pursuits a great prestige: unfortunately, so we were told recently at the death of Lord Rayleigh, nobody knows (as yet) what matter is. May we not then be permitted to be concerned as much in the affairs of the spirit? The scales of fish, the chemical elements of meteorites, pollen and pistil of plants, the chemistry of fingernails or brain either — the futilities of much "research" subservient to the current simian mythology — what do they concern the better portion of ourselves?

Early in July, some eleven years ago, I had gone, even before sunrise, out of the gate of San Sebastian at Rome, out upon the Via Appia, beyond the Circus of Maxentius. There, in the utter solitude of what was once a row of tombs, still stands the ponderous and stately monument of Cæcilia Metella, widow of the brilliant son of the avaricious triumvir, Crassus, consort later of Pompeius Magnus, whom she saw foully slain hard by the beach of Egypt. As I looked out upon the wide and dreary Campagna and upon the distant fragments of arches of the *Aqua Claudia* (built by that emperor who was induced by his empress Messalina to banish Seneca), the most vigorous mental image associated with the spot on which I stood was that of Paul of Tarsus. He had appealed to Nero. It was in the spring of 62 A.D. He had come up from the great commercial port of Puteoli, and he walked by this very tomb, Romeward, to meet his judge and his judgment. In this same year that judge of the great apostle married Poppæa, and slew his divorced spouse Octavia. Seneca and Paul: the one looking back upon all his brilliant career, and achievements; he called them "*vana studia.*" He knew he was not far from the goal, and entered upon his *Epistulæ Morales.* The one striving for absolute freedom and living in a proud defiance of all — while buoyed up by a conformity with the Universe, he still wrote:

"With himself is the Wise Man contented" ("Ep.," 9, 13). The other one had written of that which was foolishness to the Greeks: but he was anxious and bent upon spreading it over the earth: no proud academic person: "An ambassador in bonds."

Why is culture so unsatisfactory as the evanescence of years cheapens for our souls the very world which we have endeavored to comprehend? Hadrian on his last pillow: was there anywhere a greater microcosm of classic civilization? When he came to die, why was he not consoled by his memories of the comely Antinous, by the temples and splendid statues he had reared or endowed, by the verse and the wit and wisdom which he had mastered, by the judgment and acumen with which he, a double sovereign, had held sway among the most conspicuous critics, poets, scholars of his time? He had lost all concern for all things but one: his soul (Ælius Spartianus, "Hadrian," 25).

> "Dear Soul, roving dear, soft-speaking dear,
> Guest and companion of the body,
> To what places wilt now depart
> Pale poor thing, a-shivering, stripped poor thing?
> Nor, as thy wont, wilt utter jests?"

University Heights, New York, *May* 1, 1908.

APPENDIX TO CHAPTER II

CHRONOLOGY OF HUMANISTS

1374. Petrarch dies.
1375. Boccaccio dies.
1396. Manuel Chrysoloras induced to occupy chair of Greek at Florence.
1398. Filelfo born at Tolentino (near Ancona).
1402. Poggio appointed Apostolic Secretary at twenty-two.
1414. Poggio from Council of Constance visits St. Gall and other libraries, in quest of Classic Latin Codices.
1417. Filelfo to Venice, where he remains two years.
1419. Filelfo to Constantinople as secretary to Venetian consul-general, to master Greek. There marries a daughter of John Chrysoloras.
1427. Lionardo Bruni appointed Chancellor of republic of Florence. Filelfo returns to Venice as professor of eloquence.
1428. Filelfo at Bologna.
1429–1433. Filelfo at Florence, appointed professor of commonwealth.
1431. Lorenzo Valla at Pavia.
1433. Beccadelli, the pornographer, crowned as poet by the emperor Sigismund.
1434. Filelfo leaves Florence.
1437. Valla, private secretary of Alfonso, king of Naples.
1438. Greeks crowd Florence during sessions of Council. Ficinus born.
1439. Eugenius IV makes Bessarion the Byzantine a Roman cardinal. Filelfo settles at Milan.
1441. Four hundred Codices of Niccoli placed in library of San Marco at Florence.
1447. The Bibliophile Parentucelli becomes pope as Nicholas V. Summons Valla to Rome with honor. Chalcondylas comes to Rome.
1450. Theodoros Gaza admitted to Bessarion's household at Rome.
1451. Filelfo's Satires dedicated to King Alfonso of Naples.
1453. Fall of Constantinople. Poggio chancellor of Florence at seventy-three.

1454. Politian born.
1456. Argyropulos teacher of Greek at Florence.
1457. Death of Valla.
1458. Trapezuntios attacks Plato's moral character.
1459. Poggio dies and is buried in Santa Croce, Florence.
1460. Thomas Linacre born at Canterbury.
1463. Pico della Mirandola born.
1464. Cosimo dei Medici, "Pater Patriæ," dies at Florence.
1465. The Press of Sweynheim and Pannartz established at Subiaco, whence it was removed to Rome.
1467. Desiderius Erasmus born in the Netherlands.
1468. Bessarion offers his library to Venice. Paul II imprisons Pomponius Lætus.
1469. Peter of Medici (father of Lorenzo) dies.
1470. Bembo born.
1471. First press at Florence (Servius on Vergil). Thomas à Kempis dies near Zwolle.
1475. Filelfo lectures at Rome.
1476. Greek grammar of Lascaris printed at Milan.
1480. Æsop and Theocritus published at Milan.
1481. Filelfo dies at Florence.
1482. Ficinus completes his Latin version of Plato.
1486. Pico's nine hundred theses (of Platonic mysticism) published at Rome.
1488. First print of Homer, press of Lorenzo Alopa.
1490. Aldus Manutius determines to set up his press at Venice. Marcus Musurus, a Cretan, furnished model for Greek type. The Aldine type of Italic was adopted from the handwriting of Petrarch.
1492. Ficinus published an edition (with commentary) of Plotinus, one month after Lorenzo dei Medici's death.
1493. Pico absolved by a brief of Alexander VI. Isocrates published at Milan.
1494. Death of Pico and Politian.
1495. Aldus published Theocritus, dedicated to Guarinus of Verona. First volume of Aristotle.
1496. Erasmus at twenty-nine visits a Prince de Vere in Flanders.
1498. Pomponius Lætus dies. Last volumes of the Aldine Aristotle. Nine comedies of Aristophanes.
1499. Linacre's translation of Proclus's "Sphere" published by Aldus.
1500. Before this date 4987 books were printed in Italy. Aldine Academy of Hellenists.

1502. The Aldine Thucydides, Sophocles, Herodotus. Lucrezia Borgia makes her entry as duchess of Ferrara.
1503. Aldus's Euripides and Xenophon's Hellenica.
1504. Aldus's Demosthenes. Erasmus at Bologna. Saw Julius II there.
1505–1506. Erasmus in England; his intimate friendship with Sir Thomas More.
1506. Erasmus teaches Greek at Cambridge.
1509. Aldus publishes Plutarch's Minora.
1513. Aldus's Plato dedicated to Leo X.
1514. Aldus published Pindar, Hesychius, Athenæus.
1522. Erasmus settles at Basel.
1524. Thomas Linacre (physician to Henry VIII) dies, having founded the Greek chair at Oxford.

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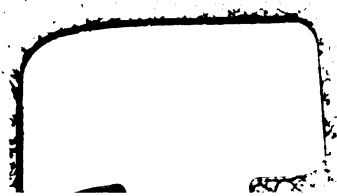
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